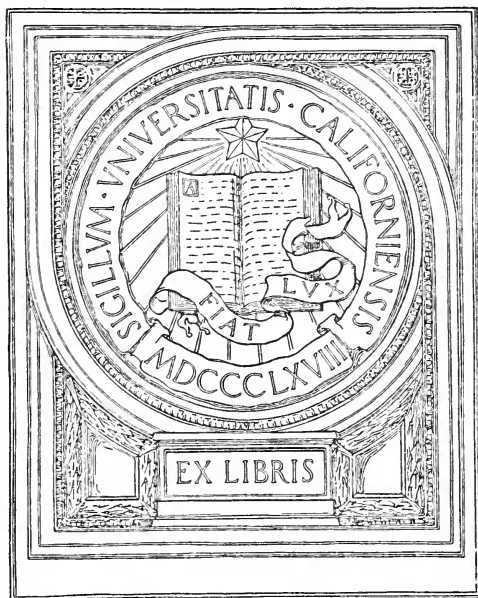


UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA
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EDITED, WITH NOTES

BY

WILLIAM J. ROLFE, LITT. D.

VOL. III.

KING RICHARD III.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST

ILLUSTRATED

NEW YORK AND LONDON

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1898

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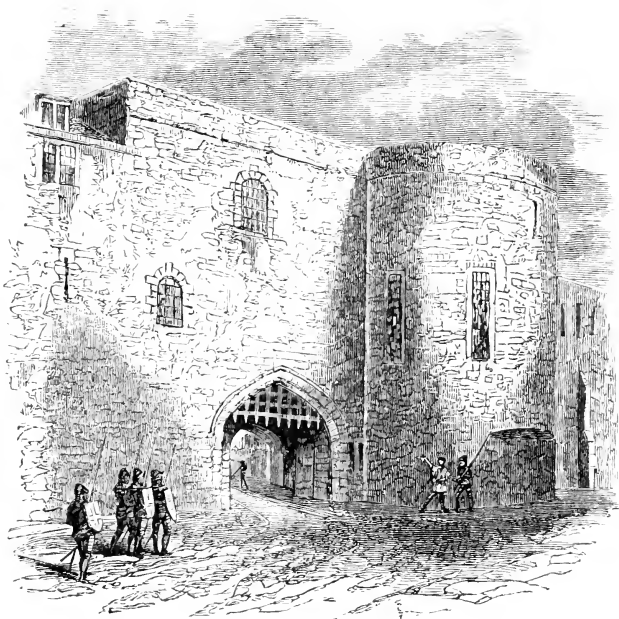
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OF
KING RICHARD III.



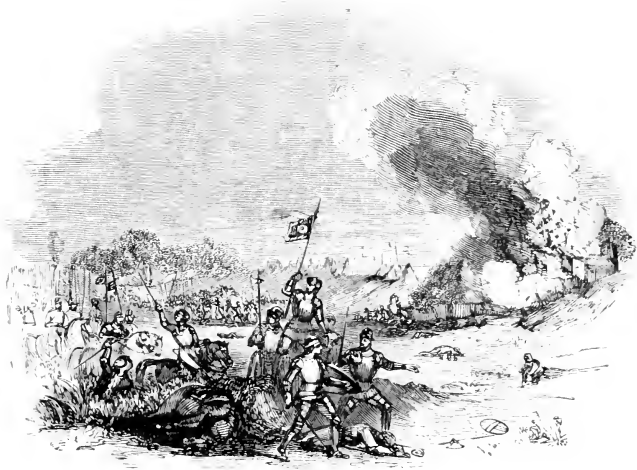
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THE BLOODY TOWER.



BOSWORTH FIELD.

INTRODUCTION

TO

KING RICHARD THE THIRD.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest known edition of the play is a quarto printed in 1597, with the following title-page :

The Tragedy of | King Richard the third. | Containing, | His treacherous Plots against his brother Clarence : | the pittiefull murder of his innocent nephewes : | his tyrannicall vsurpation : with the whole course | of his detested life, and most deserued death. | As it hath beene lately Acted by the Right honourable the Lord Chamber- | laine his seruants. | AT LONDON | Printed by Valentine Sims. for Andrew

Wise, | dwelling in Paules Chuch-yard, at the | Signe of the Angell. | 1597.

The play had been entered on the Stationers' Registers on the 20th of October, 1597, by Wise, under the title of "The Tragedie of Kinge Richard the Third, with the death of the Duke of Clarence."

A second quarto edition was published the following year, with the addition of "*By William Shake-speare*" on the title-page; in other respects it is a reprint of the first. Other quarto editions appeared in 1602, 1605, 1612, and 1622. All four are said to be "newly augmented," but they contain nothing that is not found in the 2d quarto, unless it be additional errors of the press.*

The text of the play in the 1st folio differs materially from that of the quartos. Besides many little changes in expression, it contains several passages—one of more than fifty lines—not found in the earlier texts; while, on the other hand, it omits sundry lines—in some cases, essential to the context—given in the quartos. The play is, moreover, one of the worst printed in the folio, and the quartos often help us in correcting the typographical errors. Which is on the whole the better text, and what is the relation of the one to the other, are questions which have been much disputed, but probably will never be satisfactorily settled. The Cambridge editors remark: "The respective origin and authority of the 1st quarto and 1st folio texts of *Richard III.* is perhaps the most difficult question which presents itself to an editor of Shakespeare. In the case of most of the plays a brief survey leads him to form a definite judgment; in this, the most attentive examination scarcely enables him to propose with confidence a hypothetical conclusion." Staunton says: "the diversity has proved, and will continue to prove, a source of

* A seventh quarto edition was printed in 1629, not from the folio of 1623, but from the quarto of 1622. An eighth quarto, a reprint of the seventh, appeared in 1634.

incalculable trouble and perpetual dispute to the editors, since, although it is admitted by every one properly qualified to judge, that a reasonably perfect text can only be formed from the two versions, there will always be a conflict of opinions regarding some of the readings." Furnivall considers "the making of the best text" of the play "the hardest puzzle in Shakspeare-editing."

Non nostrum tantas componere lites. All that we can do is to take one of the texts as a basis—we are inclined, with Collier, Knight, Verplanck, Hudson, and White, to choose the folio*—and to use the other, according to our best judgment, in correcting and amending it. All variations of any importance will be recorded in the Notes.

The date of the play was fixed by Malone in 1593, and Dowden considers that it "can hardly be later." White is inclined to put it in the same year, "or early in 1594." Furnivall and Stokes favour 1594; Fleay (*Manual*) says "probably 1595;" while Dyce (2d ed.) thinks it was "perhaps not long before 1597, the date of the earliest quarto."† If the allusion to "Richard" in the 22d of John Weever's *Epigrammes*, addressed "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare," is to *Richard III.*, as the critics generally agree, the date of the play cannot well be later than 1595, as the *Epigrammes*, according to Drake and Ingleby, were written in 1595, though not printed until 1599.

The internal evidence is in favour of as early a date as 1594. Stokes remarks: "There are many signs of comparatively early work: for instance, the prologue-like speech

* Malone preferred the quarto, as do the Cambridge editors, Staunton, and (in his 2d ed.) Dyce. For a very full discussion of the relations of the two texts, see the papers by Spedding and Peckersgill in the *Transactions of the New Shakspeare Society*, 1875-76, pp. 1-124.

† Collier also (2d ed.), referring to Malone's date of 1593, is "disposed to place it nearer the time of its original publication in 1597;" though Stokes quotes him as agreeing with Malone.

with which the play opens; 'the scenes (στυχομυθίαι) where the trilogy of the common lamentation of the women (ii. 2 and iv. 1) alternates like a chorus, dramatic truth being sacrificed to the lyric or epic form, and to conceits in the style of the pastoral Italian poetry' (Gervinus); the overstraining of many of the characters; and the analysis of motive sometimes exhibited." Oechelhäuser (*Essay über Richard III.*) observes that this play marks "the significant boundary-stone which separates the works of Shakespeare's youth from the immortal works of the period of his fuller splendour."*

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

Shakespeare found his materials in Holinshed and Hall, who for this portion of English history were chiefly indebted to Sir Thomas More. Dowden (*Primer*, p. 79) remarks: "Holinshed's account gives two views of Richard's character: one in the portion of history previous to the death of Edward IV., in which Richard is painted in colours not so deeply, so diabolically black; and the second, in which he appears as he does in Shakspeare's play. This second and darker representation of Richard was derived by Holinshed from Sir Thomas More's *History of Edward IV. and Richard III.*, and More himself probably derived it from Cardinal Morton, chancellor of Henry VIII. and the enemy of Richard."

A Latin tragedy on some of the events of Richard's reign, written by Dr. Legge, was acted at Cambridge before 1583; and an English play, probably written before Shakespeare's, was published in 1594, with the following title-page: "The True Tragedie of Richard the third: Wherein is shown the

* See also extract from Furnivall, p. 33 below. In *Guesses at Truth*, Augustus Hare argues that the fact that Richard boldly acknowledges his deliberate wickedness, instead of endeavouring to palliate or excuse it like Edmund or Iago, shows that Shakespeare wrote this drama in his youth.

death of Edward the fourth, with the smothering of the two yoong Princes in the Tower: With a lamentable ende of Shores wife, an example for all wicked women. And lastly, the coniunction and ioyning of the two noble Houses, Lancaster and Yorke. As it was playd by the Queenes Maiesities Players. London Printed by Thomas Creede, and are to be sold by William Barley, at his shop in Newgate Market, neare Christ Church doore. 1594.* Shakespeare certainly made no use of the former of these plays, and little, if any, of the latter.

With regard to "the degree of dramatic invention to be ascribed to the poet in this brilliant delineation of the most splendid theatrical villain of any stage," Verplanck remarks: "More had given the dramatist nearly all his incidents, and many of those minor details of Richard's person, manner, and character which give life and individuality to his portrait. He, and the subsequent chroniclers who built upon his work, had shown Richard as a bold, able, ambitious, bad man—they had described him as malicious, deceitful, envious, and cruel. The poet has made the usurper a nobler and loftier spirit than the historians had done, while he deepened every dark shadow of guilt they had gathered around his mind or his acts. The mere animal courage of the soldier he has raised into a kindling and animated spirit of daring; he has brought out his wit, his resource, his talent, his mounting ambition, far more vividly than prior history had exhibited them. His deeds of blood are made to appear, not as in the Tudor chronicles, as prompted by gratuitous ferocity or envious malignity, but as the means employed by selfish ambition for its own ends, careless of the misery which it inflicts, or the moral obligations on which it tramples. The Richard of Shakespeare has no communion with his kind—he feels

* This play was reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1844 from the only perfect copy (now in the collection of the Duke of Devonshire) that has come down to us. Dr. Legge's Latin tragedy is appended to it.

himself at once aloof from others and above them—he is ‘himself alone;’ and he therefore neither partakes in the hatred nor the love or pity of ‘men like one another.’ Accordingly, every thing that gives the poetic cast and dramatic life and spirit to the character—every thing that elevates Richard above the cruel, artful, cold-blooded tyrant of the old historians—all that mingles a sort of admiring interest with our abhorrence of him, and invests the deformity of his nature with a terrible majesty—is the poet’s own conception; and he produces these effects not by the invention of new incident, but by the pervading spirit with which he has animated the language and sentiments, and the vivid colouring he has thus thrown over the old historical representation.”

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[*From Schlegel’s “Dramatic Literature.”* *]

The part of *Richard the Third* has become highly celebrated in England from its having been filled by excellent performers, and this has naturally had an influence on the admiration of the piece itself, for many readers of Shakspeare stand in want of good interpreters of the poet to understand him properly. This admiration is certainly in every respect well founded, though I cannot help thinking there is an injustice in considering the three parts of *Henry the Sixth* as of little value compared with *Richard the Third*. These four plays were undoubtedly composed in succession, as is proved by the style and the spirit in the handling of the subject. The last is definitely announced in the one which precedes it, and is also full of references to it; the same views run through the series; in a word, the whole make together only one single work. Even the deep characterization of Richard is by no means the exclusive property of the piece which bears his name. His character is very distinctly drawn in the two

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black’s translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 435 fol.

last parts of *Henry the Sixth*; nay, even his first speeches lead us already to form the most unfavourable anticipations of his future conduct. He lowers obliquely like a dark thunder-cloud on the horizon, which gradually approaches nearer and nearer, and first pours out the devastating elements with which it is charged when it hangs over the heads of mortals. Two of Richard's most significant soliloquies, which enable us to draw the most important conclusions with regard to his mental temperament, are to be found in the last part of *Henry the Sixth*. As to the value and the justice of the actions to which passion impels us, we may be blind, but wickedness cannot mistake its own nature. Richard, as well as Iago, is a villain with full consciousness. That they should say this in so many words is not perhaps in human nature; but the poet has the right in soliloquies to lend a voice to the most hidden thoughts, otherwise the form of the monologue would, generally speaking, be censurable. Richard's deformity is the expression of his internal malice, and perhaps, in part, the effect of it; for where is the ugliness that would not be softened by benevolence and openness? He, however, considers it as an iniquitous neglect of nature, which justifies him in taking his revenge on that human society from which it is the means of excluding him. Hence these sublime lines:

“And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone.”

Wickedness is nothing but selfishness designedly unconscientious; however, it can never do altogether without the form at least of morality, as this is the law of all thinking beings—it must seek to found its depraved way of acting on something like principles. Although Richard is thoroughly acquainted with the blackness of his mind and his hellish mission, he yet endeavours to justify this to himself by a sophism. The happiness of being beloved is denied to him; what then

remains to him but the happiness of ruling? All that stands in the way of this must be removed. This envy of the enjoyment of love is so much the more natural in Richard, as his brother Edward, who, besides, preceded him in the possession of the crown, was distinguished by the nobleness and beauty of his figure, and was an almost irresistible conqueror of female hearts. Notwithstanding his pretended renunciation, Richard places his chief vanity in being able to please and win over the women, if not by his figure, at least by his insinuating discourse. Shakspeare here shows us, with his accustomed acuteness of observation, that human nature, even when it is altogether decided in goodness or wickedness, is still subject to petty infirmities. Richard's favourite amusement is to ridicule others, and he possesses an eminent satirical wit. He entertains at bottom a contempt for all mankind; for he is confident of his ability to deceive them, whether as his instruments or his adversaries. In hypocrisy he is particularly fond of using religious forms, as if actuated by a desire of profaning in the service of hell the religion whose blessings he had inwardly abjured.

So much for the main features of Richard's character. The play named after him embraces also the latter part of the reign of Edward IV., in the whole a period of eight years. It exhibits all the machinations by which Richard obtained the throne, and the deeds which he perpetrated to secure himself in its possession, which lasted, however, but two years. Shakspeare intended that terror rather than compassion should prevail throughout this tragedy. He has rather avoided than sought the pathetic scenes which he had at command. Of all the sacrifices to Richard's lust of power, Clarence alone is put to death on the stage. His dream excites a deep horror, and proves the omnipotence of the poet's fancy. His conversation with the murderers is powerfully agitating; but the earlier crimes of Clarence merited death, although not from his brother's hand. The most innocent

and unspotted sacrifices are the two princes. We see but little of them, and their murder is merely related. Anne disappears without our learning any thing further respecting her. In marrying the murderer of her husband, she had shown a weakness almost incredible. The parts of Lord Rivers, and other friends of the queen, are of too secondary a nature to excite a powerful sympathy. Hastings, from his triumph at the fall of his friend, forfeits all title to compassion. Buckingham is the satellite of the tyrant, who is afterwards consigned by him to the axe of the executioner. In the background the widowed Queen Margaret appears as the fury of the past, who invokes a curse on the future. Every calamity which her enemies draw down on each other is a cordial to her revengeful heart. Other female voices join, from time to time, in the lamentations and imprecations. But Richard is the soul, or rather the demon, of the whole tragedy. He fulfils the promise which he formerly made of leading the murderous Machiavel to school. Notwithstanding the uniform aversion with which he inspires us, he still engages us in the greatest variety of ways by his profound skill in dissimulation, his wit, his prudence, his presence of mind, his quick activity, and his valour. He fights at last against Richmond like a desperado, and dies the honourable death of a hero on the field of battle. Shakspeare could not change this historical issue, and yet it is by no means satisfactory to our moral feelings, as Lessing, when speaking of a German play on the same subject, has very judiciously remarked. How has Shakspeare solved this difficulty? By a wonderful invention he opens a prospect into the other world, and shows us Richard in his last moments already branded with the stamp of reprobation. We see Richard and Richmond in the night before the battle sleeping in their tents; the spirits of the murdered victims of the tyrant ascend in succession, and pour out their curses against him, and their blessings on his adversary. These apparitions are

properly but the dreams of the two generals represented visibly. It is no doubt contrary to probability that their tents should only be separated by so small a space; but Shakspeare could reckon on poetical spectators who were ready to take the breadth of the stage for the distance between two hostile camps, if for such indulgence they were to be recompensed by beauties of so sublime a nature as this series of spectres and Richard's awakening soliloquy. The catastrophe of *Richard the Third* is, in respect of the external events, very like that of *Macbeth*. We have only to compare the thorough difference of handling them to be convinced that Shakspeare has most accurately observed poetical justice in the genuine sense of the word, that is, as signifying the revelation of an invisible blessing or curse which hangs over human sentiments and actions.

[From Drake's "*Shakspeare and his Times*."*]

The character of Richard the Third, which had been opened in so masterly a manner in the Concluding Part of *Henry the Sixth*, is, in this play, developed in all its horrible grandeur. It is, in fact, the picture of a demoniacal incarnation, moulding the passions and foibles of mankind, with superhuman precision, to its own iniquitous purposes. Of this isolated and peculiar state of being Richard himself seems sensible when he declares—

"I have no brother, I am like no brother;
And this word love, which greybeards call divine,
Be resident in men like one another,
And not in me; I am myself alone."

From a delineation like this Milton must have caught many of the most striking features of his Satanic portrait. The same union of unmitigated depravity and consummate intellectual energy characterizes both, and renders what

**Shakspeare and his Times*, by Nathan Drake, M. D. (London, 1817), vol. ii. p. 373.

would otherwise be loathsome and disgusting an object of sublimity and shuddering admiration.

The task, however, which Shakespeare undertook was, in one instance, more arduous than that which Milton subsequently attempted ; for, in addition to the hateful constitution of Richard's moral character, he had to contend also against the prejudices arising from personal deformity, from a figure

"curtail'd of its fair proportion,
Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before its time
Into this breathing world, scarce half made up."

And yet, in spite of these striking personal defects, which were considered, also, as indicative of the depravity and wickedness of his nature, the poet has contrived, through the medium of high mental endowments, not only to obviate disgust, but to excite extraordinary admiration.

One of the most prominent and detestable vices, indeed, in Richard's character, his hypocrisy, connected, as it always is, in his person, with the most profound skill and dissimulation, has, owing to the various parts which it induces him to assume, most materially contributed to the popularity of this play, both on the stage and in the closet. He is one who can

"frame his face to all occasions,"

and accordingly appears, during the course of his career, under the contrasted forms of a subject and a monarch, a politician and a wit, a soldier and a suitor, a sinner and a saint ; and in all with such apparent ease and fidelity to nature, that while to the explorer of the human mind he affords, by his penetration and address, a subject of peculiar interest and delight, he offers to the practised performer a study well calculated to call forth his fullest and finest exertions.

So overwhelming and exclusive is the character of Richard, that the comparative insignificance of all the other persons of the drama may be necessarily inferred ; they are re-

flected to us, as it were, from his mirror, and become more or less important, and more or less developed, as he finds it necessary to act upon them; so that our estimate of their character is entirely founded on his relative conduct, through which we may very correctly appreciate their strength or weakness.

The only exception to this remark is in the person of Queen Margaret, who, apart from the agency of Richard, and dimly seen in the darkest recesses of the picture, pours forth, in union with the deep tone of this tragedy, the most dreadful curses and imprecations; with such a wild and prophetic fury, indeed, as to involve the whole scene in tenfold gloom and horror.

We have to add that the moral of this play is great and impressive. Richard, having excited a general sense of indignation, and a general desire of revenge, and unaware of his danger from having lost, through familiarity with guilt, all idea of moral obligation, becomes at length the victim of his own enormous crimes; he falls not unvisited by the terrors of conscience, for, on the eve of danger and of death, the retribution of another world is placed before him; the spirits of those whom he had murdered reveal the awful sentence of his fate, and his bosom heaves with the infliction of eternal torture.

[From Verplanck's "*Shakespeare*."*]

Richard III. is, and long has been—taking the stage and the closet together—the most universally and uninterruptedly popular of its author's works. Few of Shakespeare's plays passed through more than two or three editions, as they originally appeared, separately, in the customary form of quarto pamphlets. Of *Hamlet*, which seems to have been the most popular of the other tragedies, there are but six of

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. i. p. 5 of *Richard III.*

these editions ; while of *Richard III.*, between 1597 and 1634, we have, in addition to the copies in the first two folios, no less than eight separate editions, still preserved ; and it is possible that there may have been yet another, no longer extant. There are also more references and allusions to it, in the writings of Shakespeare's contemporaries, and in those of the next generation of authors, than to any other of his works. For instance, Bishop Corbet, in his poems, Fuller, in his *Church History*, and Milton, in one of his prose controversial tracts, all refer to it as familiar to their readers. It has kept perpetual possession of the stage, either in its primitive form, or as altered and adapted to the tastes of the times by Colley Cibber or by John Kemble. In one or other of these forms *Richard III.* has been the favourite character of all the eminent English tragedians, from Burbage, the original "Crookback," who was identified in his day, in the public mind, with the part,* through the long succession of the monarchs of the English stage—Betterton,

* Corbet, the witty and poetical Bishop of Oxford, in his *Itr Boreale*—a poetical narrative of a journey, in the manner of Horace's *Journey to Brundisium*, first printed in 1617—thus incidentally records the popularity of the play and of its theatrical hero, in his account of a visit to Bosworth Field (misquoted by Verplanck and all the other editors) :

" Mine host was full of ale and history,
And in the morning when he brought us nigh
Where the two Roses join'd, you would suppose
Chaucer ne'er made the Romaunt of the Rose.
Hear him. See ye yon wood? There Richard lay
With his whole army. Look the other way,
And, lo! where Richmond in a bed of gerse
Encamp'd himself o'er night, and all his force :
Upon this hill they met. Why, he could tell
The inch where Richmond stood, where Richard fell,
Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play ;
Which I might guess by 's must'ring up the ghosts,
And policies not incident to hosts ;
But chiefly by that one perspicuous thing
Where he mistook a player for a king.
For when he would have said, King Richard died.
And call'd, A horse! a horse! he Burbage cried."

Cibber, Quin, Garrick, Henderson, Kemble, Cooke, Kean—down to our own days.

Yet, in all the higher attributes of the poetic drama, *Richard III.* bears no comparison with the poet's greater tragedies, or with the graver scenes of his more brilliant comedies. Intellectually and poetically, it must be assigned to a much lower class than *Romeo and Juliet* or *Othello*; than *Lear* or *Macbeth*; than the *Tempest* or the *Merchant of Venice*. It does not exhibit that profusion of intellectual wealth which, in all the poet's greater works, overflows in every sentence, crowding his dialogue with thought, and continually evolving suggestions of the largest and deepest truth, from the individual passion, character, or incident of the scene. Nor does it display that fresh-springing and exuberant fancy, that exquisite and perpetually present sense of the beautiful, which intertwines the stern thoughts and dark contemplations even of *Hamlet* and *Lear* with matchless delicacies of thought and expression, and unexpected images of sweetness or joy.

If we except Clarence's dream, and the description of the murder of the young princes in the Tower—passages such as the author of *Hamlet* alone could have written—this favourite tragedy has no scenes of the deeply pathetic or the awfully grand or terrible. Its power and its elevation consist in the grand, original, and sustained conception of its one principal character, almost sublime in its demoniac heroism, in its unflagging energy of heroic guilt "without remorse or dread"—compelling us, in spite of personal and moral deformity, in spite of falsehood, fraud, treachery, and cruelty, to admire what we detest. Thus its merit is almost exclusively dramatic, keeping up a constant and excited attention and interest, by the truth and spirit of its acted and living narrative, the rapid succession of stirring incidents, and the vivid portraiture of impressive character—all sustained by animated dialogue, and occasionally by kindling declamation. The hold on public favour it took at once, and has continued

to hold for two centuries and a half, through every variation of popular taste, is the highest and unquestionable proof that, in all these respects, though but faintly marked with other Shakespearian characteristics, it is a work of wonderful originality, vigour, fertility, and power of impression.

The connection of this tragedy with the three parts of *Henry VI.* (and especially with the last) is very striking. This connection differs altogether from that observable between the dramas of *Henry IV.* and *Henry V.*, and those which succeed them in chronological order. Between those, the connection is little more than that which must result from the plot's being drawn from the same common historical source. There is little or no reference, in either of the three parts, to the dialogue or invention of the plays chronologically preceding; nor is there any thing to show that the several pieces were actually written in the order of this narrative, or to contradict the external evidence that the plays prior in chronological order were last written. Precisely the reverse holds true as to *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.* There is here not merely historical agreement, but the latter play is evidently the production of one whose mind was filled with the characters, dialogue, and subsidiary incidents of the preceding dramas. The tyrant-hero is himself but the full-grown, gigantic development of the young Gloster of *Henry VI.*, as Margaret is but the sequel, in her bitter, vindictive old age, of the very Margaret, not of dry history, but of these dramas.

[From Dowden's "*Shakspeare*."*]

Certain qualities which make it unique among the dramas of Shakspeare characterize the play of *King Richard III.* Its manner of conceiving and presenting character has a certain resemblance, not elsewhere to be found in Shakspeare's writings, to the ideal manner of Marlowe. As in the plays

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 180 fol. (by permission).

of Marlowe, there is here one dominant figure distinguished by a few strongly marked and inordinately developed qualities. There is in the characterization no mystery, but much of a dæmonic intensity. Certain passages are entirely in the lyrical-dramatic style; an emotion, which is one and the same, occupying at the same moment two or three of the personages, and obtaining utterance through them almost simultaneously, or in immediate succession; as a musical motive is interpreted by an orchestra, or taken up singly by successive instruments:

"Queen Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear a loss!

"Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss!

"Duchess. Was never mother had so dear a loss!

Alas! I am the mother of these griefs."

* * * * *

The dæmonic intensity which distinguishes the play proceeds from the character of Richard, as from its source and centre. As with the chief personages of Marlowe's plays, so Richard in this play rather occupies the imagination by audacity and force, than insinuates himself through some subtle solvent, some magic and mystery of art. His character does not grow upon us; from the first it is complete. We are not curious to discover what Richard is, as we are curious to come into presence of the soul of Hamlet. We are in no doubt about Richard; but it yields us a strong sensation to observe him in various circumstances and situations; we are roused and animated by the presence of almost super-human energy and power, even though that power and that energy be malign.

Coleridge has said of Richard that pride of intellect is his characteristic. This is true, but his dominant characteristic is not intellectual; it is rather a dæmonic energy of will. The same cause which produces tempest and shipwreck produces Richard; he is a fierce elemental power raging through the world; but this elemental power is concentrated in a human will. The need of action is with Richard an ap-

petite to which all the other appetites are subordinate. He requires space in the world to bustle in; his will must wreak itself on men and things. All that is done in the play proceeds from Richard; there is, as has been observed by Mr. Hudson, no interaction. "The drama is not so much a composition of co-operative characters, mutually developing and developed, as the prolonged yet hurried outcome of a single character, to which the other persons serve but as exponents and conductors; as if he were a volume of electricity disclosing himself by means of others, and quenching their active powers in the very process of doing so."*

Richard with his distorted and withered body, his arm shrunk like "a blasted sapling," is yet a sublime figure by virtue of his energy of will and tremendous power of intellect. All obstacles give way before him — the courage of men, and the bitter animosity of women. And Richard has a passionate scorn of men, because they are weaker and more obtuse than he, the deformed outcast of nature. He practises hypocrisy not merely for the sake of success, but because his hypocrisy is a cynical jest, or a gross insult to humanity. The Mayor of London has a *bourgeois* veneration for piety and established forms of religion. Richard advances to meet him reading a book of prayers, and supported on each side by a bishop. The grim joke, the contemptuous insult to the citizen faith in church and king, flatters his malignant sense of power. To cheat a gull, a coarse hypocrisy suffices.† . . .

Richard's cynicism and insolence have in them a kind of grim mirth; such a *bonhomie* as might be met with among the humorists of Pandemonium. His brutality is a manner of joking with a purpose. When his mother, with Queen

* *Shakespeare, his Life, Art, and Characters*, vol. ii. p. 156.

† The plan originates with Buckingham, but Richard plays his part with manifest delight. Shakspeare had no historical authority for the presence of the bishops. See Skottowe's *Life of Shakspeare*, vol. i. pp. 195-96.

Elizabeth, comes by "copious in exclams," ready to "smother her damned son in the breath of bitter words," the mirthful Richard calls for a flourish of trumpets to drown these shrill female voices :

"A flourish, trumpets ! strike alarum, drums !
Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women
Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say !"

On an occasion when hypocrisy is more serviceable than brutality, Richard kneels to implore his mother's blessing, but has a characteristic word of contemptuous impiety to utter aside :

"*Duchess.* God bless thee and put meekness in thy breast,
Love, charity, obedience, and true duty !

"*Richard.* Amen ! and make me die a good old man !
That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing ;
I marvel that her grace did leave it out."

He plays his part before his future wife, the Lady Anne, laying open his breast to the sword's point with a malicious confidence. He knows the measure of woman's frailty, and relies on the spiritual force of his audacity and dissimulation to subdue the weak hand which tries to lift the sword. With no friends to back his suit, with nothing but "the plain devil and dissembling looks," he wins his bride. The hideous irony of such a courtship, the mockery it implies of human love, is enough to make a man "your only jigmaker," and sends Richard's blood dancing along his veins.

While Richard is plotting for the crown, Lord Hastings threatens to prove an obstacle in the way. What is to be done ? Buckingham is dubious and tentative :

"Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we perceive
Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?"

With sharp detonation, quickly begun and quickly over, Richard's answer is discharged, "Chop off his head, man." There can be no beginning, middle, or end to a deed so simple and so summary. Presently Hastings making sun-

dry small assignations for future days and weeks, goes, a murdered man, to the conference at the Tower. Richard, whose startling figure emerges from the background throughout the play with small regard for verisimilitude and always at the most effective moment, is suddenly on the spot, just as Hastings is about to give his voice in the conference as though he were the representative of the absent Duke. Richard is prepared, when the opportune instant has arrived, to spring a mine under Hastings's feet. But meanwhile a matter of equal importance concerns him—my Lord of Ely's strawberries. The flavour of Holborn strawberries is exquisite, and the fruit must be sent for. Richard's desire to appear disengaged from sinister thought is less important to note than Richard's need of indulging a cynical contempt of human life. The explosion takes place; Hastings is seized; and the delicacies are reserved until the head of Richard's enemy is off. There is a wantonness of *diablerie* in this incident:

"Talk'st thou to me of *ifs*? Thou art a traitor.—
Off with his head! Now by Saint Paul I swear
I will not dine until I see the same."*

The fiery energy of Richard is at its simplest, unmingled with irony or dissimulation, in great days of military movement and of battle. Then the force within him expends itself in a paroxysm which has all the intensity of ungovernable spasmodic action, and which is yet organized and controlled by his intellect. Then he is engaged at his truest devotions, and numbers his Ave-Maries, not with beads, but with ringing strokes upon the helmets of his foes.† He is inspired with "the spleen of fiery dragons;" "a thousand hearts are great within his bosom." On the eve of the bat-

* This scene, including the incident of the dish of strawberries, is from Sir T. More's history. See Courtenay's *Commentaries on Shakespeare*, vol. ii. pp. 84-87.

† 3 *Henry VI.* ii. 1.

tle of Bosworth Field, Richard, with uncontrollable eagerness, urges his inquiry into the minutiae of preparation which may insure success. He lacks his usual alacrity of spirit, yet a dozen subalterns would hardly suffice to receive the orders which he rapidly enunciates. He is upon the wing of "fiery expedition:"

"I will not sup to-night. Give me some ink and paper.

What, is my beaver easier than it was?

And all my armour laid within my tent?

Catesby. It is, my liege, and all things are in readiness.

King Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge;

Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Norfolk. I go, my lord.

King Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord.

King Richard. Catesby!

Catesby.

My lord?

King Richard. Send out a pursuivant at arms

To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power

Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall

Into the blind cave of eternal night.

Fill me a bowl of wine. Give me a watch.— [*Exit Catesby.*

Saddle White Surrey for the field to-morrow.

Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—

Ratcliff!"

And, learning from Ratcliff that Northumberland and Surrey are alert, giving his last direction that his attendant should return at midnight to help him to arm, King Richard retires into his tent.

In all his military movements, as in the whole of Richard's career, there is something else than self-seeking. It is true that Richard, like Edmund, like Iago, is solitary; he has no friend, no brother; "I am myself alone;" and all that Richard achieves tends to his own supremacy. Nevertheless, the central characteristic of Richard is not self-seeking or ambition. It is the necessity of releasing and letting loose upon the world the force within him (mere force in which there is

nothing moral), the necessity of deploying before himself and others the terrible resources of his will. One human tie Shakspeare attributes to Richard; contemptuous to his mother, indifferent to the life or death of Clarence and Edward, except as their life or death may serve his own attempt upon the crown, cynically loveless towards his feeble and unhappy wife, Richard admires with an enthusiastic admiration his great father :

“Methinks ’t is prize enough to be his son.”

And the memory of his father supplies him with a family pride which, however, does not imply attachment or loyalty to any member of his house.

“but I was born so high;
Our aery buildeth in the cedar’s top,
And dallies with the wind and scorns the sun.”

History supplied Shakspeare with the figure of his Richard. He has been accused of darkening the colours, and exaggerating the deformity of the character of the historical Richard found in More and Holinshed. The fact is precisely the contrary. The mythic Richard of the historians (and there must have been some appalling fact to originate such a myth) is made somewhat less grim and bloody by the dramatist.* Essentially, however, Shakspeare’s Richard is of the diabolical (something more dreadful than the criminal) class. He is not weak, because he is single-hearted in his devotion to evil. Richard does not serve two masters. He is not like John, a dastardly criminal; he is not like Macbeth, joyless and faithless because he has deserted loyalty and honour. He has a fierce joy, and he is an intense believer—in the

* See the detailed study of this play by W. Oechelhäuser in *Jahrbuch der deutschen Shakespeare-Gesellschaft*, vol. iii. pp. 37-39, and pp. 47, 53. Holinshed’s treatment of the character of Richard is hardly in harmony with itself. From the death of Edward IV. onwards the Richard of Holinshed resembles Shakspeare’s Richard, but possesses fainter traces of humanity.

creed of hell. And therefore he is strong. He inverts the moral order of things, and tries to live in this inverted system. He does not succeed; he dashes himself to pieces against the laws of the world which he has outraged. Yet, while John is wholly despicable, we cannot refrain from yielding a certain tribute of admiration to the bolder malefactor, who ventures on the daring experiment of choosing evil for his good.

Such an experiment, Shakspeare declares emphatically, as experience and history declare, must in the end fail. The ghosts of the usurper's victims rise between the camps, and are to Richard the Erinnyes, to Richmond inspirers of hope and victorious courage. At length Richard trembles on the brink of annihilation, trembles over the loveless gulf:

"I shall despair; there is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

But the stir of battle restores him to resolute thoughts: "Come, bustle, bustle, caparison my horse," and he dies in a fierce paroxysm of action. Richmond conquers, and he conquers expressly as the champion and representative of the moral order of the world, which Richard had endeavoured to set aside:

"O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
Look on my forces with a gracious eye;
Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
That they may crush down with a heavy fall
The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
That we may praise thee in thy victory."

* * * * *

The figure of Queen Margaret is painfully persistent upon the mind's eye, and tyrannizes, almost as much as the figure of King Richard himself, over the imagination. "Although banished upon pain of death, she returns to England to assist at the intestine conflicts of the House of York. Shakspeare personifies in her the ancient Nemesis; he gives her

more than human proportions, and represents her as a sort of supernatural apparition. She penetrates freely into the palace of Edward IV., she there breathes forth her hatred in presence of the family of York and its courtier attendants. No one dreams of arresting her, although she is an exiled woman, and she goes forth, meeting no obstacle, as she had entered. The same magic ring, which on the first occasion opened the doors of the royal mansion, opens them for her once again, when Edward IV. is dead, and his sons have been assassinated in the Tower by the order of Richard. She came, the first time, to curse her enemies; she comes now to gather the fruits of her malediction. Like an avenging Fury, or the classical Fate, she has announced to each his doom."*

[From Mr. F. J. Furnivall's *Introduction to the Play*.†]

Richard the Third is written on the model of Shakspeare's great rival, Christopher Marlowe, the Canterbury cobbler's son, who was stabbed in a tavern brawl on June 1, 1593. It was Marlowe's characteristic to embody in a character, and realize with terrific force, the workings of a single passion. In *Tamburlaine* he personified the lust of dominion, in *Faustus* the lust of forbidden power and knowledge, in Barabas (*The Jew of Malta*) the lust of wealth and blood (J. A. Symonds). In *Richard III.* Shakspeare embodied ambition, and sacrificed his whole play to this one figure. Gloster's first declaration of his motives shows, of course, the young dramatist, as the want of relief in the play, and the monotony of its curses, also do. But Richard's hypocrisies, his exultation in them, his despising and insulting his victims, his grim humour and delight in gulling fools, and in his own villainy, are admirably brought out, and that no less than thirteen times in the play. 1. With Clarence. 2. With Hast

* A. Mézières, *Shakspeare, ses Œuvres et ses Critiques*, p. 139.

† *The Leopold Shakspeare* (London, 1877), p. xxxix. (by permission).

ings. 3. With Anne, widow of Prince Edward, Henry the Sixth's son, whom Richard the Third, when Gloster, had stabbed. 4. With Queen Elizabeth, with Rivers and Hastings, and possibly in his professed repentance for the wrongs he did Queen Margaret in murdering her son and husband.* 5. With Edward the Fourth on his death-bed, and his queen, and lords, and as to the author of Clarence's death. 6. With his nephew, Clarence's son. 7. With Queen Elizabeth and his mother, "Amen! And make me die a good old man!" 8. With Buckingham, "I as a child will go by thy direction." 9. With the young prince, Edward the Fifth, "God keep you from them and from such false friends." 10. With Hastings and the Bishop of Ely. 11. With the Mayor about Hastings and then about taking the crown—(note Richard's utter brutality and baseness in his insinuation of his mother's adultery). 12. With Buckingham about the murder of the princes. 13. With Queen Elizabeth when he repeats the scene of his wooing with Anne, as the challenge-scene is repeated in *Richard II.* Villain as he is, he has the villain's coolness too. He never loses temper, except when he strikes the third messenger. As a general he is as skilful as Henry the Fifth, and looks to his sentinels; while, like Henry the Fourth, he is up and doing at the first notice of danger, and takes the right practical measures. Yet the conscience he ridicules, he is made to feel—

"there is no creature loves me;
And if I die, no soul shall pity me."

But we must note that this is only when his will is but half awake, half paralyzed by its weight of sleep. As soon as the man is himself again, neither conscience nor care for love or pity troubles him. The weakest part of the play is the scene of the citizens' talk; and the poorness of it, and the monotony of the women's curses, have given rise to the theory that

* I have always, though, considered this genuine repentance, or at least a genuine profession of it.

in *Richard III.* Shakspeare was only re-writing an old play, of which he let bits stand. But though I once thought this possible, I have since become certain that it is not so. The wooing of Anne by Richard has stirred me, in reading it aloud, almost as much as any thing else in Shakspeare. Note, too, how the first lines of the play lift you out of the mist and confusion of the *Henry VI.* plays into the sun of Shakspeare's genius.

NOTE BY THE EDITOR.—Mr. James Russell Lowell, in a lecture at Chicago, February 22, 1887, expressed the opinion that the play was merely revised by Shakespeare. "It appears to me," he said, "that an examination of *Richard III.* plainly indicates that it is a play which Shakespeare adapted to the stage, making additions, sometimes longer and sometimes shorter; and toward the end he either grew weary of his work or was pressed for time, and left the older author, whoever he was, pretty much to himself."

This does not differ essentially from the decision to which Mr. F. G. Fleay has come in his *Chronicle History of Shakespeare*, published in 1886 (p. 276):

"*Richard III.* has always been regarded as entirely Shakespeare's, and its likeness to 3 *Henry VI.* has more than anything else kept alive the untenable belief that this last-named play was also, in part or wholly, written by our greatest dramatist. Yet the unlikeness of *Richard III.* to the other historical plays of Shakespeare, and the impracticability of finding a definite position for it, metrically or æsthetically, in any chronological arrangement, have made themselves felt. . . . There can be little doubt that in this, as in *John*, Shakespeare derived his plot and part of his text from an anterior play, the difference in the two cases being that in *Richard III.* he adopted much more of his predecessor's text. I believe that the anterior play was Marlowe's, partly written for Lord Strange's company in 1593, but left unfinished at Marlowe's death, and completed and altered by Shakespeare in 1594. . . . The unhistorical but grandly classical conception of Margaret, the Cassandra prophetess, the Helen-Ate of the House of Lancaster, which binds the whole tetralogy [the three parts of *Henry VI.* and *Richard III.*] into one work, is evidently due to Marlowe, and the consummate skill with which he has fused the heterogeneous contributions of his coadjutors in the two earlier *Henry VI.* plays is no less worthy of admiration. I do not think it possible to separate Marlowe's work from Shakespeare's in this play—it is worked in with too cunning a hand. . . . Could any critic, if the elder *John* were destroyed, tell us which lines had been adopted in the later play?"

It may be noted incidentally that what Mr. Lowell says of the marks of less careful revision of the earlier work toward the end of *Richard III.* is curiously in accordance with Mr. Fleay's theory of the make-up of

that portion of the folio text, as given in Dr. Ingleby's *Shakespeare: The Man and the Book, Part II.* p. 139. He says there that the folio text up to a certain point in the third scene of act v. "gives the acting version in use in 1622;" but from that point to the end "it is supplemented from the 1602 quarto," the prompter's copy from which the rest was printed being probably "deficient towards the conclusion."

Even so cautious and conservative a critic as Halliwell-Phillipps recognizes indications of earlier work in the play. In his *Outlines of the Life of Shakespeare* (6th ed. vol. i. p. 136—where, however, the passage is reprinted without change from the earlier editions), after referring to the historical sources of the plot in More and Holinshed, he adds:

"There are also slight traces of an older play to be observed, passages which may belong to an inferior hand, and incidents, such as that of the rising of the ghosts,* suggested probably by similar ones in a more ancient composition. That the play of *Richard III.*, as we now have it, is essentially Shakespeare's, cannot admit of a doubt; but as little can it be questioned that to the circumstance of an anterior work on the subject having been used do we owe some of its weakness and excessively turbulent character. No copy of this older play is known to exist, but one brief speech and the two following lines have been accidentally preserved:

'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is ta'en,
And Banister is come for his reward'—

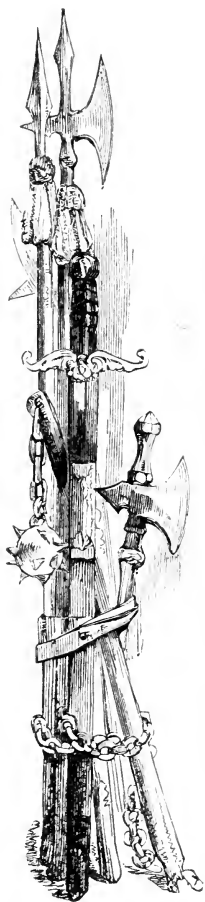
[compare *Richard III.* iv. 4. 529: 'My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken'], from which it is clear that the new dramatist did not hesitate to adopt an occasional line from his predecessor, although he entirely omitted the character of Banister. Both plays must have been successful, for, notwithstanding the great popularity of Shakespeare's, the more ancient one sustained its ground on the English stage until the reign of Charles I."

As we have said above (p. 11), the date of the play is probably as early as 1594, if not 1593. Its peculiarities and imperfections may be partially due to a mingling of earlier work by another hand, but we are inclined to agree with Halliwell-Phillipps that it is "essentially Shakespeare's."

* Mr. Lowell remarked that the procession of ghosts in the play always struck him "as ludicrous and odd rather than impressive."



KING
RICHARD
III.



DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

KING EDWARD the Fourth.

EDWARD, Prince of Wales, afterwards King Edward V.,

RICHARD, Duke of York,

GEORGE, Duke of Clarence,

RICHARD, Duke of Gloster, afterwards King Richard III.,

A young Son of Clarence.

HENRY, Earl of Richmond, afterwards King Henry VII.

CARDINAL BOUCHIER, Archbishop of Canterbury.

THOMAS ROTHERHAM, Archbishop of York.

JOHN MORTON, Bishop of Ely.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

DUKE OF NORFOLK.

EARL OF SURREY, his Son.

EARL RIVERS, Brother to Elizabeth.

MARQUIS OF DORSET and LORD GREY, Sons to Elizabeth.

EARL OF OXFORD.

LORD HASTINGS.

LORD STANLEY.

LORD LOVEL.

SIR THOMAS VAUGHAN.

SIR RICHARD RATCLIFF.

SIR WILLIAM CATESBY.

SIR JAMES TYRREL.

SIR JAMES BLOUNT.

SIR WALTER HERBERT.

SIR ROBERT BRAKENBURY, Lieutenant of the Tower.

CHRISTOPHER URSWICK, a Priest. Another Priest.

Lord Mayor of London. Sheriff of Wiltshire. A Keeper in the Tower.

ELIZABETH, Queen to King Edward IV.

MARGARET, Widow of King Henry VI.

DUCHESS OF YORK, Mother to King Edward IV.

LADY ANNE, Widow of Edward, Prince of Wales.

A young Daughter of Clarence.

Lords, and other Attendants; two Gentlemen, a Pursuivant, Scrivener, Murderers, Messengers, Ghosts, Soldiers, etc.

SCENE: *England.*



CHERTSEY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by this sun of York,
And all the clouds that lower'd upon our house
In the deep bosom of the ocean buried.
Now are our brows bound with victorious wreaths,
Our bruised arms hung up for monuments,
Our stern alarums chang'd to merry meetings,
Our dreadful marches to delightful measures.
Grim-visag'd war hath smooth'd his wrinkled front ;
And now, instead of mounting barbed steeds
To fright the souls of fearful adversaries,

10

He capers nimbly in a lady's chamber,
 To the lascivious pleasing of a lute.
 But I, that am not shap'd for sportive tricks,
 Nor made to court an amorous looking-glass ;
 I, that am rudely stamp'd, and want love's majesty
 'To strut before a wanton ambling nymph ;
 I, that am curtail'd of this fair proportion,
 Cheated of feature by dissembling nature,
 Deform'd, unfinish'd, sent before my time 20
 Into this breathing world, scarce half made up.
 And that so lamely and unfashionable
 That dogs bark at me as I halt by them ;—
 Why, I, in this weak piping time of peace,
 Have no delight to pass away the time,
 Unless to see my shadow in the sun,
 And descant on mine own deformity :
 And therefore, since I cannot prove a lover,
 To entertain these fair well-spoken days,
 I am determin'd to prove a villain, 30
 And hate the idle pleasures of these days.
 Plots have I laid, inductions dangerous,
 By drunken prophecies, libels, and dreams,
 To set my brother Clarence and the king
 In deadly hate, the one against the other ;
 And if King Edward be as true and just
 As I am subtle, false, and treacherous,
 This day should Clarence closely be mew'd up,
 About a prophecy, which says that G
 Of Edward's heirs the murderer shall be. 40
 Dive, thoughts, down to my soul ; here Clarence comes.—

Enter CLARENCE, guarded, and BRAKENBURY.

Brother, good day. What means this armed guard
 That waits upon your grace ?

Clarence.

His majesty,

Tendering my person's safety, hath appointed
This conduct to convey me to the Tower.

Gloster. Upon what cause?

Clarence. Because my name is George.

Gloster. Alack, my lord, that fault is none of yours ;
He should, for that, commit your godfathers.
O, belike his majesty hath some intent
That you should be new-christen'd in the Tower. 50
But what's the matter, Clarence? may I know?

Clarence. Yea, Richard, when I know ; for, I protest,
As yet I do not : but, as I can learn,
He hearkens after prophecies and dreams,
And from the cross-row plucks the letter G,
And says a wizard told him that by G
His issue disinherited should be ;
And, for my name of George begins with G,
It follows in his thought that I am he.
These, as I learn, and such like toys as these, 60
Have mov'd his highness to commit me now.

Gloster. Why, this it is when men are rul'd by women !
'T is not the king that sends you to the Tower ;
My Lady Grey, his wife, Clarence, 't is she
That tempers him to this extremity.
Was it not she, and that good man of worship,
Anthony Woodeville, her brother there,
That made him send Lord Hastings to the Tower,
From whence this present day he is deliver'd?
We are not safe, Clarence, we are not safe. 70

Clarence. By heaven, I think there is no man secure
But the queen's kindred, and night-walking heralds
That trudge betwixt the king and Mistress Shore.
Heard you not what an humble suppliant
Lord Hastings was to her for his delivery?

Gloster. Humbly complaining to her deity
Got my lord chamberlain his liberty.

I' ll tell you what ; I think it is our way,
 If we will keep in favour with the king,
 To be her men and wear her livery.
 The jealous o'erworn widow and herself,
 Since that our brother dubb'd them gentlewomen,
 Are mighty gossips in our monarchy.

8c

Brakenbury. I beseech your graces both to pardon me ;
 His majesty hath straitly given in charge
 That no man shail have private conference,
 Of what degree soever, with your brother.

Gloster. Even so ; an please your worship, Brakenbury,
 You may partake of any thing we say.

We speak no treason, man : we say the king
 Is wise and virtuous ; and his noble queen
 Well struck in years, fair, and not jealous ;
 We say that Shore's wife hath a pretty foot,
 A cherry lip, a bonny eye, a passing pleasing tongue ;
 And that the queen's kindred are made gentlefolks.
 How say you, sir ? can you deny all this ?

9c

Brakenbury. With this, my lord, myself have nought
 to do.

Gloster. Naught to do with Mistress Shore ? I tell thee,
 fellow,

He that doth naught with her, excepting one,
 Were best to do it secretly, alone.

10c

Brakenbury. What one, my lord ?

Gloster. Her husband, knave. Would'st thou betray me ?

Brakenbury. I beseech your grace to pardon me, and
 withal

Forbear your conference with the noble duke.

Clarence. We know thy charge, Brakenbury, and will obey.

Gloster. We are the queen's abjects, and must obey.—

Brother, farewell : I will unto the king ;
 And whatsoe'er you will employ me in,
 Were it to call King Edward's widow sister,

I will perform it to enfranchise you.
Meantime, this deep disgrace in brotherhood
Touches me deeper than you can imagine.

110

Clarence. I know it pleaseth neither of us well.

Gloster. Well, your imprisonment shall not be long;
I will deliver you, or else lie for you.
Meantime, have patience.

Clarence. I must perforce. Farewell.

[*Exeunt Clarence, Brakenbury, and Guard.*]

Gloster. Go, tread the path that thou shalt ne'er return,
Simple, plain Clarence!—I do love thee so,
That I will shortly send thy soul to heaven,
If heaven will take the present at our hands.—
But who comes here? the new-deliver'd Hastings?

120

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Good time of day unto my gracious lord!

Gloster. As much unto my good lord chamberlain!
Well are you welcome to this open air.
How hath your lordship brook'd imprisonment?

Hastings. With patience, noble lord, as prisoners must;
But I shall live, my lord, to give them thanks
That were the cause of my imprisonment.

Gloster. No doubt, no doubt; and so shall Clarence too:
For they that were your enemies are his,
And have prevail'd as much on him as you.

130

Hastings. More pity that the eagle should be mew'd,
While kites and buzzards prey at liberty.

Gloster. What news abroad?

Hastings. No news so bad abroad as this at home:
The king is sickly, weak, and melancholy,
And his physicians fear him mightily.

Gloster. Now, by Saint Paul, that news is bad indeed.
O, he hath kept an evil diet long,
And overmuch consum'd his royal person;

140

"T is very grievous to be thought upon.

Where is he? in his bed?

Hastings. He is.

Gloster. Go you before, and I will follow you.—

[*Exit Hastings.*]

He cannot live, I hope; and must not die
Till George be pack'd with post-horse up to heaven.

I'll in, to urge his hatred more to Clarence,
With lies well steel'd with weighty arguments;

And if I fail not in my deep intent,
Clarence hath not another day to live:

150

Which done, God take King Edward to his mercy,
And leave the world for me to bustle in!

For then I'll marry Warwick's youngest daughter.

What though I kill'd her husband and her father?

The readiest way to make the wench amends,

Is to become her husband and her father:

The which will I; not all so much for love

As for another secret close intent,

By marrying her which I must reach unto.

But yet I run before my horse to market:

160

Clarence still breathes, Edward still lives and reigns;

When they are gone, then must I count my gains. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *The Same. Another Street.*

Enter the corpse of KING HENRY THE SIXTH, borne in an open coffin, Gentlemen bearing halberds to guard it; and LADY ANNE as mourner.

Anne. Set down, set down your honourable load,

If honour may be shrouded in a hearse,

Whilst I awhile obsequiously lament

The untimely fall of virtuous Lancaster.—

Poor key-cold figure of a holy king!

Pale ashes of the House of Lancaster!

Thou bloodless remnant of that royal blood!
 Be it lawful that I invoke thy ghost
 To hear the lamentations of poor Anne,
 Wife to thy Edward, to thy slaughter'd son, 10
 Stabb'd by the selfsame hand that made these wounds!
 Lo, in these windows, that let forth thy life,
 I pour the helpless balm of my poor eyes.—
 O, cursed be the hand that made these holes!
 Cursed the heart that had the heart to do it!
 Cursed the blood that let this blood from hence!
 More direful hap betide that hated wretch,
 That makes us wretched by the death of thee,
 Than I can wish to wolves, to spiders, toads, 20
 Or any creeping venom'd thing that lives!
 If ever he have child, abortive be it,
 Prodigious, and untimely brought to light,
 Whose ugly and unnatural aspect
 May fright the hopeful mother at the view;
 And that be heir to his unhappiness!
 If ever he have wife, let her be made
 More miserable by the death of him
 Than I am made by my young lord and thee!—
 Come, now towards Chertsey with your holy load,
 Taken from Paul's to be interred there; 30
 And still, as you are weary of the weight,
 Rest you, whiles I lament King Henry's corse.

[*The Bearers take up the corpse and advance.*]

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Stay, you that bear the corse, and set it down.

Anne. What black magician conjures up this fiend,
 To stop devoted charitable deeds?

Gloster. Villains, set down the corse; or, by Saint Paul,
 I'll make a corse of him that disobeys!

1 *Gentleman.* My lord, stand back, and let the coffin pass.

Gloster. Unmanner'd dog ! stand thou when I command ;
 Advance thy halberd higher than my breast, 40
 Or, by Saint Paul, I 'll strike thee to my foot,
 And spurn upon thee, beggar, for thy boldness.

[*The Bearers set down the coffin.*]

Anne. What ! do you tremble ? are you all afraid ?
 Alas ! I blame you not ; for you are mortal,
 And mortal eyes cannot endure the devil.—
 Avaunt, thou dreadful minister of hell !
 Thou hadst but power over his mortal body,
 His soul thou canst not have ; therefore, be gone.

Gloster. Sweet saint, for charity, be not so curst.

Anne. Foul devil, for God's sake, hence, and trouble us
 not ; 50

For thou hast made the happy earth thy hell,
 Fill'd it with cursing cries and deep exclaims.
 If thou delight to view thy heinous deeds,
 Behold this pattern of thy butcheries.—
 O gentlemen, see, see ! dead Henry's wounds
 Open their congeal'd mouths and bleed afresh !—
 Blush, blush, thou lump of foul deformity,
 For 't is thy presence that exhales this blood
 From cold and empty veins, where no blood dwells ;
 Thy deed, inhuman and unnatural, 60
 Provokes this deluge most unnatural.—
 O God, which this blood mad'st, revenge his death !
 O earth, which this blood drink'st, revenge his death !
 Either, heaven, with lightning strike the murtherer dead,
 Or, earth, gape open wide and eat him quick,
 As thou dost swallow up this good king's blood,
 Which his hell-govern'd arm hath butchered !

Gloster. Lady, you know no rules of charity,
 Which renders good for bad, blessings for curses.

Anne. Villain, thou know'st nor law of God nor man ; 70
 No beast so fierce but knows some touch of pity.

Gloster. But I know none, and therefore am no beast.

Anne. O, wonderful when devils tell the truth!

Gloster. More wonderful when angels are so angry.—
Vouchsafe, divine perfection of a woman,
Of these supposed crimes to give me leave
By circumstance but to acquit myself.

Anne. Vouchsafe, diffus'd infection of a man,
For these known evils but to give me leave
By circumstance to curse thy cursed self.

80

Gloster. Fairer than tongue can name thee, let me have
Some patient leisure to excuse myself.

Anne. Fouler than heart can think thee, thou canst make
No excuse current but to hang thyself.

Gloster. By such despair I should accuse myself.

Anne. And, by despairing, shalt thou stand excus'd
For doing worthy vengeance on thyself,
That didst unworthy slaughter upon others.

Gloster. Say that I slew them not?

Anne. Why, then they are not dead;
But dead they are, and, devilish slave, by thee.

90

Gloster. I did not kill your husband.

Anne. Why, then he is alive.

Gloster. Nay, he is dead; and slain by Edward's hand.

Anne. In thy foul throat thou liest: Queen Margaret saw
Thy murderous falchion smoking in his blood;
The which thou once didst bend against her breast,
But that thy brothers beat aside the point.

Gloster. I was provoked by her slanderous tongue,
That laid their guilt upon my guiltless shoulders.

Anne. Thou wast provoked by thy bloody mind,
That never dreamt on aught but butcheries.
Didst thou not kill this king?

100

Gloster. I grant ye.

Anne. Dost grant me, hedgehog? then, God grant me
too

Thou mayst be damned for that wicked deed !

O, he was gentle, mild, and virtuous !

Gloster. The better for the king of heaven that hath him.

Anne. He is in heaven, where thou shalt never come.

Gloster. Let him thank me, that help to send him thither ;
For he was fitter for that place than earth.

Anne. And thou unfit for any place but hell. 110

Gloster. Yes, one place else, if you will hear me name it.

Anne. Some dungeon.

Gloster. Your bedchamber.

Anne. Ill rest betide the chamber where thou liest !

Gloster. So will it, madam, till I lie with you.

Anne. I hope so.

Gloster. I know so.—But, gentle Lady Anne,
To leave this keen encounter of our wits,
And fall something into a slower method,
Is not the causer of the timeless deaths
Of these Plantagenets, Henry and Edward, 120
As blameful as the executioner ?

Anne. Thou wast the cause, and most accurst effect.

Gloster. Your beauty was the cause of that effect ;
Your beauty, that did haunt me in my sleep
To undertake the death of all the world,
So I might live one hour in your sweet bosom.

Anne. If I thought that, I tell thee, homicide,
These nails should rend that beauty from my cheeks.

Gloster. These eyes could not endure that beauty's wrack ;
You should not blemish it, if I stood by. 130
As all the world is cheered by the sun,
So I by that ; it is my day, my life.

Anne. Black night o'ershade thy day, and death thy life !

Gloster. Curse not thyself, fair creature ; thou art both.

Anne. I would I were, to be reveng'd on thee.

Gloster. It is a quarrel most unnatural,
To be reveng'd on him that loveth thee.

Anne. It is a quarrel just and reasonable,
To be reveng'd on him that kill'd my husband.

Gloster. He that bereft thee, lady, of thy husband
Did it to help thee to a better husband. 140

Anne. His better doth not breathe upon the earth.

Gloster. He lives that loves you better than he could.

Anne. Name him.

Gloster. Plantagenet.

Anne. Why, that was he.

Gloster. The selfsame name, but one of better nature.

Anne. Where is he?

Gloster. Here. [*She spits at him.*] Why
dost thou spit at me?

Anne. Would it were mortal poison, for thy sake!

Gloster. Never came poison from so sweet a place.

Anne. Never hung poison on a fouler toad.

Out of my sight! thou dost infect mine eyes. 150

Gloster. Thine eyes, sweet lady, have infected mine.

Anne. Would they were basilisks, to strike thee dead!

Gloster. I would they were, that I might die at once,
For now they kill me with a living death.

Those eyes of thine from mine have drawn salt tears,
Sham'd their aspects with store of childish drops:

These eyes, which never shed remorseful tear;

No, when my father York and Edward wept

To hear the piteous moan that Rutland made

When black-fac'd Clifford shook his sword at him; 160

Nor when thy warlike father, like a child,

Told the sad story of my father's death,

And twenty times made pause to sob and weep,

That all the standers-by had wet their cheeks,

Like trees bedash'd with rain: in that sad time

My manly eyes did scorn an humble tear;

And what these sorrows could not thence exhale,

Thy beauty hath, and made them blind with weeping.

I never sued to friend nor enemy ;
 My tongue could never learn sweet smoothing word ; 170
 But, now thy beauty is propos'd my fee,
 My proud heart sues, and prompts my tongue to speak.

[*She looks scornfully at him.*

Teach not thy lip such scorn, for it was made
 For kissing, lady, not for such contempt.
 If thy revengeful heart cannot forgive,
 Lo, here I lend thee this sharp-pointed sword ;
 Which if thou please to hide in this true breast,
 And let the soul forth that adareth thee,
 I lay it naked to the deadly stroke,
 And humbly beg the death upon my knee. 180

[*He lays his breast open ; she offers at it with his sword.*

Nay, do not pause ; for I did kill King Henry,—
 But 't was thy beauty that provoked me.
 Nay, now dispatch ; 't was I that stabb'd young Edward,—
 But 't was thy heavenly face that set me on.

[*She lets fall the sword.*

Take up the sword again, or take up me.

Anne. Arise, dissembler ; though I wish thy death,
 I will not be thy executioner.

Gloster. Then bid me kill myself, and I will do it.

Anne. I have already.

Gloster. That was in thy rage :

Speak it again, and even with the word 190
 This hand, which for thy love did kill thy love,
 Shall for thy love kill a far truer love ;
 To both their deaths shalt thou be accessary.

Anne. I would I knew thy heart.

Gloster. 'T is figur'd in my tongue.

Anne. I fear me both are false.

Gloster. Then, never man was true.

Anne. Well, well, put up your sword.

Gloster. Say, then, my peace is made.

Anne. That shalt thou know hereafter.

200

Gloster. But shall I live in hope?

Anne. All men, I hope, live so.

Gloster. Vouchsafe to wear this ring.

Anne. To take is not to give. [*She puts on the ring.*]

Gloster. Look, how my ring encompasseth thy finger,

Even so thy breast encloseth my poor heart ;

Wear both of them, for both of them are thine.

And if thy poor devoted servant may

But beg one favour at thy gracious hand,

Thou dost confirm his happiness for ever.

210

Anne. What is it?

Gloster. That it may please you leave these sad designs

To him that hath most cause to be a mourner,

And presently repair to Crosby House,

Where, after I have solemnly interr'd

At Chertsey monastery this noble king,

And wet his grave with my repentant tears,

I will with all expedient duty see you.

For divers unknown reasons, I beseech you,

Grant me this boon.

220

Anne. With all my heart ; and much it joys me too

To see you are become so penitent.—

Tressel and Berkeley, go along with me.

Gloster. Bid me farewell.

Anne.

'T is more than you deserve ;

But since you teach me how to flatter you,

Imagine I have said farewell already.

[*Exeunt Lady Anne, Tressel, and Berkeley.*]

Gentleman. Towards Chertsey, noble lord?

Gloster. No, to White-Friars ; there attend my coming.—

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*]

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?

Was ever woman in this humour won?

230

I'll have her, but I will not keep her long.

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of my hatred by,
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against me,
And I no friends to back my suit withal
But the plain devil and dissembling looks,
And yet to win her,—all the world to nothing! Ha!
Hath she forgot already that brave prince,
Edward, her lord, whom I, some three months since,
Stabb'd in my angry mood at Tewksbury?
A sweeter and a lovelier gentleman—
Fram'd in the prodigality of nature,
Young, valiant, wise, and, no doubt, right royal—
The spacious world cannot again afford;
And will she yet abase her eyes on me,
That cropp'd the golden prime of this sweet prince,
And made her widow to a woful bed?
On me, whose all not equals Edward's moiety?
On me, that halt and am misshapen thus?
My dukedom to a beggarly denier,
I do mistake my person all this while!
Upon my life, she finds, although I cannot,
Myself to be a marvellous proper man.
I'll be at charges for a looking-glass,
And entertain some score or two of tailors
To study fashions to adorn my body;
Since I am crept in favour with myself,
I will maintain it with some little cost.
But, first, I'll turn yon fellow in his grave,
And then return lamenting to my love.—
Shine out, fair sun, till I have bought a glass,
That I may see my shadow as I pass.

240

250

260

[*Exit.*

SCENE III. *The Same. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, LORD RIVERS, and LORD GREY.

Rivers. Have patience, madam ; there 's no doubt his majesty

Will soon recover his accustom'd health.

Grey. In that you brook it ill, it makes him worse ;
Therefore, for God's sake, entertain good comfort,
And cheer his grace with quick and merry words.

Queen Elizabeth. If he were dead, what would betide of me ?

Grey. No other harm but loss of such a lord.

Queen Elizabeth. The loss of such a lord includes all harms.

Grey. The heavens have bless'd you with a goodly son,
To be your comforter when he is gone. 10

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, he is young ; and his minority
Is put unto the trust of Richard Gloster,
A man that loves not me, nor none of you.

Rivers. Is it concluded he shall be protector ?

Queen Elizabeth. It is determin'd, not concluded yet ;
But so it must be, if the king miscarry.

Enter BUCKINGHAM and STANLEY.

Grey. Here come the Lords of Buckingham and Stanley.

Buckingham. Good time of day unto your royal grace !

Stanley. God make your majesty joyful as you have been !

Queen Elizabeth. The Countess Richmond, good my Lord
of Stanley, 20

To your good prayer will scarcely say amen.

Yet, Stanley, notwithstanding she 's your wife,
And loves not me, be you, good lord, assur'd
I hate not you for her proud arrogance.

Stanley. I do beseech you, either not believe

The envious slanders of her false accusers,
Or, if she be accus'd on true report,
Bear with her weakness, which, I think, proceeds
From wayward sickness, and no grounded malice.

Queen Elizabeth. Saw you the king to-day, my Lord of Stanley? 30

Stanley. But now the Duke of Buckingham and I
Are come from visiting his majesty.

Queen Elizabeth. What likelihood of his amendment, lords?

Buckingham. Madam, good hope; his grace speaks cheerfully.

Queen Elizabeth. God grant him health! Did you confer with him?

Buckingham. Ay, madam; he desires to make atonement
Between the Duke of Gloster and your brothers,
And between them and my lord chamberlain,
And sent to warn them to his royal presence.

Queen Elizabeth. Would all were well!—But that will never be; 40

I fear our happiness is at the height.

Enter GLOSTER, HASTINGS, and DORSET.

Gloster. They do me wrong, and I will not endure it.—
Who are they that complain unto the king
That I, forsooth, am stern and love them not?
By holy Paul, they love his grace but lightly
That fill his ears with such dissentious rumours.
Because I cannot flatter and speak fair,
Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog,
Duck with French nods and apish courtesy,
I must be held a rancorous enemy. 50
Cannot a plain man live, and think no harm.
But thus his simple truth must be abus'd
With silken, sly, insinuating Jacks?

Grey. To whom in all this presence speaks your grace?

Gloster. To thee, that hast nor honesty nor grace.

When have I injur'd thee? when done thee wrong?—

Or thee?—or thee?—or any of your faction?

A plague upon you all! His royal grace—

Whom God preserve better than you would wish!—

Cannot be quiet scarce a breathing-while

60

But you must trouble him with lewd complaints.

Queen Elizabeth. Brother of Gloster, you mistake the matter.

The king, on his own royal disposition,

And not provok'd by any suitor else,—

Aiming, belike, at your interior hatred,

That in your outward action shows itself,

Against my children, brothers, and myself,

Makes him to send; that thereby he may gather

The ground of your ill-will, and so remove it.

Gloster. I cannot tell;—the world is grown so bad

70

That wrens make prey where eagles dare not perch.

Since every Jack became a gentleman,

There's many a gentle person made a Jack.

Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, we know your meaning,
brother Gloster;

You envy my advancement, and my friends'.

God grant we never may have need of you!

Gloster. Meantime, God grants that we have need of
you!

Our brother is imprison'd by your means,

Myself disgrac'd, and the nobility

Held in contempt; while great promotions

80

Are daily given to ennoble those

That scarce, some two days since, were worth a noble.

Queen Elizabeth. By Him that rais'd me to this careful
height

From that contented hap which I enjoy'd,

I never did incense his majesty
 Against the Duke of Clarence, but have been
 An earnest advocate to plead for him.
 My lord, you do me shameful injury,
 Falsely to draw me in these vile suspects.

Gloster. You may deny that you were not the mean 90
 Of my Lord Hastings' late imprisonment.

Rivers. She may, my lord ; for—

Gloster. She may, Lord Rivers,—why, who knows not
 so?

She may do more, sir, than denying that :
 She may help you to many fair preferments ;
 And then deny her aiding hand therein,
 And lay those honours on your high desert.
 What may she not ? She may,—ay, marry, may she,—

Rivers. What, marry, may she ?

Gloster. What, marry, may she ? marry with a king, 100
 A bachelor, and a handsome stripling too.
 I wis your grandam had a worser match.

Queen Elizabeth. My Lord of Gloster. I have too long
 borne
 Your blunt upbraidings and your bitter scoffs ;
 By heaven, I will acquaint his majesty
 Of those gross taunts that oft I have endur'd.
 I had rather be a country servant-maid
 Than a great queen, with this condition—
 To be so baited, scorn'd, and storm'd at ;

Enter QUEEN MARGARET, behind, where she remains.

Small joy have I in being England's queen. 110

Queen Margaret. And lessen'd be that small, God, I be-
 seech him !

Thy honour, state, and seat is due to me

Gloster. What ! threat you me with telling of the king ?
 Tell him, and spare not : look, what I have said

I will avouch in presence of the king ;
 I dare adventure to be sent to the Tower.
 'T is time to speak ; my pains are quite forgot.

Queen Margaret. Out, devil ! I remember them too well.
 Thou kill'dst my husband Henry in the Tower,
 And Edward, my poor son, at Tewksbury. 120

Gloster. Ere you were queen, ay, or your husband king,
 I was a pack-horse in his great affairs ;
 A weeder-out of his proud adversaries,
 A liberal rewarder of his friends :
 To royalize his blood I spent mine own.

Queen Margaret. Ay, and much better blood than his or
 thine.

Gloster. In all which time you and your husband Grey
 Were factious for the house of Lancaster ;—
 And, Rivers, so were you.—Was not your husband
 In Margaret's battle at Saint Alban's slain ? 130
 Let me put in your minds, if you forget,
 What you have been ere this, and what you are ;
 Withal, what I have been, and what I am.

Queen Margaret. A murtherous villain, and so still thou
 art.

Gloster. Poor Clarence did forsake his father Warwick,
 Ay, and forswore himself,—which Jesu pardon !—

Queen Margaret. Which God revenge !

Gloster. To fight on Edward's party, for the crown ; —
 And, for his meed, poor lord, he is mew'd up.
 I would to God my heart were flint, like Edward's, 140
 Or Edward's soft and pitiful, like mine ;
 I am too childish-foolish for this world.

Queen Margaret. Hie thee to hell for shame, and leave
 this world,
 Thou cacodæmon ! there thy kingdom is.

Rivers. My Lord of Gloster, in those busy days
 Which here you urge to prove us enemies,

We follow'd then our lord, our sovereign king;
So should we you, if you should be our king.

Gloster. If I should be!—I had rather be a pedler.
Far be it from my heart, the thought thereof! 150

Queen Elizabeth. As little joy, my lord, as you suppose
You should enjoy, were you this country's king,
As little joy you may suppose in me,
That I enjoy, being the queen thereof.

Queen Margaret. A little joy enjoys the queen thereof;
For I am she, and altogether joyless.
I can no longer hold me patient.— [Advancing.

Hear me, you wrangling pirates that fall out
In sharing that which you have pill'd from me!
Which of you trembles not that looks on me? 160
If not that I am queen, you bow like subjects,
Yet that, by you depos'd, you quake like rebels?—
Ah, gentle villain, do not turn away!

Gloster. Foul wrinkled witch, what mak'st thou in my
sight?

Queen Margaret. But repetition of what thou hast marr'd;
That will I make before I let thee go.

Gloster. Wert thou not banished on pain of death?

Queen Margaret. I was; but I do find more pain in ban-
ishment

Than death can yield me here by my abode.
A husband and a son thou owest to me,— 170
And thou a kingdom;—all of you allegiance:
This sorrow that I have, by right is yours;
And all the pleasures you usurp are mine.

Gloster. The curse my noble father laid on thee,
When thou didst crown his warlike brows with paper,
And with thy scorns drew'st rivers from his eyes,
And then, to dry them, gav'st the duke a clout
Steep'd in the faultless blood of pretty Rutland,—
His curses, then from bitterness of soul

Denounc'd against thee, are all fallen upon thee ;
 And God, not we, hath plagu'd thy bloody deed. 180

Queen Elizabeth. So just is God, to right the innocent.

Hastings. O, 't was the foulest deed to slay that babe,
 And the most merciless that e'er was heard of !

Rivers. Tyrants themselves wept when it was reported.

Dorset. No man but prophesied revenge for it.

Buckingham. Northumberland, then present, wept to see
 it.

Queen Margaret. What ! were you snarling all, before I
 came,

Ready to catch each other by the throat,
 And turn you all your hatred now on me ? 190

Did York's dread curse prevail so much with heaven
 That Henry's death, my lovely Edward's death,
 Their kingdom's loss, my woful banishment,
 Should all but answer for that peevish brat ?

Can curses pierce the clouds and enter heaven ?—
 Why, then give way, dull clouds, to my quick curses !—
 Though not by war, by surfeit die your king,
 As ours by murther, to make him a king !

Edward, thy son, that now is Prince of Wales,
 For Edward, our son, that was Prince of Wales, 200
 Die in his youth by like untimely violence ! —

Thyself a queen, for me that was a queen,
 Outlive thy glory, like my wretched self !
 Long mayst thou live to wail thy children's death,
 And see another, as I see thee now,

Deck'd in thy rights, as thou art stall'd in mine !
 Long die thy happy days before thy death ;

And, after many lengthen'd hours of grief,
 Die neither mother, wife, nor England's queen !—

Rivers, and Dorset, you were standers-by,— 210

And so wast thou, Lord Hastings,—when my son
 Was stabb'd with bloody daggers ; God, I pray him,

That none of you may live his natural age,
But by some unlook'd accident cut off!

Gloster. Have done thy charm, thou hateful wither'd hag!

Queen Margaret. And leave out thee? stay, dog, for thou
shalt hear me.

If heaven have any grievous plague in store
Exceeding those that I can wish upon thee,
O, let them keep it till thy sins be ripe,
And then hurl down their indignation 220
On thee, the troubler of the poor world's peace!
The worm of conscience still begnaw thy soul!
Thy friends suspect for traitors while thou liv'st,
And take deep traitors for thy dearest friends!
No sleep close up that deadly eye of thine,
Unless it be while some tormenting dream
Affrights thee with a hell of ugly devils!
Thou elvish-mark'd, abortive, rooting hog!
Thou that wast seal'd in thy nativity
The slave of nature and the son of hell! 230
Thou slander of thy heavy mother's womb!
Thou loathed issue of thy father's loins!
Thou rag of honour! thou detested——

Gloster. Margaret.

Queen Margaret. Richard!

Gloster. Ha!

Queen Margaret. I call thee not.

Gloster. I cry thee mercy then, for I did think
That thou hadst call'd me all these bitter names.

Queen Margaret. Why, so I did, but look'd for no reply.
O, let me make the period to my curse!

Gloster. 'Tis done by me, and ends in—Margaret.

Queen Elizabeth. Thus have you breath'd your curse
against yourself. 240

Queen Margaret. Poor painted queen, vain flourish of my
fortune!

Why strew'st thou sugar on that bottled spider,
Whose deadly web ensnareth thee about?
Fool, fool! thou whet'st a knife to kill thyself.
The day will come that thou shalt wish for me
To help thee curse this poisonous bunch-back'd toad.

Hastings. False-boding woman, end thy frantic curse,
Lest to thy harm thou move our patience.

Queen Margaret. Foul shame upon you! you have all
mov'd mine.

Rivers. Were you well serv'd, you would be taught your
duty. 250

Queen Margaret. To serve me well, you all should do me
duty,

Teach me to be your queen, and you my subjects.
O, serve me well, and teach yourselves that duty!

Dorset. Dispute not with her; she is lunatic.

Queen Margaret. Peace, master marquess! you are mal-
apert;

Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current.
O that your young nobility could judge
What 't were to lose it, and be miserable!
They that stand high have many blasts to shake them,
And if they fall they dash themselves to pieces. 260

Gloster. Good counsel, marry!—learn it, learn it, mar-
quess.

Dorset. It touches you, my lord, as much as me.

Gloster. Ay, and much more; but I was born so high:
Our aery buildeth in the cedar's top,
And dallies with the wind, and scorns the sun.

Queen Margaret. And turns the sun to shade,—alas!
alas!—

Witness my son, now in the shade of death;
Whose bright out-shining beams thy cloudy wrath
Hath in eternal darkness folded up.
Your aery buildeth in our aery's nest.— 270

O God, that seest it, do not suffer it !

As it was won with blood, lost be it so !

Buckingham. Peace, peace ! for shame, if not for charity.

Queen Margaret. Urge neither charity nor shame to me :
Uncharitably with me have you dealt,
And shamefully my hopes by you are butcher'd.
My charity is outrage, life my shame,
And in that shame still live my sorrow's rage !

Buckingham. Have done, have done.

Queen Margaret. O princely Buckingham, I'll kiss thy
hand, 280

In sign of league and amity with thee ;
Now, fair befall thee and thy noble house !
Thy garments are not spotted with our blood,
Nor thou within the compass of my curse.

Buckingham. Nor no one here ; for curses never pass
The lips of those that breathe them in the air.

Queen Margaret. I will not think but they ascend the sky,
And there awake God's gentle-sleeping peace.

O Buckingham, take heed of yonder dog !

Look, when he fawns, he bites ; and when he bites, 290
His venom tooth will rankle to the death.

Have not to do with him, beware of him ;
Sin, death, and hell have set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.

Gloster. What doth she say, my Lord of Buckingham ?

Buckingham. Nothing that I respect, my gracious lord.

Queen Margaret. What ! dost thou scorn me for my gentle
counsel,

And soothe the devil that I warn thee from ?

O, but remember this another day,

When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow, 300
And say poor Margaret was a prophetess.—

Live each of you the subjects to his hate,
And he to yours, and all of you to God's !

[*Exit.*

Hastings. My hair doth stand on end to hear her curses.

Rivers. And so doth mine. I muse why she's at liberty.

Gloster. I cannot blame her; by God's holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I have done to her.

Queen Elizabeth. I never did her any, to my knowledge.

Gloster. Yet you have all the vantage of her wrong. 310
I was too hot to do somebody good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now.
Marry, as for Clarence, he is well repaid;
He is frank'd up to fatting for his pains:—
God pardon them that are the cause thereof!

Rivers. A virtuous and a Christian-like conclusion,
To pray for them that have done scath to us.

Gloster. So do I ever, being well advis'd;—

[*Aside*] For, had I curs'd now, I had curs'd myself.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Madam, his majesty doth call for you,— 320
And for your grace, and you, my noble lords.

Queen Elizabeth. Catesby, I come.—Lords, will you go
with me?

Rivers. We wait upon your grace.

[*Exeunt all but Gloster.*]

Gloster. I do the wrong, and first begin to brawl.

The secret mischiefs that I set abroad

I lay unto the grievous charge of others.

Clarence, whom I, indeed, have cast in darkness,

I do bewEEP to many simple gulls,—

Namely, to Stanley, Hastings, Buckingham,—

And tell them 't is the queen and her allies 330

That stir the king against the duke my brother.

Now they believe it, and withal whet me

To be reveng'd on Rivers, Vaughan, Grey;

But then I sigh, and, with a piece of Scripture,
 Tell them that God bids us do good for evil :
 And thus I clothe my naked villany
 With odd old ends stolen forth of holy writ,
 And seem a saint when most I play the devil.
 But soft ! here come my executioners.—

Enter two Murderers.

How now, my hardy, stout-resolved mates ! 340
 Are you now going to dispatch this thing ?

I *Murderer*. We are, my lord ; and come to have the war-
 rant,
 That we may be admitted where he is.

Gloster. Well thought upon ; I have it here about me.
[Gives the warrant.]

When you have done, repair to Crosby Place.

But, sirs, be sudden in the execution,
 Withal obdurate ; do not hear him plead,
 For Clarence is well-spoken, and perhaps
 May move your hearts to pity, if you mark him.

I *Murderer*. Tut, tut, my lord, we will not stand to prate ;
 Talkers are no good doers : be assur'd 351
 We go to use our hands, and not our tongues.

Gloster. Your eyes drop millstones when fools' eyes fall
 tears.

I like you, lads ;—about your business straight.
 Go, go, dispatch.

I *Murderer*. We will, my noble lord. [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Tower.*

Enter CLARENCE and Keeper.

Keeper. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clarence. O, I have pass'd a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,

That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 't were to buy a world of happy days,—
So full of dismal terror was the time!

Keeper. What was your dream, my lord? I pray you
tell me.

Clarence. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy; 10
And, in my company, my brother Gloster,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches: thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster,
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloster stumbled; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard
Into the tumbling billows of the main. 20
O Lord, methought, what pain it was to drown!
What dreadful noise of water in mine ears!
What sights of ugly death within mine eyes!
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wracks;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scatter'd in the bottom of the sea:
Some lay in dead men's skulls; and in the holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept, 30
As 't were in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Keeper. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clarence. Methought I had; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood

Stopp'd in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wand'ring air,
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

40

Keeper. Awak'd you not in this sore agony?

Clarence. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life!
O, then began the tempest to my soul!

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.

The first that there did greet my stranger soul
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;

Who spake aloud, 'What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence?'

50

And so he vanish'd. Then came wandering by

A shadow like an angel, with bright hair

Dabbled in blood; and he shriek'd out aloud,

'Clarence is come,—false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,—

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewksbury;—

Seize on him, Furies! take him unto torment!'

With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears

Such hideous cries that with the very noise

60

I trembling wak'd, and for a season after

Could not believe but that I was in hell,

Such terrible impression made my dream.

Keeper. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clarence. Ah, keeper, keeper! I have done these things,
That now give evidence against my soul,

For Edward's sake; and see how he requites me!—

O God! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,

But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,

70

Yet execute thy wrath in me alone;

O, spare my guiltless wife and my poor children!—

Keeper, I prithee sit by me awhile ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Keeper. I will, my lord ; God give your grace good rest !

CLARENCE *reposes himself on a chair, and sleeps ; then enter*
BRAKENBURY.

Brakenbury. Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning and the noontide night.

Princes have but their titles for their glories,

An outward honour for an inward toil,

And for unfelt imaginations

80

They often feel a world of restless cares ;

So that between their titles and low name

There 's nothing differs but the outward fame.

Enter the two Murderers.

1 *Murderer.* Ho ! who 's here ?

Brakenbury. What would'st thou, fellow ? and how cam'st
thou hither ?

1 *Murderer.* I would speak with Clarence, and I came
hither on my legs.

Brakenbury. What ! so brief ?

2 *Murderer.* 'T is better, sir, than to be tedious.—

Let him see our commission ; and talk no more.

90

[*A paper delivered to Brakenbury, who reads it.*

Brakenbury. I am in this commanded to deliver

The noble Duke of Clarence to your hands.—

I will not reason what is meant hereby,

Because I will be guiltless of the meaning.—

There lies the duke asleep, and there the keys.

I'll to the king, and signify to him

That thus I have resign'd to you my charge.

1 *Murderer.* You may, sir ; 't is a point of wisdom.

Fare you well.

[*Exeunt Brakenbury and Keeper.*

2 *Murderer.* What, shall we stab him as he sleeps?

100

1 *Murderer.* No; he 'll say 't was done cowardly, when he wakes.

2 *Murderer.* Why, he shall never wake until the great judgment day.

1 *Murderer.* Why, then he 'll say we stabbed him sleeping.

2 *Murderer.* The urging of that word judgment hath bred a kind of remorse in me.

1 *Murderer.* What! art thou afraid?

2 *Murderer.* Not to kill him, having a warrant; but to be damned for killing him, from the which no warrant can defend me. 111

1 *Murderer.* I thought thou hadst been resolute.

2 *Murderer.* So I am, to let him live.

1 *Murderer.* I 'll back to the Duke of Gloster, and tell him so.

2 *Murderer.* Nay, I prithee, stay a little: I hope my holy humour will change; it was wont to hold me but while one tells twenty.

1 *Murderer.* How dost thou feel thyself now?

2 *Murderer.* Faith, some certain dregs of conscience are yet within me. 121

1 *Murderer.* Remember our reward when the deed 's done.

2 *Murderer.* Zounds! he dies! I had forgot the reward.

1 *Murderer.* Where 's thy conscience now?

2 *Murderer.* O, in the Duke of Gloster's purse.

1 *Murderer.* When he opens his purse to give us our reward, thy conscience flies out.

2 *Murderer.* 'T is no matter; let it go: there 's few or none will entertain it.

1 *Murderer.* What if it come to thee again? 130

2 *Murderer.* I 'll not meddle with it; it makes a man a coward: a man cannot steal but it accuseth him; a man cannot swear but it checks him; 't is a blushing, shame-faced spirit, that mutinies in a man's bosom; it fills a man full of obstacles: it made me once restore a purse of gold,

that by chance I found; it beggars any man that keeps it; it is turned out of all towns and cities for a dangerous thing; and every man that means to live well endeavours to trust to himself and live without it.

1 *Murderer*. Zounds! it is even now at my elbow, persuading me not to kill the duke. 141

2 *Murderer*. Take the devil in thy mind, and believe him not; he would insinuate with thee but to make thee sigh.

1 *Murderer*. I am strong-framed; he cannot prevail with me.

2 *Murderer*. Spoke like a tall man that respects his reputation. Come, shall we fall to work?

1 *Murderer*. Take him on the costard with the hilts of thy sword, and then throw him into the malmsey-butt in the next room. 150

2 *Murderer*. O excellent device! and make a sop of him.

1 *Murderer*. Soft! he wakes.

2 *Murderer*. Strike.

1 *Murderer*. No, we'll reason with him.

Clarence. [*Waking*.] Where art thou, keeper? give me a cup of wine.

1 *Murderer*. You shall have wine enough, my lord, anon.

Clarence. In God's name, what art thou?

1 *Murderer*. A man, as you are.

Clarence. But not, as I am, royal.

1 *Murderer*. Nor you, as we are, loyal. 160

Clarence. Thy voice is thunder, but thy looks are humble.

1 *Murderer*. My voice is now the king's, my looks mine own.

Clarence. How darkly and how deadly dost thou speak! Your eyes do menace me; why look you pale?

Who sent you hither? Wherefore do you come?

Both Murderers. To, to, to—

Clarence. To murder me?

Both Murderers. Ay, ay.

Clarence. You scarcely have the hearts to tell me so,
And therefore cannot have the hearts to do it. 170
Wherein, my friends, have I offended you?

1 *Murderer.* Offended us you have not, but the king.

Clarence. I shall be reconcil'd to him again.

2 *Murderer.* Never, my lord; therefore prepare to die.

Clarence. Are you drawn forth among a world of men
To slay the innocent? What is my offence?
Where is the evidence that doth accuse me?
What lawful quest have given their verdict up
Unto the frowning judge? or who pronounc'd
'The bitter sentence of poor Clarence' death? 180
Before I be convict by course of law.

To threaten me with death is most unlawful.
I charge you, as you hope to have redemption
By Christ's dear blood shed for our grievous sins,
That you depart, and lay no hands on me;
The deed you undertake is damnable.

1 *Murderer.* What we will do, we do upon command.

2 *Murderer.* And he that hath commanded is our king.

Clarence. Erroneous vassals! the great King of kings
Hath in the table of his law commanded 190
That thou shalt do no murther; will you, then,
Spurn at his edict, and fulfil a man's?
Take heed; for he holds vengeance in his hand,
To hurl upon their heads that break his law.

2 *Murderer.* And that same vengeance doth he hurl on
thee

For false forswearing, and for murther too.
Thou didst receive the sacrament to fight
In quarrel of the house of Lancaster.

1 *Murderer.* And, like a traitor to the name of God,
Didst break that vow, and with thy treacherous blade 200
Unrip'dst the bowels of thy sovereign's son.

2 *Murderer*. Whom thou wast sworn to cherish and defend.

1 *Murderer*. How canst thou urge God's dreadful law to us,
When thou hast broke it in such dear degree?

Clarence. Alas! for whose sake did I that ill deed?

For Edward, for my brother, for his sake.

He sends you not to murder me for this,

For in that sin he is as deep as I.

If God will be avenged for the deed,

O, know you yet, he doth it publicly:

210

Take not the quarrel from his powerful arm;

He needs no indirect or lawless course

To cut off those that have offended him.

1 *Murderer*. Who made thee, then, a bloody minister

When gallant-springing, brave Plantagenet,

That princely novice, was struck dead by thee?

Clarence. My brother's love, the devil, and my rage.

1 *Murderer*. Thy brother's love, our duty, and thy fault
Provoke us hither now to slaughter thee.

Clarence. If you do love my brother, hate not me;

220

I am his brother, and I love him well.

If you are hir'd for meed, go back again,

And I will send you to my brother Gloster,

Who shall reward you better for my life

Than Edward will for tidings of my death.

2 *Murderer*. You are deceiv'd; your brother Gloster hates
you.

Clarence. O, no; he loves me, and he holds me dear.

Go you to him from me.

Both Murderers. Ay, so we will.

Clarence. Tell him, when that our princely father York

Bless'd his three sons with his victorious arm,

230

And charg'd us from his soul to love each other,

He little thought of this divided friendship;

Bid Gloster think on this, and he will weep.

1 *Murderer*. Ay, millstones; as he lesson'd us to weep.

Clarence. O, do not slander him, for he is kind.

1 *Murderer.* Right; as snow in harvest.—Come, you deceive yourself;

'T is he that sends us to destroy you here.

Clarence. It cannot be; for he bewept my fortune,
And hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs,
That he would labour my delivery. 240

1 *Murderer.* Why, so he doth when he delivers you
From this earth's thralldom to the joys of heaven.

2 *Murderer.* Make peace with God, for you must die, my lord.

Clarence. Have you that holy feeling in your souls,
To counsel me to make my peace with God,
And are you yet to your own souls so blind
That you will war with God by murdering me?—
O sirs, consider, they that set you on
To do this deed will hate you for the deed.

2 *Murderer.* What shall we do?

Clarence. Relent, and save your souls.

1 *Murderer.* Relent! 't is cowardly and womanish. 251

Clarence. Not to relent is beastly, savage, devilish!—
Which of you, if you were a prince's son,
Being pent from liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as yourselves came to you,
Would not entreat for life?—

My friend, I spy some pity in thy looks;
O, if thine eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side and entreat for me,
As you would beg, were you in my distress. 260
A begging prince what beggar pities not?

2 *Murderer.* Look behind you, my lord.

1 *Murderer.* Take that, and that; if all this will not do,
[*Stabs him.*

I'll drown you in the malmsey-butt within.

[*Exit, with the body.*

2 *Murderer*. A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands
Of this most grievous murther!

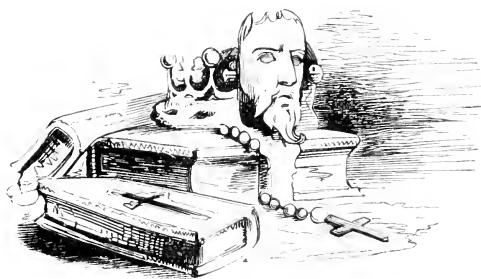
Enter First Murderer.

1 *Murderer*. How now? what mean'st thou, that thou
help'st me not?

By heaven, the duke shall know how slack you have been.

2 *Murderer*. I would he knew that I had sav'd his brother!
Take thou the fee, and tell him what I say, 271
For I repent me that the duke is slain. [Exit.

1 *Murderer*. So do not I: go, coward, as thou art,—
Well, I'll go hide the body in some hole,
Till that the duke give order for his burial;
And when I have my meed I will away,
For this will out, and then I must not stay. | Exit.





ACT II.

SCENE I. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter KING EDWARD, led in sick, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DORSET, RIVERS, HASTINGS, BUCKINGHAM, GREY, and others.

King Edward. Why, so ;—now have I done a good day's work.—

You peers, continue this united league :

I every day expect an embassy
 From my Redeemer to redeem me hence ;
 And now in peace my soul shall part to heaven,
 Since I have made my friends at peace on earth.—
 Rivers and Hastings, take each other's hand ;
 Dissemble not your hatred, swear your love.

Rivers. By heaven, my soul is purg'd from grudging hate ;
 And with my hand I seal my true heart's love. 10

Hastings. So thrive I as I truly swear the like !

King Edward. Take heed you dally not before your king ;
 Lest he that is the supreme King of kings
 Confound your hidden falsehood and award
 Either of you to be the other's end.

Hastings. So prosper I as I swear perfect love !

Rivers. And I as I love Hastings with my heart !

King Edward. Madam, yourself are not exempt from
 this,—

Nor your son Dorset,—Buckingham, nor you ;—
 You have been factious one against the other.— 20
 Wife, love Lord Hastings, let him kiss your hand ;
 And what you do, do it unfeignedly.

Queen Elizabeth. There, Hastings.—I will never more re-
 member
 Our former hatred, so thrive I and mine !

King Edward. Dorset, embrace him,—Hastings, love lord
 marquess.

Dorset. This interchange of love, I here protest,
 Upon my part shall be inviolable.

Hastings. And so swear I.

King Edward. Now, princely Buckingham, seal thou this
 league

With thy embracements to my wife's allies, 30
 And make me happy in your unity.

Buckingham. Whenever Buckingham doth turn his hate
 Upon your grace [*to the Queen*], but with all duteous love

Doth cherish you and yours, God punish me
With hate in those where I expect most love!
When I have most need to employ a friend,
And most assured that he is a friend,
Deep, hollow, treacherous, and full of guile,
Be he unto me! This do I beg of heaven,
When I am cold in love to you or yours.

40

King Edward. A pleasing cordial, princely Buckingham,
Is this thy vow unto my sickly heart.
There wanteth now our brother Gloster here,
To make the blessed period of this peace.

Buckingham. And, in good time, here comes the noble duke.

Enter GLOSTER.

Gloster. Good-morrow to my sovereign king and queen ;—
And, princely peers, a happy time of day!

King Edward. Happy, indeed, as we have spent the day.—
Brother, we have done deeds of charity ;
Made peace of enmity, fair love of hate,
Between these swelling wrong-incensed peers.

50

Gloster. A blessed labour, my most sovereign lord.
Among this princely heap, if any here,
By false intelligence or wrong surmise,
Hold me a foe ;
If I unwittingly, or in my rage,
Have aught committed that is hardly borne
By any in this presence, I desire
To reconcile me to his friendly peace.
'T is death to me to be at enmity ;
I hate it, and desire all good men's love.—
First, madam, I entreat true peace of you,
Which I will purchase with my duteous service ;—
Of you, my noble cousin Buckingham,
If ever any grudge were lodg'd between us ;—
Of you, Lord Rivers,—and, Lord Grey, of you,—

60

That all without desert have frown'd on me ;—
 Dukes, earls, lords, gentlemen ;—indeed, of all.
 I do not know that Englishman alive
 With whom my soul is any jot at odds
 More than the infant that is born to-night ;
 I thank my God for my humility.

70

Queen Elizabeth. A holy day shall this be kept hereafter ;—
 I would to God, all strifes were well compounded.—
 My sovereign lord, I do beseech your highness
 To take our brother Clarence to your grace.

Gloster. Why, madam, have I offer'd love for this,
 To be so flouted in this royal presence?
 Who knows not that the gentle duke is dead?

[*They all start.*

You do him injury to scorn his corse.

80

King Edward. Who knows not he is dead! who knows
 he is?

Queen Elizabeth. All-seeing heaven, what a world is this!

Buckingham. Look I so pale, Lord Dorset, as the rest?

Dorset. Ay, my good lord ; and no man in the presence
 But his red colour hath forsook his cheeks.

King Edward. Is Clarence dead? the order was revers'd.

Gloster. But he, poor man, by your first order died,
 And that a winged Mercury did bear ;
 Some tardy cripple bare the countermand,
 That came too lag to see him buried.

90

God grant that some, less noble and less loyal,
 Nearer in bloody thoughts, but not in blood,
 Deserve not worse than wretched Clarence did,
 And yet go current from suspicion!

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. A boon, my sovereign, for my service done!

King Edward. I prithee, peace ; my soul is full of sorrow.

Stanley. I will not rise, unless your highness hear me.

King Edward. Then say at once what is it thou request'st.

Stanley. The forfeit, sovereign, of my servant's life,
Who slew to-day a riotous gentleman 100
Lately attendant on the Duke of Norfolk.

King Edward. Have I a tongue to doom my brother's death,
And shall that tongue give pardon to a slave?
My brother kill'd no man; his fault was thought,
And yet his punishment was bitter death.
Who sued to me for him? who, in my wrath,
Kneel'd at my feet, and bade me be advis'd?
Who spoke of brotherhood? who spoke of love?
Who told me how the poor soul did forsake
The mighty Warwick, and did fight for me? 110
Who told me, in the field at Tewksbury,
When Oxford had me down, he rescued me,
And said, 'Dear brother, live, and be a king?'
Who told me, when we both lay in the field,
Frozen almost to death, how he did lap me
Even in his garments, and did give himself,
All thin and naked, to the numb-cold night?
All this from my remembrance brutish wrath
Sinfully pluck'd, and not a man of you
Had so much grace to put it in my mind. 120
But when your carters or your waiting-vassals
Have done a drunken slaughter, and defac'd
The precious image of our dear Redeemer,
You straight are on your knees for pardon, pardon;
And I, unjustly too, must grant it you.
But for my brother not a man would speak,
Nor I, ungracious, speak unto myself
For him, poor soul.—The proudest of you all
Have been beholding to him in his life,
Yet none of you would once beg for his life.— 130

O God, I fear thy justice will take hold
 On me and you, and mine and yours, for this!—
 Come, Hastings, help me to my closet.—
 Ah, poor Clarence! [*Exeunt King, Queen, Hastings, Rivers,
 Dorset, and Grey.*]

Gloster. This is the fruit of rashness.—Mark'd you not
 How that the guilty kindred of the queen
 Look'd pale when they did hear of Clarence' death?
 O, they did urge it still unto the king!
 God will revenge it. Come, lords; will you go
 To comfort Edward with our company?
Buckingham. We wait upon your grace. [*Exeunt.*]

140

SCENE II. *Another Room in the Palace.*

Enter the DUCHESS OF YORK, with the two children of CLARENCE.

Boy. Good grandam, tell us, is our father dead?

Duchess. No, boy.

Girl. Why do you weep so oft? and beat your breast,
 And cry 'O Clarence, my unhappy son!'

Boy. Why do you look on us, and shake your head,
 And call us orphans, wretches, castaways,
 If that our noble father be alive?

Duchess. My pretty cousins, you mistake me both.
 I do lament the sickness of the king,
 As loath to lose him, not your father's death;
 It were lost sorrow to wail one that 's lost.

10

Boy. Then you conclude, my grandam, he is dead?
 The king mine uncle is to blame for it:
 God will revenge it; whom I will importune
 With earnest prayers all to that effect.

Girl. And so will I.

Duchess. Peace, children, peace! the king doth love you
 well.

Incapable and shallow innocents,
You cannot guess who caus'd your father's death.

Boy. Grandam, we can; for my good uncle Gloster
Told me the king, provok'd to it by the queen,
Devis'd impeachments to imprison him;
And when my uncle told me so, he wept,
And pitied me, and kindly kiss'd my cheek,
Bade me rely on him as on my father,
And he would love me dearly as a child.

Duchess. Ah, that deceit should steal such gentle shape,
And with a virtuous visor hide deep vice!
He is my son, ay, and therein my shame,
Yet from my dugs he drew not this deceit.

Boy. Think you my uncle did dissemble, grandam?

Duchess. Ay, boy.

Boy. I cannot think it. Hark! what noise is this?

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, distractedly, with her hair dishevelled; RIVERS and DORSET following her.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, who shall hinder me to wail and weep,
To chide my fortune and torment myself?
I'll join with black despair against my soul,
And to myself become an enemy.

Duchess. What means this scene of rude impatience?

Queen Elizabeth. To make an act of tragic violence:—
Edward, my lord, thy son, our king, is dead!—
Why grow the branches when the root is gone?
Why wither not the leaves that want their sap?
If you will live, lament; if die, be brief,
That our swift-winged souls may catch the king's,
Or, like obedient subjects, follow him
To his new kingdom of ne'er-changing night.

Duchess. Ah, so much interest have I in thy sorrow
As I had title in thy noble husband.

I have bewept a worthy husband's death,
And liv'd with looking on his images ; 50
But now two mirrors of his princely semblance
Are crack'd in pieces by malignant death,
And I for comfort have but one false glass,
That grieves me when I see my shame in him.
Thou art a widow ; yet thou art a mother,
And hast the comfort of thy children left :
But death hath snatch'd my husband from mine arms,
And pluck'd two crutches from my feeble hands,
Clarence and Edward. O, what cause have I,
Thine being but a moiety of my moan, 60
To overgo thy woes, and drown thy cries !

Boy. Ah, aunt, you wept not for our father's death !
How can we aid you with our kindred tears ?

Girl. Our fatherless distress was left unmoan'd ;
Your widow-dolour likewise be unwept !

Queen Elizabeth. Give me no help in lamentation ;
I am not barren to bring forth complaints.
All springs reduce their currents to mine eyes,
That I, being govern'd by the watery moon,
May send forth plenteous tears to drown the world ! 70
Ah, for my husband, for my dear lord Edward !

Children. Ah, for our father, for our dear lord Clarence !

Duchess. Alas for both ! both mine, Edward and Clarence !

Queen Elizabeth. What stay had I but Edward ? and he 's
gone.

Children. What stay had we but Clarence ? and he 's gone.

Duchess. What stays had I but they ? and they are gone.

Queen Elizabeth. Was never widow had so dear a loss.

Children. Were never orphans had so dear a loss.

Duchess. Was never mother had so dear a loss.

Alas, I am the mother of these griefs ! 80
Their woes are parcell'd, mine are general.
She for an Edward weeps, and so do I ;

I for a Clarence weep, so doth not she:
 These babes for Clarence weep, and so do I;
 I for an Edward weep, so do not they:—
 Alas, you three on me threefold distress'd
 Pour all your tears! I am your sorrow's nurse,
 And I will pamper it with lamentation.

Dorset. Comfort, dear mother! God is much displeas'd
 That you take with unthankfulness his doing. 9c
 In common worldly things 't is call'd ungrateful -
 With dull unwillingness to repay a debt
 Which with a bounteous hand was kindly lent;
 Much more to be thus opposite with heaven
 For it requires the royal debt it lent you.

Rivers. Madam, bethink you, like a careful mother,
 Of the young prince your son: send straight for him;
 Let him be crown'd: in him your comfort lives.
 Drown desperate sorrow in dead Edward's grave,
 And plant your joys in living Edward's throne. 10c

Enter GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, RAT-
 CLIFF, *and others.*

Gloster. Sister, have comfort: all of us have cause
 To wail the dimming of our shining star;
 But none can help our harms by wailing them.—
 Madam, my mother, I do cry you mercy;
 I did not see your grace.—Humbly on my knee
 I crave your blessing.

Duchess. God bless thee, and put meekness in thy breast,
 Love, charity, obedience, and true duty.

Gloster. Amen; [*aside*] and make me die a good old
 man!—

That is the butt-end of a mother's blessing; 11c
 I marvel that her grace did leave it out.

Buckingham. You cloudy princes and heart-sorrowing
 peers,

That bear this heavy mutual load of moan,
 Now cheer each other in each other's love;
 Though we have spent our harvest of this king,
 We are to reap the harvest of his son.

The broken rancour of your high-swoln hearts,
 But lately splinter'd, knit, and join'd together,
 Must gently be preserv'd, cherish'd, and kept.
 Me seemeth good, that, with some little train,
 Forthwith from Ludlow the young prince be fet
 Hither to London, to be crown'd our king.

120

Rivers. Why with some little train, my Lord of Bucking-
 ham?

Buckingham. Marry, my lord, lest, by a multitude,
 The new-heal'd wound of malice should break out;
 Which would be so much the more dangerous
 By how much the estate is green and yet ungovern'd.
 Where every horse bears his commanding rein,
 And may direct his course as please himself,
 As well the fear of harm as harm apparent,
 In my opinion, ought to be prevented.

130

Gloster. I hope the king made peace with all of us:
 And the compact is firm and true in me.

Rivers. And so in me; and so, I think, in all:
 Yet, since it is but green, it should be put
 To no apparent likelihood of breach,
 Which, haply, by much company might be urg'd.
 Therefore, I say with noble Buckingham,
 That it is meet so few should fetch the prince.

Hastings. And so say I.

140

Gloster. Then be it so; and go we to determine
 Who they shall be that straight shall post to Ludlow.—
 Madam,—and you, my sister,—will you go
 To give your censures in this business?

[*Exeunt all but Buckingham and Gloster*]

Buckingham. My lord, whoever journeys to the prince,

For God's sake, let not us two stay at home :
 For, by the way, I 'll sort occasion,
 As index to the story we late talk'd of,
 To part the queen's proud kindred from the prince.

Gloster. My other self, my counsel's consistory, 150
 My oracle, my prophet!—My dear cousin,
 I, as a child, will go by thy direction.
 Towards Ludlow then, for we 'll not stay behind. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *London. A Street.*

Enter two Citizens, meeting.

1 *Citizen.* Good morrow, neighbour ; whither away so fast ?

2 *Citizen.* I promise you, I scarcely know myself.
 Hear you the news abroad ?

1 *Citizen.* Yes, that the king is dead.

2 *Citizen.* Ill news, by 'r lady ; seldom comes the better :
 I fear, I fear, 't will prove a giddy world.

Enter another Citizen.

3 *Citizen.* Neighbours, God speed !

1 *Citizen.* Give you good morrow, sir.

3 *Citizen.* Doth the news hold of good King Edward's
 death ?

2 *Citizen.* Ay, sir, it is too true ; God help the while !

3 *Citizen.* Then, masters, look to see a troublous world.

1 *Citizen.* No, no ; by God's good grace, his son shall
 reign. 10

3 *Citizen.* Woe to that land that 's govern'd by a child !

2 *Citizen.* In him there is a hope of government,
 That in his nonage council under him,
 And in his full and ripen'd years himself,
 No doubt shall then and till then govern well.

1 *Citizen.* So stood the state when Henry the Sixth
 Was crown'd in Paris but at nine months old.

3 *Citizen.* Stood the state so? no, no, good friends, God
wot;

For then this land was famously enrich'd
With politic grave counsel; then the king 20
Had virtuous uncles to protect his grace.

1 *Citizen.* Why, so hath this, both by his father and mother.

3 *Citizen.* Better it were they all came by his father,
Or by his father there were none at all;
For emulation, who shall now be nearest,
Will touch us all too near, if God prevent not.
O, full of danger is the Duke of Gloster!
And the queen's sons and brothers haught and proud;
And were they to be rul'd, and not to rule,
This sickly land might solace as before. 30

1 *Citizen.* Come, come, we fear the worst; all will be well.

3 *Citizen.* When clouds are seen, wise men put on their
cloaks;
When great leaves fall, then winter is at hand;
When the sun sets, who doth not look for night?
Untimely storms make men expect a dearth.
All may be well; but, if God sort it so,
'Tis more than we deserve, or I expect.

2 *Citizen.* Truly, the hearts of men are full of fear:
You cannot reason almost with a man
That looks not heavily and full of dread. 40

3 *Citizen.* Before the days of change, still is it so.
By a divine instinct men's minds mistrust
Ensuing danger; as by proof we see
The water swell before a boist'rous storm.
But leave it all to God. Whither away?

2 *Citizen.* Marry, we were sent for to the justices.

3 *Citizen.* And so was I; I'll bear you company. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, the young DUKE OF YORK,
QUEEN ELIZABETH, and the DUCHESS OF YORK.*

Archbishop. Last night I heard they lay at Northampton;
At Stony Stratford they do rest to-night:
To-morrow or next day they will be here.

Duchess. I long with all my heart to see the prince.
I hope he is much grown since last I saw him.

Queen Elizabeth. But I hear no; they say my son of York
Hath almost overta'en him in his growth.

York. Ay, mother, but I would not have it so.

Duchess. Why, my young cousin, it is good to grow.

York. Grandam, one night as we did sit at supper, 10
My uncle Rivers talk'd how I did grow
More than my brother; 'Ay,' quoth my uncle Gloster,
'Small herbs have grace, great weeds do grow apace.'
And since, methinks, I would not grow so fast,
Because sweet flowers are slow, and weeds make haste.

Duchess. Good faith, good faith, the saying did not hold
In him that did object the same to thee;
He was the wretched'st thing when he was young,
So long a-growing, and so leisurely,
That, if his rule were true, he should be gracious. 20

Archbishop. And so, no doubt, he is, my gracious madam.

Duchess. I hope he is; but yet let mothers doubt.

York. Now, by my troth, if I had been remember'd,
I could have given my uncle's grace a flout,
To touch his growth nearer than he touch'd mine.

Duchess. How, my young York? I prithee, let me hear it.

York. Marry, they say my uncle grew so fast
That he could gnaw a crust at two hours old;
'T was full two years ere I could get a tooth.
Grandam, this would have been a biting jest. 30

Duchess. I prithee, pretty York, who told thee this?

York. Grandam, his nurse.

Duchess. His nurse! why, she was dead ere thou wast born.

York. If 't were not she, I cannot tell who told me.

Queen Elizabeth. A parlous boy! Go to, you are too shrewd.

Archbishop. Good madam, be not angry with the child.

Queen Elizabeth. Pitchers have ears.

Enter a Messenger.

Archbishop. Here comes a messenger: what news?

Messenger. Such news, my lord, as grieves me to report.

Queen Elizabeth. How doth the prince?

Messenger. Well, madam, and in health.

Duchess. What is thy news? 41

Messenger. Lord Rivers and Lord Grey are sent to Pomfret,

And with them Sir Thomas Vaughan, prisoners.

Duchess. Who hath committed them?

Messenger. The mighty dukes,
Gloster and Buckingham.

Archbishop. For what offence?

Messenger. The sum of all I can, I have disclos'd:

Why or for what the nobles were committed

Is all unknown to me, my gracious lord.

Queen Elizabeth. Ay me, I see the ruin of my house!

The tiger now hath seiz'd the gentle hind; 50

Insulting tyranny begins to jut

Upon the innocent and aweless throne.—

Welcome destruction, blood, and massacre!

I see, as in a map, the end of all.

Duchess. Accursed and unquiet wrangling days,

How many of you have mine eyes beheld!

My husband lost his life to get the crown;

And 'often up and down my sons were toss'd,

For me to joy and weep their gain and loss :
 And being seated, and domestic broils
 Clean overblown, themselves, the conquerors,
 Make war upon themselves ; brother to brother,
 Blood to blood, self against self :—O, preposterous
 And frantic outrage, end thy damned spleen,
 Or let me die, to look on death no more !

60

Queen Elizabeth. Come, come, my boy ; we will to sanctuary.—

Madam, farewell.

Duchess. Stay, I will go with you.

Queen Elizabeth. You have no cause.

Archbishop.

My gracious lady, go,
 [To the Queen.]

And thither bear your treasure and your goods.

For my part, I 'll resign unto your grace

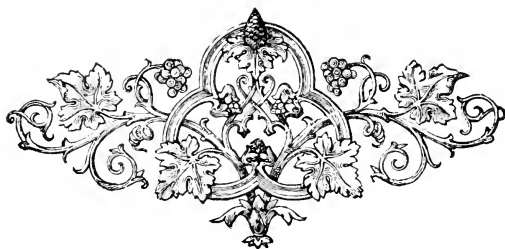
70

The seal I keep ; and so betide to me

As well I tender you and all of yours !

Come, I 'll conduct you to the sanctuary.

[*Exeunt.*]





POMFRET (iii. 3).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *London. A Street.*

The trumpets sound. Enter the PRINCE OF WALES, GLOSTER, BUCKINGHAM, CARDINAL BOUCHIER, CATESBY, and others.

Buckingham. Welcome, sweet prince, to London, to your chamber.

Gloster. Welcome, dear cousin, my thought's sovereign ;
The weary way hath made you melancholy.

Prince. No, uncle ; but our crosses on the way
Have made it tedious, wearisome, and heavy :
I want more uncles here to welcome me.

Gloster. Sweet prince, the untainted virtue of your years
Hath not yet div'd into the world's deceit.

No more can you distinguish of a man
Than of his outward show; which, God he knows, 10
Seldom or never jumpeth with the heart.
Those uncles which you want were dangerous;
Your grace attended to their sugar'd words,
But look'd not on the poison of their hearts:
God keep you from them, and from such false friends!

Prince. God keep me from false friends! but they were
none.

Gloster. My lord, the mayor of London comes to greet you.

Enter the Lord Mayor and his Train.

Mayor. God bless your grace with health and happy
days!

Prince. I thank you, good my lord; and thank you all.—
I thought my mother and my brother York 20
Would long ere this have met us on the way;
Fie! what a slug is Hastings, that he comes not
To tell us whether they will come or no!

Enter HASTINGS.

Buckingham. And, in good time, here comes the sweating
lord.

Prince. Welcome, my lord. What! will our mother come?

Hastings. On what occasion, God he knows, not I,
The queen your mother and your brother York
Have taken sanctuary; the tender prince
Would fain have come with me to meet your grace,
But by his mother was perforce withheld. 30

Buckingham. Fie! what an indirect and peevish course
Is this of hers!—Lord cardinal, will your grace
Persuade the queen to send the Duke of York
Unto his princely brother presently?—

If she deny, Lord Hastings, go with him,
And from her jealous arms pluck him perforce.

Cardinal. My Lord of Buckingham, if my weak oratory
Can from his mother win the Duke of York,
Anon expect him here ; but, if she be obdurate
To mild entreaties, God in heaven forbid
We should infringe the holy privilege
Of blessed sanctuary ! not for all this land
Would I be guilty of so great a sin.

Buckingham. You are too senseless-obstinate, my lord,
Too ceremonious and traditional ;
Weigh it but with the grossness of this age,
You break not sanctuary in seizing him.
The benefit thereof is always granted
To those whose dealings have deserv'd the place,
And those who have the wit to claim the place.
This prince hath neither claim'd it nor deserv'd it ;
And therefore, in mine opinion, cannot have it :
Then, taking him from thence that is not there,
You break no privilege nor charter there.
Oft have I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children ne'er till now.

Cardinal. My lord, you shall o'er-rule my mind for
once.—
Come on, Lord Hastings, will you go with me ?

Hastings. I go, my lord.

Prince. Good lords, make all the speedy haste you may.—
[*Exeunt Cardinal and Hastings.*]

Say, uncle Gloster, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourn till our coronation ?

Gloster. Where it think'st best unto your royal self.
If I may counsel you, some day or two
Your highness shall repose you at the Tower ;
Then where you please, and shall be thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.

Prince. I do not like the Tower, of any place.—
Did Julius Cæsar build that place, my lord?

69

Buckingham. He did, my gracious lord, begin that place,
Which, since, succeeding ages have re-edified.

Prince. Is it upon record, or else reported
Successively from age to age, he built it?

Buckingham. Upon record, my gracious lord.

Prince. But say, my lord, it were not register'd,
Methinks the truth should live from age to age,
As 't were retail'd to all posterity,
Even to the general all-ending day.

Gloster. [*Aside*] So wise so young, they say, do never live
long.

Prince. What say you, uncle?

80

Gloster. I say, without characters fame lives long.—

[*Aside*] Thus, like the formal Vice, Iniquity,
I moralize two meanings in one word.

Prince. That Julius Cæsar was a famous man ;
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set down to make his valour live.
Death makes no conquest of his conqueror ;
For now he lives in fame, though not in life.—
I 'll tell you what, my cousin Buckingham,—

Buckingham. What, my gracious lord?

90

Prince. An if I live until I be a man,
I 'll win our ancient right in France again,
Or die a soldier, as I liv'd a king.

Gloster. [*Aside*] Short summers lightly have a forward
spring.

Enter YORK, HASTINGS, and the CARDINAL.

Buckingham. Now, in good time, here comes the Duke of
York.

Prince. Richard of York, how fares our noble brother?

York. Well, my dread lord ; so must I call you now.

Prince. Ay, brother, to our grief, as it is yours.
Too late he died that might have kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much majesty.

100

Gloster. How fares our cousin, noble Lord of York?

York. I thank you, gentle uncle. O, my lord,
You said that idle weeds are fast in growth;
The prince my brother hath outgrown me far.

Gloster. He hath, my lord.

York. And therefore is he idle?

Gloster. O, my fair cousin, I must not say so.

York. Then he is more beholding to you than I.

Gloster. He may command me as my sovereign,
But you have power in me as in a kinsman.

York. I pray you, uncle, give me this dagger.

110

Gloster. My dagger, little cousin? with all my heart.

Prince. A beggar, brother?

York. Of my kind uncle, that I know will give;
And being but a toy, which is no grief to give.

Gloster. A greater gift than that I'll give my cousin.

York. A greater gift? O, that's the sword to it.

Gloster. Ay, gentle cousin, were it light enough.

York. O, then, I see, you'll part but with light gifts;
In weightier things you'll say a beggar nay.

Gloster. It is too weighty for your grace to wear.

120

York. I weigh it lightly, were it heavier.

Gloster. What! would you have my weapon, little lord?

York. I would, that I might thank you as you call me.

Gloster. How?

York. Little.

Prince. My Lord of York will still be cross in talk.—
Uncle, your grace knows how to bear with him.

York. You mean, to bear me, not to bear with me.—
Uncle, my brother mocks both you and me;
Because that I am little, like an ape,
He thinks that you should bear me on your shoulders.

130

Buckingham. With what a sharp-provided wit he reasons!
To mitigate the scorn he gives his uncle,
He prettily and aptly taunts himself.
So cunning, and so young, is wonderful.

Gloster. My lord, will 't please you pass along?
Myself and my good cousin Buckingham
Will to your mother, to entreat of her
To meet you at the Tower and welcome you.

York. What! will you go unto the Tower, my lord? 140

Prince. My lord protector needs will have it so.

York. I shall not sleep in quiet at the Tower.

Gloster. Why, what should you fear?

York. Marry, my uncle Clarence' angry ghost;
My grandam told me he was murther'd there.

Prince. I fear no uncles dead.

Gloster. Nor none that live, I hope.

Prince. An if they live, I hope I need not fear.
But come, my lord; and, with a heavy heart,
Thinking on them, go I unto the Tower. 150

[*A sennet. Exeunt Prince, York, Hastings, Cardinal,
and Attendants.*]

Buckingham. Think you, my lord, this little prating York
Was not incensed by his subtle mother
To taunt and scorn you thus opprobriously?

Gloster. No doubt, no doubt. O, 't is a parlous boy!
Bold, quick, ingenious, forward, capable;
He's all the mother's, from the top to toe.

Buckingham. Well, let them rest.—Come hither, Catesby.
Thou art sworn as deeply to effect what we intend
As closely to conceal what we impart.
Thou know'st our reasons urg'd upon the way;— 160
What think'st thou? is it not an easy matter
To make William Lord Hastings of our mind,
For the instalment of this noble duke
In the seat royal of this famous isle?

Catesby. He for his father's sake so loves the prince
That he will not be won to aught against him.

Buckingham. What think'st thou then of Stanley? will
not he?

Catesby. He will do all in all as Hastings doth.

Buckingham. Well, then, no more but this. Go, gentle
Catesby,

And, as it were far off, sound thou Lord Hastings 170

How he doth stand affected to our purpose;

And summon him to-morrow to the Tower,

To sit about the coronation.

If thou dost find him tractable to us,

Encourage him, and tell him all our reasons:

If he be leaden, icy-cold, unwilling,

Be thou so too, and so break off the talk,

And give us notice of his inclination;

For we to-morrow hold divided councils,

Wherein thyself shalt highly be employ'd. 180

Gloster. Commend me to Lord William: tell him, Catesby,

His ancient knot of dangerous adversaries

To-morrow are let blood at Pomfret Castle;

And bid my lord, for joy of this good news,

Give Mistress Shore one gentle kiss the more.

Buckingham. Good Catesby, go, effect this business
soundly.

Catesby. My good lords both, with all the heed I can.

Gloster. Shall we hear from you, Catesby, ere we sleep?

Catesby. You shall, my lord. 189

Gloster. At Crosby House, there shall you find us both.

[*Exit Catesby.*]

Buckingham. Now, my lord, what shall we do, if we per-
ceive

Lord Hastings will not yield to our complots?

Gloster. Chop off his head, man;—something we will de-
termine.

And, look, when I am king, claim thou of me
The earldom of Hereford, and all the movables
Whereof the king my brother was possess'd.

Buckingham. I'll claim that promise at your grace's hand.

Gloster. And look to have it yielded with all kindness.
Come, let us sup betimes, that afterwards 199
We may digest our complots in some form. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Before Lord Hastings's House.*

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My lord ! my lord !— [*Knocking.*]

Hastings. [*Within.*] Who knocks ?

Messenger. One from the Lord Stanley.

Hastings. [*Within.*] What is 't o'clock ?

Messenger. Upon the stroke of four.

Enter HASTINGS.

Hastings. Cannot my Lord Stanley sleep these tedious
nights ?

Messenger. So it appears by that I have to say.
First, he commends him to your noble self.

Hastings. What then ?

Messenger. Then certifies your lordship that this night 10
He dreamt the boar had rased off his helm ;
Besides, he says, there are two councils kept,
And that may be determin'd at the one
Which may make you and him to rue at the other.
Therefore, he sends to know your lordship's pleasure,
If you will presently take horse with him,
And with all speed post with him toward the north,
To shun the danger that his soul divines.

Hastings. Go, fellow, go, return unto thy lord.
Bid him not fear the separated council :
His honour and myself are at the one,

And at the other is my good friend Catesby,
 Where nothing can proceed that toucheth us
 Whereof I shall not have intelligence.
 Tell him his fears are shallow, without instance;
 And for his dreams—I wonder he's so simple
 To trust the mockery of unquiet slumbers.
 To fly the boar before the boar pursues
 Were to incense the boar to follow us,
 And make pursuit where he did mean no chase.
 Go, bid thy master rise and come to me;
 And we will both together to the Tower,
 Where, he shall see, the boar will use us kindly.

30

Messenger. I'll go, my lord, and tell him what you say.

[*Exit.*

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. Many good morrows to my noble lord!

Hastings. Good morrow, Catesby; you are early stirring.
 What news, what news, in this our tottering state?

Catesby. It is a reeling world, indeed, my lord;
 And, I believe, will never stand upright
 Till Richard wear the garland of the realm.

40

Hastings. How! wear the garland! dost thou mean the
 crown?

Catesby. Ay, my good lord.

Hastings. I'll have this crown of mine cut from my
 shoulders,

Before I'll see the crown so foul misplac'd.
 But canst thou guess that he doth aim at it?

Catesby. Ay, on my life, and hopes to find you forward
 Upon his party for the gain thereof;
 And thereupon he sends you this good news,—
 That this same very day your enemies,
 The kindred of the queen, must die at Pomfret.

50

Hastings. Indeed, I am no mourner for that news,
 Because they have been still my adversaries;

But that I'll give my voice on Richard's side,
To bar my master's heirs in true descent,
God knows I will not do it, to the death.

Catesby. God keep your lordship in that gracious mind!

Hastings. But I shall laugh at this a twelvemonth hence,
That they which brought me in my master's hate,
I live to look upon their tragedy.

Well, Catesby, ere a fortnight make me older, 60
I'll send some packing that yet think not on't.

Catesby. 'T is a vile thing to die, my gracious lord,
When men are unprepar'd and look not for it.

Hastings. O, monstrous, monstrous! and so falls it out
With Rivers, Vaughan, Grey; and so 't will do
With some men else, who think themselves as safe
As thou and I, who, as thou know'st, are dear
To princely Richard and to Buckingham.

Catesby. The princes both make high account of you :
[*Aside*] For they account his head upon the bridge. 70

Hastings. I know they do, and I have well deserv'd it.—

Enter STANLEY.

Come on, come on; where is your boar-spear, man?
Fear you the boar, and go so unprovided?

Stanley. My lord, good morrow;—good morrow, Catesby.—
You may jest on, but, by the holy rood,
I do not like these several councils, I.

Hastings. My lord, I hold my life as dear as yours;
And never in my days, I do protest,
Was it so precious to me as 't is now.
Think you, but that I know our state secure, 80
I would be so triumphant as I am?

Stanley. The lords at Pomfret, when they rode from
London,
Were jocund and suppos'd their states were sure,
And they, indeed, had no cause to mistrust;

But yet, you see, how soon the day o'ercast.
 This sudden stab of rancour I misdoubt ;
 Pray God, I say, I prove a needless coward !
 What, shall we toward the Tower? the day is spent.

Hastings. Come, come, have with you.—Wot you what,
 my lord?

To-day the lords you talk of are beheaded. 90

Stanley. They for their truth might better wear their heads
 Than some that have accus'd them wear their hats.
 But come, my lord, let 's away.

Enter a Pursuivant.

Hastings. Go on before ; I 'll talk with this good fellow.—
[Exeunt Stanley and Catesby.

How now, sirrah ! how goes the world with thee?

Pursuivant. The better that your lordship please to ask.

Hastings. I tell thee, man, 't is better with me now
 Than when thou met'st me last where now we meet :
 Then was I going prisoner to the Tower,
 By the suggestion of the queen's allies ;
 But now I tell thee—keep it to thyself—
 This day those enemies are put to death,
 And I in better state than ere I was.

Pursuivant. God hold it to your honour's good content !

Hastings. Gramercy, fellow. There, drink that for me.

[Throwing him his purse.

Pursuivant. I thank your honour. [Exit.

Enter a Priest.

Priest. Well met, my lord ; I am glad to see your honour.

Hastings. I thank thee, good Sir John, with all my heart.
 I am in your debt for your last exercise ;
 Come the next Sabbath, and I will content you. 110

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. What, talking with a priest, lord chamberlain !

Your friends at Pomfret, they do need the priest ;
Your honour hath no shriving work in hand.

Hastings. Good faith, and when I met this holy man,
The men you talk of came into my mind.

What, go you toward the Tower ?

Buckingham. I do, my lord, but long I cannot stay there ;
I shall return before your lordship thence.

Hastings. Nay, like enough, for I stay dinner there.

Buckingham. [*Aside*] And supper too, although thou
know'st it not.—

120

Come, will you go ?

Hastings. I 'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Pomfret. Before the Castle.*

Enter RATCLIFF, *with a Guard, conducting* RIVERS, GREY
and VAUGHAN *to execution.*

Rivers. Sir Richard Ratcliff, let me tell thee this,—
To-day shalt thou behold a subject die
For truth, for duty, and for loyalty.

Grey. God bless the prince from all the pack of you !
A knot you are of damned blood-suckers.

Vaughan. You live that shall cry woe for this hereafter.

Ratcliff. Dispatch ; the limit of your lives is out.

Rivers. O Pomfret, Pomfret ! O thou bloody prison,
Fatal and ominous to noble peers !

Within the guilty closure of thy walls,
Richard the Second here was hack'd to death :

10

And, for more slander to thy dismal seat,
We give to thee our guiltless blood to drink.

Grey. Now Margaret's curse is fallen upon our heads,

When she exclaim'd on Hastings, you, and I,
For standing by when Richard stabb'd her son.

Rivers. Then curs'd she Richard, then curs'd she Buckingham,

Then curs'd she Hastings.—O, remember, God,
To hear her prayer for them, as now for us!

And for my sister and her princely sons, 20
Be satisfied, dear God, with our true blood,
Which, as thou know'st, unjustly must be spilt!

Ratcliff. Make haste; the hour of death is expiate.

Rivers. Come, Grey,—come, Vaughan,—let us here embrace:

Farewell until we meet again in heaven. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *London. A Room in the Tower.*

BUCKINGHAM, STANLEY, HASTINGS, *the* BISHOP OF ELY,
CATESBY, LOVEL, *and others, sitting at a table*; Officers of
the Council *attending*.

Hastings. Now, noble peers, the cause why we are met
Is to determine of the coronation.

In God's name, speak,—when is this royal day?

Buckingham. Is all things ready for the royal time?

Stanley. It is, and wants but nomination.

Ely. To-morrow then I judge a happy day.

Buckingham. Who knows the lord protector's mind herein?
Who is most inward with the noble duke?

Ely. Your grace, we think, should soonest know his mind.

Buckingham. We know each other's faces: for our hearts,
He knows no more of mine than I of yours; 11
Nor I of his, my lord, than you of mine.—

Lord Hastings, you and he are near in love.

Hastings. I thank his grace, I know he loves me well;
But for his purpose in the coronation,
I have not sounded him, nor he deliver'd

His gracious pleasure any way therein :
But you, my noble lords, may name the time,
And in the duke's behalf I 'll give my voice,
Which, I presume, he 'll take in gentle part.

20

Enter GLOSTER.

Ely. In happy time, here comes the duke himself.

Gloster. My noble lords and cousins all, good morrow.
I have been long a sleeper ; but I trust
My absence doth neglect no great design
Which by my presence might have been concluded.

Buckingham. Had you not come upon your cue, my lord,
William Lord Hastings had pronounc'd your part,
I mean your voice for crowning of the king.

Gloster. Than my Lord Hastings no man might be bolder ;
His lordship knows me well, and loves me well.—
My Lord of Ely, when I was last in Holborn,
I saw good strawberries in your garden there ;
I do beseech you, send for some of them.

30

Ely. Marry, and will, my lord, with all my heart.

[*Exit Ely.*

Gloster. Cousin of Buckingham, a word with you.

[*Takes him aside.*

Catesby hath sounded Hastings in our business,
And finds the testy gentleman so hot,
That he will lose his head ere give consent
His master's child, as worshipfully he terms it,
Shall lose the royalty of England's throne.

40

Buckingham. Withdraw yourself a while ; I 'll go with you.

[*Exeunt Gloster and Buckingham.*

Stanley. We have not yet set down this day of triumph.
To-morrow, in my judgment, is too sudden ;
For I myself am not so well provided
As else I would be, were the day prolong'd.

Enter BISHOP OF ELY.

Ely. Where is my lord, the Duke of Gloster?
I have sent for these strawberries.

Hastings. His grace looks cheerfully and smooth this morning;

There 's some conceit or other likes him well
When that he bids good morrow with such spirit. 50

I think there 's never a man in Christendom
Can lesser hide his love or hate than he;
For by his face straight shall you know his heart.

Stanley. What of his heart perceive you in his face
By any livelihood he show'd to-day?

Hastings. Marry, that with no man here he is offended;
For were he, he had shown it in his looks.

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM.

Gloster. I pray you all, tell me what they deserve
That do conspire my death with devilish plots
Of damned witchcraft, and that have prevail'd 60
Upon my body with their hellish charms?

Hastings. The tender love I bear your grace, my lord,
Makes me most forward in this princely presence
To doom the offenders, whosoe'er they be;
I say, my lord, they have deserved death.

Gloster. Then be your eyes the witness of their evil.
Look how I am bewitch'd; behold mine arm
Is like a blasted sapling wither'd up:
And this is Edward's wife, that monstrous witch,
Consorted with that harlot strumpet Shore, 70
That by their witchcraft thus have marked me.

Hastings. If they have done this deed, my noble lord,—

Gloster. If! thou protector of this damned strumpet,
Talk'st thou to me of ifs?—Thou art a traitor!—
Off with his head!—now, by Saint Paul I swear,

I will not dine until I see the same.—
 Lovel and Ratcliff, look that it be done ;—
 The rest that love me, rise and follow me.

[*Exeunt Council, with Gloster and Buckingham.*

Hastings. Woe, woe, for England ! not a whit for me ;

For I, too fond, might have prevented this.

80

Stanley did dream the boar did rase his helm ;

And I did scorn it, and disdain to fly.

Three times to-day my foot-cloth horse did stumble.

And started when he look'd upon the Tower,

As loath to bear me to the slaughter-house.

O, now I need the priest that spake to me !

I now repent I told the pursuivant,

As too triumphing, how mine enemies

To-day at Pomfret bloodily were butcher'd,

And I myself secure in grace and favour.—

90

O Margaret, Margaret, now thy heavy curse

Is lighted on poor Hastings' wretched head !

Ratcliff. Come, come, dispatch ; the duke would be at dinner :

Make a short shrift ; he longs to see your head.

Hastings. O, momentary grace of mortal men,

Which we more hunt for than the grace of God !

Who builds his hope in air of your good looks,

Lives like a drunken sailor on a mast,

Ready with every nod to tumble down

Into the fatal bowels of the deep.

100

Lovel. Come, come, dispatch ; 't is bootless to exclaim.

Hastings. O, bloody Richard !—miserable England !

I prophesy the fearfull'st time to thee

That ever wretched age hath look'd upon.—

Come, lead me to the block ; bear him my head :

They smile at me who shortly shall be dead.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The Tower Walls.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, marvellous ill-favoured.

Gloster. Come, cousin, canst thou quake, and change thy colour,

Murder thy breath in middle of a word,
And then again begin, and stop again,
As if thou wert distraught and mad with terror?

Buckingham. Tut! I can counterfeit the deep tragedian,
Speak and look back, and pry on every side,
Tremble and start at wagging of a straw,
Intending deep suspicion; ghastly looks
Are at my service, like enforced smiles,
And both are ready in their offices
At any time to grace my stratagems.
But what! is Catesby gone?

10

Gloster. He is; and, see, he brings the mayor along.

Enter the Lord Mayor and CATESBY.

Buckingham. Lord mayor,—

Gloster. Look to the drawbridge there!

Buckingham.

Hark! a drum.

Gloster. Catesby, o'erlook the walls.

Buckingham. Lord mayor, the reason we have sent—

Gloster. Look back, defend thee, here are enemies.

Buckingham. God and our innocence defend and guard
us!

Enter LOVEL and RATCLIFF, with HASTINGS's head.

Gloster. Be patient, they are friends, Ratcliff and Lovel. 20

Lovel. Here is the head of that ignoble traitor,
The dangerous and unsuspected Hastings.

Gloster. So dear I lov'd the man, that I must weep.

I took him for the plainest harmless creature
That breath'd upon the earth a Christian,
Made him my book wherein my soul recorded
The history of all her secret thoughts;
So smooth he daub'd his vice with show of virtue,
That, his apparent open guilt omitted,—
I mean his conversation with Shore's wife,—
He liv'd from all attainder of suspect.

30

Buckingham. Well, well, he was the covert'st shelter'd
traitor

That ever liv'd.—

Would you imagine, or almost believe,
Were 't not that, by great preservation,
We live to tell it, that the subtle traitor
This day had plotted, in the council-house,
To murder me and my good Lord of Gloster?

Mayor. Had he done so?

Gloster. What! think you we are Turks or infidels?
Or that we would, against the form of law,
Proceed thus rashly in the villain's death,
But that the extreme peril of the case,
The peace of England, and our persons' safety,
Enforc'd us to this execution?

40

Mayor. Now, fair befall you! he deserv'd his death;
And your good graces both have well proceeded,
To warn false traitors from the like attempts.

Buckingham. I never look'd for better at his hands,
After he once fell in with Mistress Shore:
Yet had we not determin'd he should die,
Until your lordship came to see his end;
Which now the loving haste of these our friends,
Something against our meanings, hath prevented:
Because, my lord, I would have had you heard
The traitor speak and timorously confess
The manner and the purpose of his treasons,

50

That you might well have signified the same
Unto the citizens, who haply may
Misconstrue us in him and wail his death. 60

Mayor. But, my good lord, your grace's word shall serve,
As well as I had seen and heard him speak :
And do not doubt, right noble princes both,
But I 'll acquaint our duteous citizens
With all your just proceedings in this case.

Gloster. And to that end we wish'd your lordship here,
'To avoid the censures of the carping world.

Buckingham. But since you come too late of our intent,
Yet witness what you hear we did intend ;
And so, my good lord mayor, we bid farewell. 70
[*Exit Lord Mayor.*]

Gloster. Go, after, after, cousin Buckingham.
The mayor towards Guildhall hies him in all post.
There, at your meetest vantage of the time,
Infer the bastardy of Edward's children ;
'Tell them how Edward put to death a citizen,
Only for saying he would make his son
Heir to the crown, meaning indeed his house,
Which by the sign thereof was termed so.
Moreover, urge his hateful luxury,
And bestial appetite in change of lust ; 80
Which stretch'd unto their servants, daughters, wives,
Even where his raging eye or savage heart
Without control lusted to make a prey.
Nay, for a need, thus far come near my person :
'Tell them when that my mother went with child
Of that insatiate Edward, noble York,
My princely father, then had wars in France,
And by true computation of the time
Found that the issue was not his begot ;
Which well appeared in his lineaments, 90
Being nothing like the noble duke my father.

Yet touch this sparingly, as 't were far off;
Because, my lord, you know my mother lives.

Buckingham. Doubt not, my lord, I'll play the orator
As if the golden fee for which I plead
Were for myself; and so, my lord, adieu.

Gloster. If you thrive well, bring them to Baynard's Castle,

Where you shall find me well accompanied
With reverend fathers and well-learned bishops.

Buckingham. I go; and towards three or four o'clock 100
Look for the news that the Guildhall affords. [Exit.]

Gloster. Go, Lovel, with all speed to Doctor Shaw,—
Go thou [*to Catesby*] to Friar Penker;—bid them both
Meet me within this hour at Baynard's Castle.—

[Exeunt Lovel and Catesby.]

Now will I go to take some privy order
To draw the brats of Clarence out of sight;
And to give order that no manner person
Have any time recourse unto the princes. [Exit.]

SCENE VI. *A Street.*

Enter a Scrivener.

Scrivener. Here is the indictment of the good Lord Hastings,
Which in a set hand fairly is engross'd,
That it may be to-day read o'er in Paul's;
And mark how well the sequel hangs together.
Eleven hours I have spent to write it over,
For yesternight by Catesby was it sent me.
The precedent was full as long a-doing;
And yet within these five hours Hastings liv'd,
Untainted, unexamined, free, at liberty.
Here 's a good world the while! Who is so gross, 10
That cannot see this palpable device?

Yet who so bold but says he sees it not?
 Bad is the world; and all will come to nought,
 When such ill dealing must be seen in thought. [Exit.

SCENE VII. *Baynard's Castle.*

Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, meeting.

Gloster. How now, how now! what say the citizens?

Buckingham. Now by the holy mother of our Lord,
 The citizens are mum, say not a word.

Gloster. Touch'd you the bastardy of Edward's children?

Buckingham. I did; with his contract with Lady Lucy,
 And his contract by deputy in France;
 The insatiate greediness of his desires,
 And his enforcement of the city wives;
 His tyranny for trifles; his own bastardy,
 As being got, your father then in France, 10
 And his resemblance, being not like the duke.
 Withal I did infer your lineaments,
 Being the right idea of your father,
 Both in your form and nobleness of mind;
 Laid open all your victories in Scotland,
 Your discipline in war, wisdom in peace,
 Your bounty, virtue, fair humility;
 Indeed, left nothing fitting for your purpose
 Untouch'd or slightly handled in discourse:
 And when my oratory drew toward end, 20
 I bade them that did love their country's good
 Cry 'God save Richard, England's royal king!'

Gloster. And did they so?

Buckingham. No, so God help me, they spake not a word,
 But, like dumb statuas or breathing stones,
 Star'd each on other and look'd deadly pale;
 Which when I saw, I reprehended them,
 And ask'd the mayor what meant this wilful silence.

His answer was, the people were not us'd
 To be spoke to but by the recorder. 30
 Then he was urg'd to tell my tale again :—
 'Thus saith the duke, thus hath the duke inferr'd ;'
 But nothing spoke in warrant from himself.
 When he had done, some followers of mine own
 At lower end of the hall hurl'd up their caps,
 And some ten voices cried, 'God save King Richard !'
 And thus I took the vantage of those few,—
 'Thanks, gentle citizens and friends,' quoth I,
 'This general applause and cheerful shout
 Argues your wisdom and your love to Richard ;' 40
 And even here brake off and came away.

Gloster. What tongueless blocks were they ! would they
 not speak ?

Will not the mayor then and his brethren come ?

Buckingham. The mayor is here at hand. Intend some fear ;
 Be not you spoke with but by mighty suit.
 And look you get a prayer-book in your hand,
 And stand between two churchmen, good my lord ;
 For on that ground I 'll make a holy descant.
 And be not easily won to our requests ;
 Play the maid's part, still answer nay, and take it. 50

Gloster. I go ; and if you plead as well for them
 As I can say nay to thee for myself,
 No doubt we bring it to a happy issue.

Buckingham. Go, go, up to the leads ; the lord mayor
 knocks.— [*Exit Gloster.*]

Enter the Lord Mayor, Aldermen, and Citizens.

Welcome, my lord : I dance attendance here ;
 I think the duke will not be spoke withal.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says your lord to my request ?

Catesby. He doth entreat your grace, my noble lord,
To visit him to-morrow or next day.
He is within, with two right reverend fathers,
Divinely bent to meditation ;
And in no worldly suits would he be mov'd
To draw him from his holy exercise.

60

Buckingham. Return, good Catesby, to the gracious duke ;
Tell him, myself, the mayor and aldermen,
In deep designs, in matter of great moment,
No less importing than our general good,
Are come to have some conference with his grace.

Catesby. I'll signify so much unto him straight. [*Exit.*

Buckingham. Ah, ha, my lord, this prince is not an Edward !

70

He is not lolling on a lewd love-bed,
But on his knees at meditation ;
Not dallying with a brace of courtesans,
But meditating with two deep divines ;
Not sleeping to engross his idle body,
But praying to enrich his watchful soul.
Happy were England would this virtuous prince
Take on his grace the sovereignty thereof ;
But sure, I fear, we shall not win him to it.

79

Mayor. Marry, God defend his grace should say us nay !

Buckingham. I fear he will. Here Catesby comes again.—

Enter CATESBY.

Now, Catesby, what says his grace ?

Catesby. He wonders to what end you have assembled
Such troops of citizens to come to him ;
His grace not being warn'd thereof before,
He fears, my lord, you mean no good to him.

Buckingham. Sorry I am my noble cousin should
Suspect me, that I mean no good to him :
By heaven, we come to him in perfect love ;

80

And so once more return and tell his grace.—[*Exit Catesby.*
 When holy and devout religious men
 Are at their beads, 't is much to draw them thence,
 So sweet is zealous contemplation.

Enter GLOSTER, in a gallery above, between two Bishops.
CATESBY returns.

Mayor. See, where his grace stands 'tween two clergy-
 men!

Buckingham. Two props of virtue for a Christian prince,
 To stay him from the fall of vanity;
 And, see, a book of prayer in his hand,
 True ornament to know a holy man.—
 Famous Plantagenet, most gracious prince,
 Lend favourable ear to our requests, 100
 And pardon us the interruption
 Of thy devotion and right Christian zeal.

Gloster. My lord, there needs no such apology;
 I do beseech your grace to pardon me,
 Who, earnest in the service of my God,
 Deferr'd the visitation of my friends.
 But, leaving this, what is your grace's pleasure?

Buckingham. Even that, I hope, which pleaseth God
 above,
 And all good men of this ungovern'd isle.

Gloster. I do suspect I have done some offence 110
 That seems disgracious in the city's eye,
 And that you come to reprehend my ignorance.

Buckingham. You have, my lord; would it might please
 your grace

On our entreaties to amend your fault!

Gloster. Else wherefore breathe I in a Christian land?

Buckingham. Know then, it is your fault that you resign
 The supreme seat, the throne majestical,
 The sceptred office of your ancestors,

Your state of fortune and your due of birth,
 The lineal glory of your royal house, 120
 To the corruption of a blemish'd stock ;
 Whiles, in the mildness of your sleepy thoughts,
 Which here we waken to our country's good,
 This noble isle doth want her proper limbs ;
 Her face defac'd with scars of infamy,
 Her royal stock graft with ignoble plants,
 And almost shoulder'd in the swallowing gulf
 Of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion.
 Which to recure, we heartily solicit
 Your gracious self to take on you the charge 130
 And kingly government of this your land ;
 Not as protector, steward, substitute,
 Or lowly factor for another's gain,
 But as successively from blood to blood,
 Your right of birth, your empery, your own.
 For this, consorted with the citizens,
 Your very worshipful and loving friends,
 And by their vehement instigation,
 In this just cause come I to move your grace.
Gloster. I cannot tell, if to depart in silence, 140
 Or bitterly to speak in your reproof,
 Best fitteth my degree or your condition :
 If not to answer,—you might haply think
 Tongue-tied ambition, not replying, yielded
 To bear the golden yoke of sovereignty,
 Which fondly you would here impose on me ;
 If to reprove you for this suit of yours,
 So season'd with your faithful love to me,
 Then, on the other side, I check'd my friends.
 Therefore, to speak and to avoid the first, 150
 And then, in speaking, not to incur the last,
 Definitively thus I answer you :
 Your love deserves my thanks, but my desert

Unmeritable shuns your high request.
First, if all obstacles were cut away,
And that my path were even to the crown,
As the ripe revenue and due of birth,
Yet so much is my poverty of spirit,
So mighty and so many my defects,
That I would rather hide me from my greatness, 160
Being a bark to brook no mighty sea,
Than in my greatness covet to be hid,
And in the vapour of my glory smother'd.
But, God be thank'd, there is no need of me,—
And much I need to help you, were there need.
The royal tree hath left us royal fruit,
Which, mellow'd by the stealing hours of time,
Will well become the seat of majesty,
And make, no doubt, us happy by his reign.
On him I lay that you would lay on me, 170
The right and fortune of his happy stars,—
Which God defend that I should wring from him!

Buckingham. My lord, this argues conscience in your
grace;

But the respects thereof are nice and trivial,
All circumstances well considered.
You say that Edward is your brother's son:
So say we too, but not by Edward's wife;
For first was he contract to Lady Lucy—
Your mother lives a witness to his vow—
And afterward by substitute betroth'd 180
To Bona, sister to the King of France.
These both put off, a poor petitioner,
A care-craz'd mother to a many sons,
A beauty-waning and distressed widow,
Even in the afternoon of her best days,
Made prize and purchase of his wanton eye,
Seduc'd the pitch and height of his degree

To base declension and loath'd bigamy.
 By her, in his unlawful bed, he got
 This Edward, whom our manners call the prince. 190
 More bitterly could I expostulate,
 Save that, for reverence to some alive,
 I give a sparing limit to my tongue.
 Then, good my lord, take to your royal self
 This proffer'd benefit of dignity ;
 If not to bless us and the land withal,
 Yet to draw forth your noble ancestry
 From the corruption of abusing times
 Unto a lineal true-derived course.

Mayor. Do, good my lord, your citizens entreat you. 200

Buckingham. Refuse not, mighty lord, this proffer'd love.

Catesby. O, make them joyful, grant their lawful suit !

Gloster. Alas, why would you heap this care on me ?

I am unfit for state and majesty.

I do beseech you, take it not amiss ;

I cannot nor I will not yield to you.

Buckingham. If you refuse it,—as in love and zeal,

Loath to depose the child, your brother's son ;

As well we know your tenderness of heart,

And gentle, kind, effeminate remorse, 210

Which we have noted in you to your kindred,

And equally, indeed, to all estates,—

Yet know, whether you accept our suit or no,

Your brother's son shall never reign our king ;

But we will plant some other in your throne,

To the disgrace and downfall of your house.

And in this resolution here we leave you.—

Come, citizens, we will entreat no more.

[*Exit Buckingham ; the Mayor, Aldermen, and
 Citizens retiring.*]

Catesby. Call him again, sweet prince, accept their suit ;

If you deny them, all the land will rue it. 220

Gloster. Will you enforce me to a world of cares?
Call them again. I am not made of stone,
But penetrable to your kind entreaties,
Albeit against my conscience and my soul.—

Re-enter BUCKINGHAM and the rest.

Cousin of Buckingham, and sage, grave men,
Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burthen, whether I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load:
But if black scandal or foul-fac'd reproach
Attend the sequel of your imposition,
Your mere enforcement shall acquittance me
From all the impure blots and stains thereof;
For God doth know, and you may partly see,
How far I am from the desire of this.

230

Mayor. God bless your grace! we see it, and will say it.

Gloster. In saying so, you shall but say the truth.

Buckingham. Then I salute you with this royal title,—
Long live King Richard, England's worthy king!

All. Amen.

239

Buckingham. To-morrow may it please you to be crown'd?

Gloster. Even when you please, for you will have it so.

Buckingham. To-morrow, then, we will attend your grace;
And so most joyfully we take our leave.

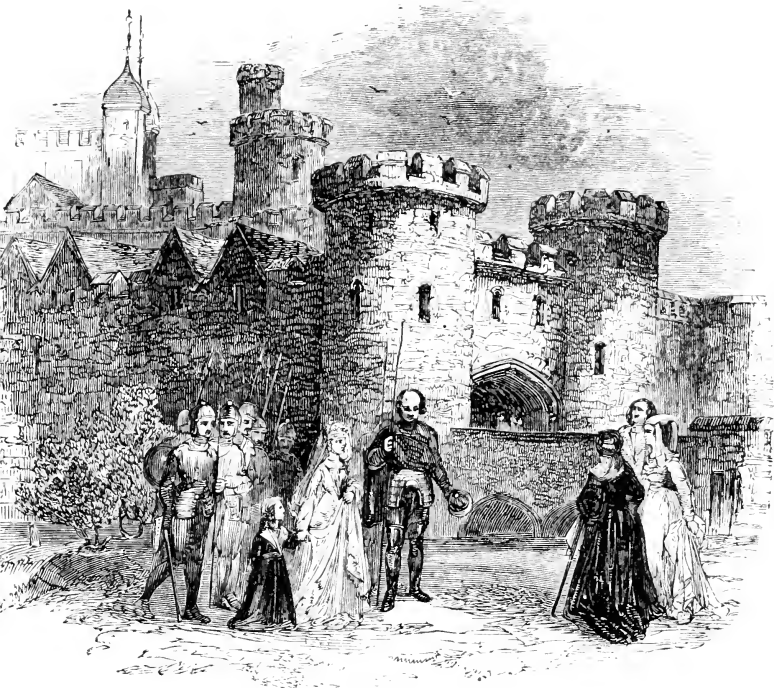
Gloster. Come, let us to our holy work again.—

[*To the Bishops.*

Farewell, my cousin;—farewell, gentle friends.

[*Exeunt.*





ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Before the Tower.*

Enter, on one side, QUEEN ELIZABETH, DUCHESS OF YORK, and MARQUIS OF DORSET; on the other, ANNE DUCHESS OF GLOSTER, leading LADY MARGARET PLANTAGENET, Clarence's young daughter.

Duchess. Who meets us here?—my niece Plantagenet
Led in the hand of her kind aunt of Gloster!
Now, for my life, she's wandering to the Tower,

On pure heart's love to greet the tender princes.—
Daughter, well met.

Anne. God give your graces both
A happy and a joyful time of day!

Queen Elizabeth. As much to you, good sister! whither
away?

Anne. No farther than the Tower, and, as I guess,
Upon the like devotion as yourselves,
To gratulate the gentle princes there. 10

Queen Elizabeth. Kind sister, thanks; we 'll enter all to-
gether:
And, in good time, here the lieutenant comes.—

Enter BRAKENBURY.

Master lieutenant, pray you, by your leave,
How doth the prince, and my young son of York?

Brakenbury. Right well, dear madam. By your patience,
I may not suffer you to visit them;
The king hath strictly charg'd the contrary.

Queen Elizabeth. The king! who 's that?

Brakenbury. I mean the lord protector.

Queen Elizabeth. The Lord protect him from that kingly
title!

Hath he set bounds between their love and me? 20
I am their mother; who shall bar me from them?

Duchess. I am their father's mother; I will see them.

Anne. Their aunt I am in law, in love their mother:
Then bring me to their sights; I 'll bear thy blame,
And take thy office from thee, on my peril.

Brakenbury. No, madam, no; I may not leave it so:
I am bound by oath, and therefore pardon me. [Exit.

Enter STANLEY.

Stanley. Let me but meet you, ladies, one hour hence,
And I 'll salute your grace of York as mother

And reverend looker-on of two fair queens.— 30

Come, madam, you must straight to Westminster,

[*To the Duchess of Gloster.*

There to be crowned Richard's royal queen.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, cut my lace asunder,
That my pent heart may have some scope to beat,
Or else I swoon with this dead-killing news!

Anne. Despiteful tidings! O, unpleasing news!

Dorset. Be of good cheer.—Mother, how fares your grace?

Queen Elizabeth. O Dorset, speak not to me, get thee
gone!

Death and destruction dog thee at thy heels;

Thy mother's name is ominous to children. 40

If thou wilt outstrip death, go cross the seas,
And live with Richmond from the reach of hell.

Go, hie thee, hie thee from this slaughter-house,
Lest thou increase the number of the dead,
And make me die the thrall of Margaret's curse,—
Nor mother, wife, nor England's counted queen.

Stanley. Full of wise care is this your counsel, madam.—

Take all the swift advantage of the hours;

You shall have letters from me to my son

In your behalf, to meet you on the way: 50

Be not ta'en tardy by unwise delay.

Duchess. O, ill-dispersing wind of misery!—

O, my accursed womb, the bed of death!

A cockatrice hast thou hatch'd to the world,
Whose unavoided eye is murtherous.

Stanley. Come, madam, come; I in all haste was sent.

Anne. And I with all unwillingness will go.—

O, would to God that the inclusive verge
Of golden metal that must round my brow
Were red-hot steel to sear me to the brain!

Anointed let me be with deadly venom, 60

And die ere men can say, God save the queen!

Queen Elizabeth. Go, gō, poor soul, I envy not thy glory,
To feed my humour wish thyself no harm.

Anne. No! why?—When he that is my husband now
Came to me, as I follow'd Henry's corse,
When scarce the blood was well wash'd from his hands
Which issued from my other angel husband,
And that dear saint which then I weeping follow'd,—
O, when, I say, I look'd on Richard's face, 70
This was my wish: 'Be thou,' quoth I, 'accurs'd,
For making me, so young, so old a widow!
And, when thou wed'st, let sorrow haunt thy bed;
And be thy wife—if any be so mad—
More miserable by the life of thee
Than thou hast made me by my dear lord's death!
Lo, ere I can repeat this curse again,
Within so small a time, my woman's heart
Grossly grew captive to his honey words,
And prov'd the subject of mine own soul's curse, 80
Which hitherto hath held mine eyes from rest;
For never yet one hour in his bed
Did I enjoy the golden dew of sleep,
But with his timorous dreams was still awak'd.
Besides, he hates me for my father Warwick,
And will, no doubt, shortly be rid of me.

Queen Elizabeth. Poor heart, adieu! I pity thy complain-
ing.

Anne. No more than with my soul I mourn for yours.

Dorset. Farewell, thou woful welcomer of glory!

Anne. Adieu, poor soul, that tak'st thy leave of it! 90

Duchess. Go thou to Richmond, and good fortune guide
thee!— [To Dorset.

Go thou to Richard, and good angels tend thee!—

[To Anne.

Go thou to sanctuary, and good thoughts possess thee!—

[To Queen Elizabeth.

I to my grave, where peace and rest lie with me !
 Eighty odd years of sorrow have I seen,
 And each hour's joy wrack'd with a week of teen.

Queen Elizabeth. Stay yet, look back with me unto the
 Tower.—

Pity, you ancient stones, those tender babes
 Whom envy hath immur'd within your walls,
 Rough cradle for such little pretty ones !
 Rude ragged nurse, old sullen play-fellow
 For tender princes, use my babies well !
 So foolish sorrow bids your stones farewell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *A Room of State in the Palace.*

*A sennet. Enter RICHARD, crowned, and in state ; BUCKING-
 HAM, CATESBY, a Page, and others.*

King Richard. Stand all apart.—Cousin of Buckingham !

Buckingham. My gracious sovereign.

[*Richard ascends the throne. The trumpets sound.*

King Richard. Give me thy hand. Thus high, by thy ad-
 vice

And thy assistance, is King Richard seated.—

But shall we wear these glories for a day ?

Or shall they last, and we rejoice in them ?

Buckingham. Still live they, and forever let them last !

King Richard. Ah, Buckingham, now do I play the touch,
 To try if thou be current gold indeed !—

Young Edward lives.—Think now what I would speak. 10

Buckingham. Say on, my loving lord.

King Richard. Why, Buckingham, I say I would be king.

Buckingham. Why, so you are, my thrice-renowned lord.

King Richard. Ha ! am I king ? 'T is so ; but Edward
 lives.

Buckingham. True, noble prince.

King Richard. O, bitter consequence,

That Edward still should live!—‘True, noble prince!’—
 Cousin, thou wast not wont to be so dull.—
 Shall I be plain?—I wish the bastards dead,
 And I would have it suddenly perform’d.

What say’st thou now? speak suddenly; be brief. 20

Buckingham. Your grace may do your pleasure.

King Richard. Tut, tut! thou art all ice, thy kindness
 freezes.

Say, have I thy consent that they shall die?

Buckingham. Give me some little breath, some pause, dear
 lord,

Before I positively speak in this;

I will resolve you herein presently. [Exit.

Catesby. [Aside to another] The king is angry; see, he
 gnaws his lip.

King Richard. I will converse with iron-witted fools
[Descends from his throne.

And unrespective boys; none are for me

That look into me with considerate eyes. 30

High-reaching Buckingham grows circumspect.—

Boy!

Page. My lord?

King Richard. Know’st thou not any whom corrupting
 gold

Will tempt unto a close exploit of death?

Page. I know a discontented gentleman,
 Whose humble means match not his haughty spirit;
 Gold were as good as twenty orators,
 And will, no doubt, tempt him to any thing. 39

King Richard. What is his name?

Page. His name, my lord, is Tyrrel.

King Richard. I partly know the man; go, call him hither,
 boy.— [Exit Page.

The deep-revolving witty Buckingham

No more shall be the neighbour to my counsels.

Hath he so long held out with me untir'd,
And stops he now for breath?—well, be it so.—

Enter STANLEY.

How now, Lord Stanley? what's the news?

Stanley. Know, my loving lord,
The Marquis Dorset, as I hear, is fled
To Richmond, in the parts where he abides.

King Richard. Come hither, Catesby: rumour it abroad 50
That Anne my wife is very grievous sick;
I will take order for her keeping close.
Inquire me out some mean poor gentleman,
Whom I will marry straight to Clarence' daughter.—
The boy is foolish, and I fear not him.—
Look, how thou dream'st!—I say again, give out
That Anne my queen is sick, and like to die.
About it; for it stands me much upon
To stop all hopes whose growth may damage me.—

[Exit Catesby.

I must be married to my brother's daughter, 60
Or else my kingdom stands on brittle glass.—
Murder her brothers, and then marry her?
Uncertain way of gain! But I am in
So far in blood, that sin will pluck on sin.
Tear-falling pity dwells not in this eye.—

Enter Page, with TYRREL.

Is thy name Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. James Tyrrel, and your most obedient subject.

King Richard. Art thou, indeed?

Tyrrel. Prove me, my gracious lord.

King Richard. Dar'st thou resolve to kill a friend of mine?

Tyrrel. Please you; but I had rather kill two enemies. 70

King Richard. Why, then thou hast it; two deep enemies,
Foes to my rest and my sweet sleep's disturbers,

Are they that I would have thee deal upon.
Tyrrel, I mean those bastards in the Tower.

Tyrrel. Let me have open means to come to them,
And soon I'll rid you from the fear of them.

King Richard. Thou sing'st sweet music. Hark, come
hither, Tyrrel;

Go, by this token.—Rise, and lend thine ear. [*Whispers.*
There is no more but so;—say it is done,
And I will love thee and prefer thee for it.

Tyrrel. I will dispatch it straight. 80
[*Exit.*

Enter BUCKINGHAM.

Buckingham. My lord, I have consider'd in my mind
The late demand that you did sound me in.

King Richard. Well, let that rest. Dorset is fled to Rich-
mond.

Buckingham. I hear the news, my lord.

King Richard. Stanley, he is your wife's son;—well, look
unto it.

Buckingham. My lord, I claim the gift, my due by promise,
For which your honour and your faith is pawn'd;
The earldom of Hereford and the movables
Which you have promised I shall possess. 90

King Richard. Stanley, look to your wife; if she convey
Letters to Richmond, you shall answer it.

Buckingham. What says your highness to my just request?

King Richard. I do remember me,—Henry the Sixth
Did prophesy that Richmond should be king,
When Richmond was a little peevish boy.
A king!—perhaps—

Buckingham. My lord,—

King Richard. How chance the prophet could not at that
time

Have told me, I being by, that I should kill him? 100

Buckingham. My lord, your promise for the earldom,—

King Richard. Richmond!—When last I was at Exeter,
The mayor in courtesy show'd me the castle,
And call'd it Rougemont; at which name I started,
Because a bard of Ireland told me once,
I should not live long after I saw Richmond.

Buckingham. My lord,—

King Richard. Ay; what 's o'clock?

Buckingham. I am thus bold to put your grace in mind
Of what you promis'd me. 116

King Richard. Well, but what 's o'clock?

Buckingham. Upon the stroke of ten.

King Richard. Well, let it strike.

Buckingham. Why let it strike?

King Richard. Because that, like a Jack, thou keep'st the
stroke

Betwixt thy begging and my meditation.

I am not in the giving vein to-day.

Buckingham. Why, then resolve me whether you will or no.

King Richard. Thou troublest me; I am not in the vein.

[*Exeunt King Richard and Train.*]

Buckingham. And is it thus? repays he my deep service
With such contempt? made I him king for this?

O, let me think on Hastings, and be gone
To Brecknock, while my fearful head is on.

120
[*Exit.*]



SCENE III. *The Same.**Enter TYRREL.*

Tyrrel. The tyrannous and bloody act is done.
 The most arch deed of piteous massacre
 That ever yet this land was guilty of.
 Dighton and Forrest, whom I did suborn
 To do this piece of ruthless butchery,
 Albeit they were flesh'd villains, bloody dogs,
 Melted with tenderness and mild compassion,
 Wept like two children in their death's sad story.
 'O, thus,' quoth Dighton, 'lay the gentle babes,'—
 'Thus, thus,' quoth Forrest, 'girdling one another
 Within their alabaster innocent arms;
 Their lips were four red roses on a stalk,
 And in their summer beauty kiss'd each other.
 A book of prayers on their pillow lay,
 Which once,' quoth Forrest, 'almost chang'd my mind;
 But, O, the devil—there the villain stopp'd;
 When Dighton thus told on,—'We smothered
 The most replenished sweet work of Nature
 That from the prime creation e'er she fram'd.'
 Hence both are gone with conscience and remorse,
 They could not speak; and so I left them both,
 To bear this tidings to the bloody king.

Enter KING RICHARD.

And here he comes.—All health, my sovereign lord!

King Richard. Kind Tyrrel, am I happy in thy news?

Tyrrel. If to have done the thing you gave in charge
 Beget your happiness, be happy then,
 For it is done.

King Richard. But didst thou see them dead?

Tyrrel. I did, my lord.

King Richard. And buried, gentle Tyrrel?

Tyrrel. The chaplain of the Tower hath buried them ;
But where, to say the truth, I do not know. 30

King Richard. Come to me, Tyrrel, soon, and after supper,
When thou shalt tell the process of their death.
Meantime, but think how I may do thee good,
And be inheritor of thy desire.
Farewell till then.

Tyrrel. I humbly take my leave. [Exit.

King Richard. The son of Clarence have I pent up close ;
His daughter meanly have I match'd in marriage ;
The sons of Edward sleep in Abraham's bosom,
And Anne my wife hath bid this world good night.
Now, for I know the Breton Richmond aims 40
At young Elizabeth, my brother's daughter,
And by that knot looks proudly on the crown,
To her go I, a jolly thriving wooer.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My lord !—

King Richard. Good or bad news, that thou com'st in so
bluntly ?

Catesby. Bad news, my lord ; Morton is fled to Richmond,
And Buckingham, back'd with the hardy Welshmen,
Is in the field, and still his power increaseth.

King Richard. Ely with Richmond troubles me more near
Than Buckingham and his rash-levied strength. 50
Come, I have learn'd that fearful commenting
Is leaden servitor to dull delay ;
Delay leads impotent and snail-pac'd beggary :
Then fiery expedition be my wing,
Jove's Mercury, and herald for a king !
Go, muster men ; my counsel is my shield.
We must be brief when traitors brave the field. [Exeunt.

SCENE IV. *Before the Palace.**Enter* QUEEN MARGARET.

Queen Margaret. So, now prosperity begins to mellow
 And drop into the rotten mouth of death.
 Here in these confines slyly have I lurk'd,
 To watch the waning of mine enemies.
 A dire induction am I witness to,
 And will to France, hoping the consequence
 Will prove as bitter, black, and tragical.
 Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret; who comes here?

[*Retiring.*]*Enter* QUEEN ELIZABETH and the DUCHESS OF YORK.

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, my poor princes! ah, my tender
 babes!

My unblown flowers, new-appearing sweets! 10

If yet your gentle souls fly in the air,
 And be not fix'd in doom perpetual,
 Hover about me with your airy wings,
 And hear your mother's lamentation!

Queen Margaret. Hover about her; say that right for right
 Hath dimm'd your infant morn to aged night.

Duchess. So many miseries have craz'd my voice,
 That my woe-wearied tongue is still and mute.—
 Edward Plantagenet, why art thou dead?

Queen Margaret. Plantagenet doth quit Plantagenet, 20
 Edward for Edward pays a dying debt.

Queen Elizabeth. Wilt thou, O God, fly from such gentle
 lambs,

And throw them in the entrails of the wolf?

When didst thou sleep when such a deed was done?

Queen Margaret. When holy Harry died, and my sweet
 son.

Duchess. Dead life, blind sight, poor mortal living ghost,
 Woe's scene, world's shame, grave's due by life usurp'd,
 Brief abstract and record of tedious days,
 Rest thy unrest on England's lawful earth, [*Sitting down.*
 Unlawfully made drunk with innocent blood ! 30

Queen Elizabeth. Ah, that thou wouldst as soon afford a
 grave

As thou canst yield a melancholy seat !

Then would I hide my bones, not rest them here.

Ah, who hath any cause to mourn but we ?

[*Sitting down by her.*

Queen Margaret. If ancient sorrow be most reverent,

[*Coming forward.*

Give mine the benefit of seniory,

And let my griefs frown on the upper hand.

If sorrow can admit society, [*Sitting down with them.*

Tell o'er your woes again by viewing mine.—

I had an Edward till a Richard kill'd him ;

40

I had a Harry till a Richard kill'd him :

Thou hadst an Edward till a Richard kill'd him ;

Thou hadst a Richard till a Richard kill'd him.

Duchess. I had a Richard too, and thou didst kill him :

I had a Rutland too, thou holp'st to kill him.

Queen Margaret. Thou hadst a Clarence too, and Richard
 kill'd him.

From forth the kennel of thy womb hath crept

A hell-hound that doth hunt us all to death ;

That dog that had his teeth before his eyes,

To worry lambs and lap their gentle blood,

50

That foul defacer of God's handiwork,

That excellent grand tyrant of the earth,

That reigns in galled eyes of weeping souls,

Thy womb let loose to chase us to our graves.—

O upright, just, and true-disposing God,

How do I thank thee that this carnal cur

Preys on the issue of his mother's body,
And makes her pew-fellow with others' moan!

Duchess. O, Harry's wife, triumph not in my woes!
God witness with me, I have wept for thine. 60

Queen Margaret. Bear with me; I am hungry for revenge,

And now I cloy me with beholding it.
Thy Edward he is dead, that kill'd my Edward;
Thy other Edward dead, to quit my Edward;
Young York he is but boot, because both they
Match not the high perfection of my loss.

Thy Clarence he is dead, that stabb'd my Edward;
And the beholders of this frantic play,
Th' adulterate Hastings, Rivers, Vaughan, Grey,
Untimely smother'd in their dusky graves. 70

Richard yet lives, hell's black intelligencer,
Only reserv'd their factor to buy souls
And send them thither; but at hand, at hand,
Ensues his piteous and unpitied end:
Earth gapes, hell burns, fiends roar, saints pray,
To have him suddenly convey'd from hence.—

Cancel his bond of life, dear God, I pray,
That I may live and say, The dog is dead!

Queen Elizabeth. O, thou didst prophesy the time would
come

That I should wish for thee to help me curse 80
That bottled spider, that foul bunch-back'd toad!

Queen Margaret. I call'd thee then vain flourish of my
fortune;

I call'd thee then poor shadow, painted queen;
The presentation of but what I was,
The flattering index of a direful pageant,
One heav'd a-high, to be hurl'd down below:
A mother only mock'd with two fair babes;
A dream of what thou wast; a garish flag,

To be the aim of every dangerous shot ;
 A sign of dignity, a breath, a bubble ; 90
 A queen in jest, only to fill the scene.
 Where is thy husband now ? where be thy brothers ?
 Where be thy two sons ? wherein dost thou joy ?
 Who sues, and kneels, and says, God save the queen ?
 Where be the bending peers that flattered thee ?
 Where be the thronging troops that followed thee ?
 Decline all this, and see what now thou art.
 For happy wife, a most distressed widow ;
 For joyful mother, one that wails the name ;
 For one being sued to, one that humbly sues ; 100
 For queen, a very caitiff crown'd with care :
 For one that scorn'd at me, now scorn'd of me ;
 For one being fear'd of all, now fearing one ;
 For one commanding all, obey'd of none.
 Thus hath the course of justice wheel'd about,
 And left thee but a very prey to time ;
 Having no more but thought of what thou wast
 To torture thee the more, being what thou art.
 Thou didst usurp my place, and dost thou not
 Usurp the just proportion of my sorrow ? 110
 Now thy proud neck bears half my burthen'd yoke ;
 From which even here I slip my wearied head,
 And leave the burthen of it all on thee.
 Farewell, York's wife, and queen of sad mischance ;
 These English woes shall make me smile in France.

Queen Elizabeth. O thou well skill'd in curses, stay a while,

And teach me how to curse mine enemies.

Queen Margaret. Forbear to sleep the night, and fast the day ;

Compare dead happiness with living woe ;
 Think that thy babes were sweeter than they were, 120
 And he that slew them fouler than he is :

Bettering thy loss makes the bad causer worse;
 Revolving this will teach thee how to curse.

Queen Elizabeth. My words are dull; O, quicken them
 with thine!

Queen Margaret. Thy woes will make them sharp, and
 pierce like mine. [*Exit Queen Margaret.*]

Duchess. Why should calamity be full of words?

Queen Elizabeth. Windy attorneys to their client woes,
 Airy succeders of intestate joys,
 Poor breathing orators of miseries!

Let them have scope; though what they will impart 130
 Help nothing else, yet do they ease the heart.

Duchess. If so, then be not tongue-tied; go with me,
 And in the breath of bitter words let's smother
 My damned son, that thy two sweet sons smother'd.

[*A trumpet heard.*]

The trumpet sounds; be copious in exclaims.

Enter KING RICHARD and his train, marching.

King Richard. Who intercepts me in my expedition?

Duchess. O, she that might have intercepted thee,
 By strangling thee in her accursed womb,
 From all the slaughters, wretch, that thou hast done.

Queen Elizabeth. Hid'st thou that forehead with a golden
 crown, 140

Where should be branded, if that right were right,
 The slaughter of the prince that owed that crown,
 And the dire death of my poor sons and brothers?
 Tell me, thou villain slave, where are my children?

Duchess. Thou toad, thou toad, where is thy brother Clarence,
 And little Ned Plantagenet, his son?

Queen Elizabeth. Where is the gentle Rivers, Vaughan,
 Grey?

Duchess. Where is kind Hastings?

King Richard. A flourish, trumpets! — strike alarum, drums!

Let not the heavens hear these tell-tale women 150
 Rail on the Lord's anointed. Strike, I say! —

[*Flourish. Alarums.*]

Either be patient and entreat me fair,
 Or with the clamorous report of war
 Thus will I drown your exclamations.

Duchess. Art thou my son?

King Richard. Ay, I thank God, my father, and yourself.

Duchess. Then patiently hear my impatience.

King Richard. Madam, I have a touch of your condition,
 That cannot brook the accent of reproof.

Duchess. O, let me speak.

King Richard. Do, then; but I'll not hear.

Duchess. I will be mild and gentle in my words. 161

King Richard. And brief, good mother, for I am in
 haste.

Duchess. Art thou so hasty? I have stay'd for thee,
 God knows, in torment and in agony.

King Richard. And came I not at last to comfort you?

Duchess. No, by the holy rood, thou know'st it well,
 Thou cam'st on earth to make the earth my hell.

A grievous burthen was thy birth to me:

Tetchy and wayward was thy infancy;

Thy school-days frightful, desperate, wild, and furious; 170

Thy prime of manhood daring, bold, and venturous;

Thy age confirm'd, proud, subtle, sly, and bloody,

More mild but yet more harmful, kind in hatred:

What comfortable hour canst thou name

That ever grac'd me with thy company?

King Richard. Faith, none, but Humphrey Hour, that call'd
 your grace

'To breakfast once forth of my company.

If I be so disgracious in your eye,

Let me march on, and not offend you, madam.—
Strike up the drum !

Duchess. I prithee hear me speak. 180

King Richard. You speak too bitterly.

Duchess. Hear me a word ;

For I shall never speak to thee again.

King Richard. So.

Duchess. Either thou wilt die by God's just ordinance,
Ere from this war thou turn a conqueror,
Or I with grief and extreme age shall perish,
And never more behold thy face again.
Therefore take with thee my most grievous curse,
Which in the day of battle tire thee more
Than all the complete armour that thou wear'st ! 190
My prayers on the adverse party fight ;
And there the little souls of Edward's children
Whisper the spirits of thine enemies,
And promise them success and victory.
Bloody thou art, bloody will be thy end ;
Shame serves thy life, and doth thy death attend. [*Exit.*

Queen Elizabeth. Though far more cause, yet much less
spirit to curse

Abides in me ; I say amen to her. [*Going.*

King Richard. Stay, madam, I must talk a word with you.

Queen Elizabeth. I have no more sons of the royal blood
For thee to slaughter ; for my daughters, Richard, 201
They shall be praying nuns, not weeping queens,
And therefore level not to hit their lives.

King Richard. You have a daughter call'd Elizabeth,
Virtuous and fair, royal and gracious.

Queen Elizabeth. And must she die for this ? O, let her
live,

And I'll corrupt her manners, stain her beauty,
Slander myself as false to Edward's bed,
Throw over her the veil of infamy !

So she may live unscarr'd of bleeding slaughter, 210
I will confess she was not Edward's daughter.

King Richard. Wrong not her birth; she is a royal princess.

Queen Elizabeth. To save her life, I'll say she is not so.

King Richard. Her life is safest only in her birth.

Queen Elizabeth. And only in that safety died her brothers.

King Richard. Lo, at their birth good stars were opposite.

Queen Elizabeth. No, to their lives ill friends were contrary.

King Richard. All unavoided is the doom of destiny.

Queen Elizabeth. True, when avoided grace makes destiny.

My babes were destin'd to a fairer death, 220
If grace had bless'd thee with a fairer life.

King Richard. You speak as if that I had slain my cousins.

Queen Elizabeth. Cousins, indeed; and by their uncles cozen'd

Of comfort, kingdom, kindred, freedom, life.

Whose hand soever lanc'd their tender hearts,

Thy head, all indirectly, gave direction:

No doubt the murderous knife was dull and blunt

Till it was whetted on thy stone-hard heart

To revel in the entrails of my lambs.

But that still use of grief makes wild grief tame, 230

My tongue should to thy ears not name my boys

Till that my nails were anchor'd in thine eyes;

And I, in such a desperate bay of death,

Like a poor bark, of sails and tackling reft,

Rush all to pieces on thy rocky bosom.

King Richard. Madam, so thrive I in my enterprise
And dangerous success of bloody wars

As I intend more good to you and yours
Than ever you or yours by me were harm'd !

Queen Elizabeth. What good is cover'd with the face of
heaven, 240

To be discover'd, that can do me good ?

King Richard. The advancement of your children, gentle
lady.

Queen Elizabeth. Up to some scaffold, there to lose their
heads ?

King Richard. Unto the dignity and height of fortune,
The high imperial type of this earth's glory.

Queen Elizabeth. Flatter my sorrow with report of it ;
Tell me what state, what dignity, what honour,
Canst thou demise to any child of mine ?

King Richard. Even all I have ; ay, and myself and all,
Will I withal endow a child of thine, 250
So in the Lethe of thy angry soul

Thou drown the sad remembrance of those wrongs
Which thou supposest I have done to thee.

Queen Elizabeth. Be brief, lest that the process of thy
kindness
Last longer telling than thy kindness' date.

King Richard. Then know that from my soul I love thy
daughter.

Queen Elizabeth. My daughter's mother thinks it with her
soul.

King Richard. What do you think ?

Queen Elizabeth. That thou dost love my daughter from
thy soul.

So from thy soul's love didst thou love her brothers ; 260
And from my heart's love I do thank thee for it.

King Richard. Be not so hasty to confound my mean-
ing.

I mean, that with my soul I love thy daughter,
And do intend to make her queen of England.

Queen Elizabeth. Well, then, who dost thou mean shall be her king?

King Richard. Even he that makes her queen; who else should be?

Queen Elizabeth. What, thou?

King Richard. Even so; how think you of it?

Queen Elizabeth. How canst thou woo her?

King Richard. That I would learn of you,
As one being best acquainted with her humour. 270

Queen Elizabeth. And wilt thou learn of me?

King Richard. Madam, with all my heart.

Queen Elizabeth. Send to her, by the man that slew her brothers,

A pair of bleeding hearts; thereon engrave
Edward and York; then haply will she weep:
Therefore present to her—as sometime Margaret
Did to thy father, steep'd in Rutland's blood—
A handkerchief, which, say to her, did drain
The purple sap from her sweet brothers' bodies,
And bid her wipe her weeping eyes withal. 280

If this inducement move her not to love,
Send her a letter of thy noble deeds:
Tell her thou mad'st away her uncle Clarence,
Her uncle Rivers; ay, and for her sake,
Mad'st quick conveyance with her good aunt Anne.

King Richard. You mock me, madam; this is not the way
To win your daughter.

Queen Elizabeth. There is no other way,
Unless thou couldst put on some other shape,
And not be Richard that hath done all this.

King Richard. Say that I did all this for love of her? 290

Queen Elizabeth. Nay, then indeed she cannot choose but
love thee,

Having bought love with such a bloody spoil.

King Richard. Look, what is done cannot be now amended;

Men shall deal unadvisedly sometimes,
Which after-hours give leisure to repent.
If I did take the kingdom from your sons,
To make amends I 'll give it to your daughter.
If I have kill'd the issue of your womb,
To quicken your increase I will beget
Mine issue of your blood upon your daughter. 300
A grandam's name is little less in love
Than is the doting title of a mother :
They are as children but one step below,
Even of your mettle, of your very blood ;
Of all one pain, save for a night of groans
Endur'd of her for whom you bid like sorrow.
Your children were vexation to your youth,
But mine shall be a comfort to your age.
The loss you have is but a son, being king,
And by that loss your daughter is made queen. 310
I cannot make you what amends I would,
Therefore accept such kindness as I can.
Dorset your son, that with a fearful soul
Leads discontented steps in foreign soil.
This fair alliance quickly shall call home
To high promotions and great dignity.
The king that calls your beauteous daughter wife.
Familiarly shall call thy Dorset brother ;
Again shall you be mother to a king,
And all the ruins of distressful times 320
Repair'd with double riches of content.
What ! we have many goodly days to see :
The liquid drops of tears that you have shed
Shall come again transform'd to orient pearl,
Advantaging their loan with interest
Of ten-times-double gain of happiness.
Go then, my mother, to thy daughter go :
Make bold her bashful years with your experience ;

Prepare her ears to hear a wooer's tale ;
 Put in her tender heart the aspiring flame
 Of golden sovereignty ; acquaint the princess
 With the sweet silent hours of marriage joys :
 And when this arm of mine hath chastised
 The petty rebel, dull-brain'd Buckingham,
 Bound with triumphant garlands will I come,
 And lead thy daughter to a conqueror's bed ;
 To whom I will retail my conquest won,
 And she shall be sole victress, Cæsar's Cæsar.

339

Queen Elizabeth. What were I best to say ? her father's
 brother

Would be her lord ? Or shall I say her uncle ?

340

Or he that slew her brothers and her uncles ?

Under what title shall I woo for thee,

That God, the law, my honour, and her love

Can make seem pleasing to her tender years ?

King Richard. Infer fair England's peace by this alliance.

Queen Elizabeth. Which she shall purchase with still-last-
 ing war.

King Richard. Tell her the king, that may command, en-
 treats.

Queen Elizabeth. That at her hands which the king's King
 forbids.

King Richard. Say she shall be a high and mighty queen.

Queen Elizabeth. To wail the title as her mother doth.

King Richard. Say I will love her everlastingly.

354

Queen Elizabeth. But how long shall that title 'ever'
 last ?

King Richard. Sweetly in force unto her fair life's end.

Queen Elizabeth. But how long fairly shall her sweet life
 last ?

King Richard. As long as heaven and nature lengthens it.

Queen Elizabeth. As long as hell and Richard likes of it.

King Richard. Say I, her sovereign, am her subject low.

Queen Elizabeth. But she, your subject, loathes such sovereignty.

King Richard. Be eloquent in my behalf to her.

Queen Elizabeth. An honest tale speeds best being plainly told. 360

King Richard. Then plainly to her tell my loving tale.

Queen Elizabeth. Plain, and not honest, is too harsh a style.

King Richard. Your reasons are too shallow and too quick.

Queen Elizabeth. O, no, my reasons are too deep and dead,—

Too deep and dead, poor infants, in their graves.

King Richard. Harp not on that string, madam; that is past.

Queen Elizabeth. Harp on it still shall I, till heart-strings break.

King Richard. Now, by my George, my garter, and my crown,—

Queen Elizabeth. Profan'd, dishonour'd, and the third usurp'd.

King Richard. I swear—

Queen Elizabeth. By nothing; for this is no oath.

Thy George, profan'd, hath lost his lordly honour; 371

Thy garter, blemish'd, pawn'd his knightly virtue;

Thy crown, usurp'd, disgrac'd his kingly glory.

If something thou wouldst swear to be believ'd,

Swear then by something that thou hast not wrong'd.

King Richard. Then by myself,—

Queen Elizabeth. Thyself is self-misus'd.

King Richard. Now by the world,—

Queen Elizabeth. 'T is full of thy foul wrongs.

King Richard. My father's death,—

Queen Elizabeth. Thy life hath it dishonour'd.

King Richard. Why, then, by God,—

Queen Elizabeth. God's wrong is most of all.

If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him, 380

The unity the king my husband made
 Thou hadst not broken, nor my brother slain.
 If thou hadst fear'd to break an oath by Him,
 The imperial metal, circling now thy head,
 Had grac'd the tender temples of my child;
 And both the princes had been breathing here,
 Which now, two tender bedfellows for dust,
 Thy broken faith hath made the prey for worms.
 What canst thou swear by now?

King Richard. The time to come.

Queen Elizabeth. That thou hast wronged in the time
 o'erpast; 390

For I myself have many tears to wash
 Hereafter time, for time past wrong'd by thee.
 The children live whose fathers thou hast slaughter'd,
 Ungovern'd youth, to wail it with their age;
 The parents live whose children thou hast butcher'd,
 Old barren plants, to wail it with their age.
 Swear not by time to come; for that thou hast
 Misus'd ere us'd, by times ill-us'd o'erpast.

King Richard. As I intend to prosper and repent,
 So thrive I in my dangerous affairs 400
 Of hostile arms! myself myself confound!
 Heaven and fortune bar me happy hours!
 Day, yield me not thy light, nor, night, thy rest!
 Be opposite all planets of good luck
 To my proceeding, if, with dear heart's love,
 Immaculate devotion, holy thoughts,
 I tender not thy beauteous princely daughter!
 In her consists my happiness and thine;
 Without her follows to myself and thee,
 Herself, the land, and many a Christian soul. 410
 Death, desolation, ruin, and decay:
 It cannot be avoided but by this;
 It will not be avoided but by this.

Therefore, dear mother,—I must call you so,—
 Be the attorney of my love to her.
 Plead what I will be, not what I have been ;
 Not my deserts, but what I will deserve :
 Urge the necessity and state of times,
 And be not peevish found in great designs. 419

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I be tempted of the devil thus ?

King Richard. Ay, if the devil tempts thee to do good.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I forget myself to be myself ?

King Richard. Ay, if your self's remembrance wrong your-
 self.

Queen Elizabeth. Shall I go win my daughter to thy will ?

King Richard. And be a happy mother by the deed.

Queen Elizabeth. I go.—Write to me very shortly,
 And you shall understand from me her mind. .

King Richard. Bear her my true love's kiss, and so fare-
 well.— [Exit Queen Elizabeth.]

Relenting fool, and shallow, changing woman !—

How now ! what news ? 430

Enter RATCLIFF ; CATESBY following.

Ratcliff. Most mighty sovereign, on the western coast
 Rideth a puissant navy ; to our shores
 Throng many doubtful hollow-hearted friends,
 Unarm'd, and unresolv'd to beat them back.
 'Tis thought that Richmond is their admiral ;
 And there they hull, expecting but the aid
 Of Buckingham to welcome them ashore.

King Richard. Some light-foot friend post to the Duke of
 Norfolk ;—

Ratcliff, thyself,—or Catesby ; where is he ? 439

Catesby. Here, my good lord.

King Richard. Catesby, fly to the duke.

Catesby. I will, my lord, with all convenient haste.

King Richard. Ratcliff, come hither. Post to Salisbury ;

When thou com'st thither,—Dull, unmindful villain,
[To Catesby.]

Why stay'st thou here, and go'st not to the duke?

Catesby. First, mighty liege, tell me your highness' pleasure,

What from your grace I shall deliver to him.

King Richard. O, true, good Catesby.—Bid him levy straight

'The greatest strength and power he can make,

And meet me suddenly at Salisbury.

Catesby. I go. 449 [Exit.]

Ratcliff. What, may it please you, shall I do at Salisbury?

King Richard. Why, what wouldst thou do there before I go?

Ratcliff. Your highness told me I should post before.

Enter STANLEY.

King Richard. My mind is chang'd.—Stanley, what news with you?

Stanley. None good, my liege, to please you with the hearing;

Nor none so bad but well may be reported.

King Richard. Heyday, a riddle! neither good nor bad? What need'st thou run so many miles about

When thou mayst tell thy tale the nearest way?

Once more, what news?

Stanley. Richmond is on the seas. 460

King Richard. There let him sink, and be the seas on him,

White-liver'd runagate!—What doth he there?

Stanley. I know not, mighty sovereign, but by guess.

King Richard. Well, as you guess?

Stanley. Stirr'd up by Dorset, Buckingham, and Morton, He makes for England, here to claim the crown.

King Richard. Is the chair empty? is the sword unsway'd?

Is the king dead? the empire unpossess'd?

What heir of York is there alive but we?

And who is England's king but great York's heir?

470

Then, tell me, what makes he upon the seas?

Stanley. Unless for that, my liege, I cannot guess.

King Richard. Unless for that he comes to be your liege,
You cannot guess wherefore the Welshman comes?

Thou wilt revolt and fly to him, I fear.

Stanley. No, my good lord; therefore mistrust me not.

King Richard. Where is thy power then to beat him back?
Where be thy tenants and thy followers?

Are they not now upon the western shore,

Safe-conducting the rebels from their ships?

480

Stanley. No, my good lord, my friends are in the north.

King Richard. Cold friends to me! What do they in the
north

When they should serve their sovereign in the west?

Stanley. They have not been commanded, mighty king.

Pleaseth your majesty to give me leave,

I'll muster up my friends and meet your grace

Where and what time your majesty shall please.

King Richard. Ay, thou wouldst be gone to join with
Richmond;

But I'll not trust thee.

Stanley. Most mighty sovereign,

You have no cause to hold my friendship doubtful.

490

I never was nor never will be false.

King Richard. Go, then, and muster men; but leave be-
hind

Your son, George Stanley. Look your heart be firm,

Or else his head's assurance is but frail.

Stanley. So deal with him as I prove true to you.

[*Exit Stanley.*]

Enter a Messenger.

Messenger. My gracious sovereign, now in Devonshire,

As I by friends am well advertised,
 Sir Edward Courtney and the haughty prelate,
 Bishop of Exeter, his elder brother,
 With many more confederates, are in arms. , 500

Enter another Messenger.

2 *Messenger.* In Kent, my liege, the Guildfords are in
 arms ;
 And every hour more competitors
 Flock to the rebels, and their power grows strong.

Enter a third Messenger.

3 *Messenger.* My lord, the army of great Buckingham—
King Richard. Out on ye, owls! nothing but songs of
 death? [*He strikes him.*
 There, take thou that, till thou bring better news.

3 *Messenger.* The news I have to tell your majesty
 Is, that by sudden floods and fall of waters
 Buckingham's army is dispers'd and scatter'd,
 And he himself wander'd away alone, 510
 No man knows whither.

King Richard. I cry thee mercy ;
 There is my purse to cure that blow of thine.
 Hath any well-advised friend proclaim'd
 Reward to him that brings the traitor in?

3 *Messenger.* Such proclamation hath been made, my lord.

Enter a fourth Messenger.

4 *Messenger.* Sir Thomas Lovel and Lord Marquis Dorset,
 'T is said, my liege, in Yorkshire are in arms ;
 But this good comfort bring I to your highness,—
 The Breton navy is dispers'd by tempest.
 Richmond, in Dorsetshire, sent out a boat 520
 Unto the shore, to ask those on the banks
 If they were his assistants, yea or no ;

Who answer'd him, they came from Buckingham
 Upon his party: he, mistrusting them,
 Hois'd sail and made his course again for Bretagne.

King Richard. March on, march on, since we are up in
 arms;
 If not to fight with foreign enemies,
 Yet to beat down these rebels here at home.

Enter CATESBY.

Catesby. My liege, the Duke of Buckingham is taken;
 That is the best news: that the Earl of Richmond 530
 Is with a mighty power landed at Milford
 Is colder news, but yet they must be told.

King Richard. Away towards Salisbury! while we reason
 here
 A royal battle might be won and lost.—
 Some one take order Buckingham be brought
 To Salisbury; the rest march on with me. [Exeunt.

SCENE V. *Lord Stanley's House.*

Enter STANLEY and SIR CHRISTOPHER URSWICK.

Stanley. Sir Christopher, tell Richmond this from me,—
 That in the sty of the most deadly boar
 My son George Stanley is frank'd up in hold:
 If I revolt, off goes young George's head;
 The fear of that holds off my present aid.
 So, get thee gone; commend me to thy lord.
 Withal, say that the queen hath heartily consented
 He should espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 But, tell me, where is princely Richmond now?

Christopher. At Pembroke, or at Hertford West, in Wales.

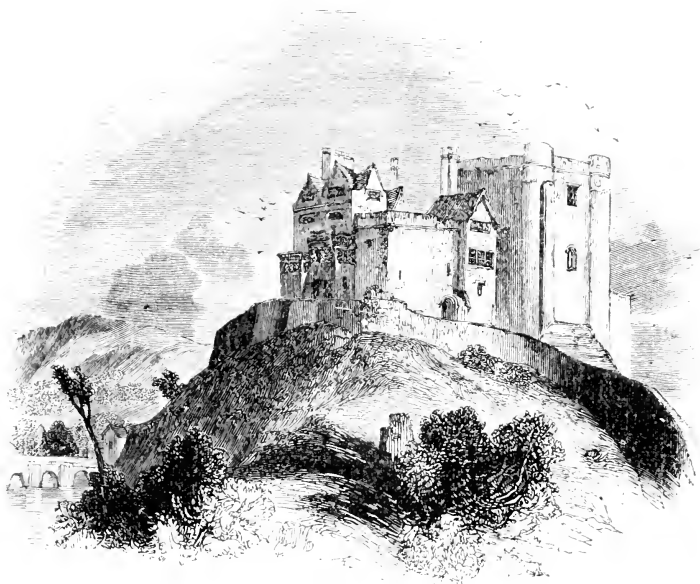
Stanley. What men of name resort to him? 11

Christopher. Sir Walter Herbert, a renowned soldier;
 Sir Gilbert Talbot, Sir William Stanley;

Oxford, redoubted Pembroke, Sir James Blunt,
And Rice ap Thomas, with a valiant crew,
And many other of great name and worth :
And towards London do they bend their power,
If by the way they be not fought withal.

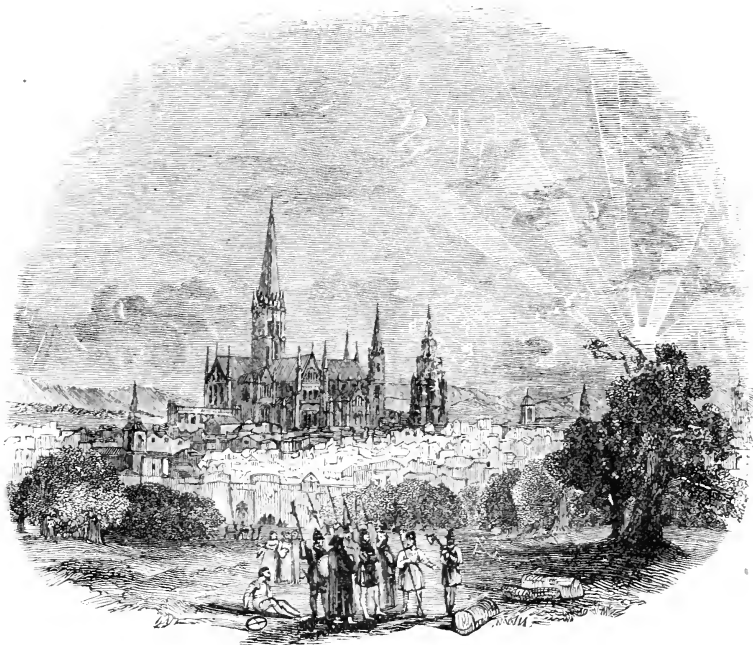
Stanley. Well, hie thee to thy lord ; I kiss his hand :
My letter will resolve him of my mind.
Farewell.

20

[*Exeunt.*

TAMWORTH CASTLE.

K



SALISBURY.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *Salisbury. An open Place.*

Enter the Sheriff and Guard, with BUCKINGHAM, led to execution.

Buckingham. Will not King Richard let me speak with him?

Sheriff. No, my good lord; therefore be patient.

Buckingham. Hastings, and Edward's children, Grey, and Rivers,

Holy King Henry, and thy fair son Edward,
 Vaughan, and all that have miscarried
 By underhand corrupted foul injustice,
 If that your moody discontented souls
 Do through the clouds behold this present hour,
 Even for revenge mock my destruction !—
 This is All-Souls' day, fellow, is it not?

10

Sheriff. It is.

Buckingham. Why, then All-Souls' day is my body's
 doomsday.

This is the day which, in King Edward's time,
 I wish'd might fall on me when I was found
 False to his children or his wife's allies ;
 This is the day wherein I wish'd to fall
 By the false faith of him whom most I trusted ;
 This, this All-Souls' day to my fearful soul
 Is the determin'd respite of my wrongs.
 That high All-Seer which I dallied with
 Hath turn'd my feigned prayer on my head,
 And given in earnest what I begg'd in jest.
 Thus doth he force the swords of wicked men
 To turn their own points in their masters' bosoms ;
 Thus Margaret's curse falls heavy on my neck :
 'When he,' quoth she, 'shall split thy heart with sorrow,
 Remember Margaret was a prophetess.'—
 Come, lead me, officers, to the block of shame ;
 Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the due of blame.

20

29

[*Exeunt Buckingham and Officers.*]

SCENE II. *A Plain near Tamworth.*

Enter RICHMOND, OXFORD, BLUNT, HERBERT, *and others,*
with drum and colours.

Richmond. Fellows in arms, and my most loving friends,
 Bruis'd underneath the yoke of tyranny,

Thus far into the bowels of the land
 Have we march'd on without impediment ;
 And here receive we from our father Stanley
 Lines of fair comfort and encouragement.
 The wretched, bloody, and usurping boar,
 That spoil'd your summer fields and fruitful vines,
 Swills your warm blood like wash, and makes his trough
 In your embowell'd bosoms,—this foul swine 10
 Is now even in the centre of this isle,
 Near to the town of Leicester, as we learn ;
 From Tamworth thither is but one day's march.
 In God's name, cheerly on, courageous friends,
 To reap the harvest of perpetual peace
 By this one bloody trial of sharp war.

Oxford. Every man's conscience is a thousand men,
 To fight against this guilty homicide.

Herbert. I doubt not but his friends will turn to us.

Blunt. He hath no friends but what are friends for
 fear, 20

Which in his dearest need will fly from him.

Richmond. All for our vantage. Then, in God's name,
 march.

True hope is swift, and flies with swallow's wings ;
 Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *Bosworth Field.*

Enter KING RICHARD *in arms, with* NORFOLK, SURREY, *and*
others.

King Richard. Here pitch our tents, even here in Bos-
 worth field.—

My Lord of Surrey, why look you so sad ?

Surrey. My heart is ten times lighter than my looks.

King Richard. My Lord of Norfolk,—

Norfolk.

Here, most gracious liege.

King Richard. Norfolk, we must have knocks; ha! must we not?

Norfolk. We must both give and take, my loving lord.

King Richard. Up with my tent! here will I lie to-night;— [*Soldiers begin to set up the King's tent.*

But where to-morrow?—Well, all 's one for that.—

Who hath descried the number of the traitors?

Norfolk. Six or seven thousand is their utmost power. 10

King Richard. Why, our battalia trebles that account;

Besides, the king's name is a tower of strength,

Which they upon the adverse faction want.—

Up with the tent!—Come, noble gentlemen,

Let us survey the vantage of the ground.—

Call for some men of sound direction.—

Let 's lack no discipline, make no delay,

For, lords, to-morrow is a busy day. [*Excunt.*

Enter, on the other side of the field, RICHMOND, SIR WILLIAM BRANDON, BLUNT, OXFORD, and others. Some of the Soldiers pitch Richmond's tent.

Richmond. The weary sun hath made a golden set,

And by the bright track of his fiery car 20

Gives token of a goodly day to-morrow.—

Sir William Brandon, you shall bear my standard.—

Give me some ink and paper in my tent;

I'll draw the form and model of our battle,

Limit each leader to his several charge,

And part in just proportion our small power.—

My Lord of Oxford,—you, Sir William Brandon,—

And you, Sir Walter Herbert, stay with me.—

The Earl of Pembroke keeps his regiment;

Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him, 30

And by the second hour in the morning

Desire the earl to see me in my tent.—

Yet one thing more, good captain, do for me ;
Where is Lord Stanley quarter'd ? do you know ?

Blunt. Unless I have mista'en his colours much,—
Which well I am assur'd I have not done,—
His regiment lies half a mile at least
South from the mighty power of the king.

Richmond. If without peril it be possible,
Sweet Blunt, make some good means to speak with him, 40
And give him from me this most needful note.

Blunt. Upon my life, my lord, I'll undertake it ;
And so, God give you quiet rest to-night !

Richmond. Good night, good Captain Blunt.—Come, gentlemen,
Let us consult upon to-morrow's business.
In to my tent ! the dew is raw and cold.

[*They withdraw into the tent.*]

*Enter, to his tent, KING RICHARD, NORFOLK, RATCLIFF, and
CATESBY.*

King Richard. What is 't o'clock ?

Catesby. It's supper time, my lord ;
It's nine o'clock.

King Richard. I will not sup to-night.—
Give me some ink and paper.—

What, is my beaver easier than it was ? 50
And all my armour laid into my tent ?

Catesby. It is, my liege ; and all things are in readiness.

King Richard. Good Norfolk, hie thee to thy charge.
Use careful watch, choose trusty sentinels.

Norfolk. I go, my lord.

King Richard. Stir with the lark to-morrow, gentle Norfolk.

Norfolk. I warrant you, my lord. [Exit.

King Richard. Catesby !

Catesby. My lord ?

King Richard. Send out a pursuivant-at-arms
To Stanley's regiment; bid him bring his power 60
Before sun-rising, lest his son George fall
Into the blind cave of eternal night.— [*Exit Catesby.*
Fill me a bowl of wine.—Give me a watch.—
Saddle white Surrey for the field to-morrow.—
Look that my staves be sound, and not too heavy.—
Ratcliff!—

Ratcliff. My lord?

King Richard. Saw'st thou the melancholy Lord Northumberland?

Ratcliff. Thomas the Earl of Surrey, and himself,
Much about cock-shut time, from troop to troop 70
Went through the army, cheering up the soldiers.

King Richard. So; I am satisfied. Give me a bowl of wine;

I have not that alacrity of spirit,
Nor cheer of mind, that I was wont to have.—
Set it down.—Is ink and paper ready?

Ratcliff. It is, my lord.

King Richard. Bid my guard watch. Leave me.—
Ratcliff, about the mid of night come to my tent
And help to arm me.—Leave me, I say.

[*Exeunt Ratcliff and the other attendants.*

Enter STANLEY to RICHMOND in his tent, Lords and others attending.

Stanley. Fortune and victory sit on thy helm! 80

Richmond. All comfort that the dark night can afford
Be to thy person, noble father-in-law!
Tell me how fares our loving mother?

Stanley. I, by attorney, bless thee from thy mother,
Who prays continually for Richmond's good;
So much for that.—The silent hours steal on,
And flaky darkness breaks within the east.

In brief, for so the season bids us be,
 Prepare thy battle early in the morning,
 And put thy fortune to the arbitrement
 Of bloody strokes and mortal-staring war. 90
 I, as I may,—that which I would I cannot,
 With best advantage will deceive the time,
 And aid thee in this doubtful shock of arms;
 But on thy side I may not be too forward,
 Lest, being seen, thy brother, tender George,
 Be executed in his father's sight.
 Farewell. The leisure and the fearful time
 Cuts off the ceremonious vows of love
 And ample interchange of sweet discourse 100
 Which so long sunder'd friends should dwell upon.
 God give us leisure for these rites of love!
 Once more adieu. Be valiant, and speed well!

Richmond. Good lords, conduct him to his regiment.
 I'll strive, with troubled thoughts, to take a nap,
 Lest leaden slumber peize me down to-morrow,
 When I should mount with wings of victory.
 Once more good night, kind lords and gentlemen.—

[*Exeunt all but Richmond.*

O Thou, whose captain I account myself,
 Look on my forces with a gracious eye; 110
 Put in their hands thy bruising irons of wrath,
 That they may crush down with a heavy fall
 The usurping helmets of our adversaries!
 Make us thy ministers of chastisement,
 That we may praise thee in thy victory!
 To thee I do commend my watchful soul,
 Ere I let fall the windows of mine eyes;
 Sleeping and waking, O, defend me still!

[*Sleeps.*

The Ghost of PRINCE EDWARD, son to HENRY THE SIXTH, appears between the two tents.

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

Think how thou stabb'dst me in my prime of youth 120
At Tewksbury; despair, therefore, and die!—

[*To Richmond.*] Be cheerful, Richmond, for the wronged souls

Of butcher'd princes fight in thy behalf;
King Henry's issue, Richmond, comforts thee.

The Ghost of HENRY THE SIXTH appears.

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] When I was mortal, my anointed body

By thee was punched full of deadly holes.

Think on the Tower and me; despair and die!

Harry the Sixth bids thee despair and die.—

[*To Richmond.*] Virtuous and holy, be thou conqueror!

Harry, that prophesied thou shouldst be king, 130
Doth comfort thee in sleep; live and flourish!

The Ghost of CLARENCE appears.

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow!

I, that was wash'd to death with fulsome wine,

Poor Clarence, by thy guile betray'd to death!

To-morrow in the battle think on me,

And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!—

[*To Richmond.*] Thou offspring of the house of Lancaster,

The wronged heirs of York do pray for thee;

Good angels guard thy battle! Live and flourish!

The Ghosts of RIVERS, GREY, and VAUGHAN appear.

Rivers. [*To Richard.*] Let me sit heavy on thy soul to-morrow,

Rivers, that died at Pomfret! Despair and die!

Grey. [*To Richard.*] Think upon Grey, and let thy soul despair!

Vaughan. [*To Richard.*] Think upon Vaughan, and with guilty fear

Let fall thy lance! Despair and die!

All. [*To Richmond.*] Awake! and think our wrongs in Richard's bosom

Will conquer him. Awake, and win the day!

The Ghost of HASTINGS appears.

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] Bloody and guilty, guiltily awake, And in a bloody battle end thy days!

Think on Lord Hastings! Despair and die!—

[*To Richmond.*] Quiet untroubled soul, awake, awake! 150
Arm, fight, and conquer, for fair England's sake!

The Ghosts of the two young Princes appear.

Ghosts. Dream on thy cousins smother'd in the Tower;
Let us be lead within thy bosom, Richard,
And weigh thee down to ruin, shame, and death!
Thy nephews' souls bid thee despair and die!—

Sleep, Richmond, sleep in peace and wake in joy;
Good angels guard thee from the boar's annoy!
Live and beget a happy race of kings!
Edward's unhappy sons do bid thee flourish. 159

The Ghost of QUEEN ANNE appears.

Ghost. Richard, thy wife, that wretched Anne, thy wife,
That never slept a quiet hour with thee,
Now fills thy sleep with perturbations;

To-morrow in the battle think on me,
And fall thy edgeless sword! Despair and die!—

[*To Richmond.*] Thou, quiet soul, sleep thou a quiet
sleep;

Dream of success and happy victory!
Thy adversary's wife doth pray for thee.

The Ghost of BUCKINGHAM appears.

Ghost. [*To Richard.*] The first was I that help'd thee to
the crown;

The last was I that felt thy tyranny.

O, in the battle think on Buckingham,

170

And die in terror of thy guiltiness!

Dream on, dream on, of bloody deeds and death:

Fainting, despair; despairing, yield thy breath!—

[*To Richmond.*] I died for hope ere I could lend thee aid;

But cheer thy heart, and be thou not dismay'd!

God and good angels fight on Richmond's side;

And Richard fall in height of all his pride!

[*The Ghosts vanish. King Richard
starts out of his dream.*]

King Richard. Give me another horse!—bind up my
wounds!—

Have mercy, Jesu!—Soft! I did but dream.—

O, coward conscience, how dost thou afflict me!—

180

The lights burn blue.—It is now dead midnight.

Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh.

What, do I fear myself? there's none else by:

Richard loves Richard; that is, I am I.

Is there a murderer here? No.—Yes, I am:

Then fly.—What, from myself? Great reason why,—

Lest I revenge. What! myself upon myself?

Alack, I love myself. Wherefore? for any good

That I myself have done unto myself?

O, no! alas, I rather hate myself

190

For hateful deeds committed by myself!
 I am a villain; yet I lie, I am not.
 Fool, of thyself speak well.—Fool, do not flatter.
 My conscience hath a thousand several tongues,
 And every tongue brings in a several tale,
 And every tale condemns me for a villain.
 Perjury, perjury, in the high'st degree,
 Murther, stern murther, in the dir'st degree,
 All several sins, all us'd in each degree,
 Throng to the bar, crying all 'Guilty! guilty!'
 I shall despair.—There is no creature loves me;
 And if I die, no soul shall pity me.—
 Nay, wherefore should they, since that I myself
 Find in myself no pity to myself?
 Methought the souls of all that I had murther'd
 Came to my tent, and every one did threat
 To-morrow's vengeance on the head of Richard.

200

Enter RATCLIFF.

Ratcliff. My lord,—

King Richard. Who's there?

Ratcliff. Ratcliff, my lord; 't is I. The early viliage
 cock

210

Hath twice done salutation to the morn;
 Your friends are up, and buckle on their armour.

King Richard. O Ratcliff! I have dream'd a fearful
 dream.—

What thinkest thou? will our friends prove all true?

Ratcliff. No doubt, my lord.

King Richard.

O Ratcliff! I fear, I fear,—

Ratcliff. Nay, good my lord, be not afraid of shadows.

King Richard. By the apostle Paul, shadows to-night
 Have struck more terror to the soul of Richard
 Than can the substance of ten thousand soldiers,
 Armed in proof, and led by shallow Richmond.

220

It is not yet near day. Come, go with me:
 Under our tents I'll play the eavesdropper,
 To hear if any mean to shrink from me. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter OXFORD and others to RICHMOND in his tent.

Lords. Good morrow, Richmond.

Richmond. Cry mercy, lords, and watchful gentlemen,
 That you have ta'en a tardy sluggard here.

Lords. How have you slept, my lord?

Richmond. The sweetest sleep, and fairest-boding dreams
 That ever enter'd in a drowsy head,
 Have I since your departure had, my lords. 230
 Methought their souls, whose bodies Richard murther'd,
 Came to my tent, and cried on victory!
 I promise you my heart is very jocund
 In the remembrance of so fair a dream.
 How far into the morning is it, lords?

Lords. Upon the stroke of four.

Richmond. Why, then, 't is time to arm, and give direction.— [*He advances to the troops.*]

More than I have said, loving countrymen,
 The leisure and enforcement of the time
 Forbids to dwell on: yet remember this,— 240
 God and our good cause fight upon our side;
 The prayers of holy saints and wronged souls,
 Like high-rear'd bulwarks, stand before our faces.
 Richard except, those whom we fight against
 Had rather have us win than him they follow.
 For what is he they follow? truly, gentlemen,
 A bloody tyrant and a homicide;
 One rais'd in blood, and one in blood establish'd;
 One that made means to come by what he hath,
 And slaughter'd those that were the means to help him; 250
 A base foul stone, made precious by the foil
 Of England's chair, where he is falsely set;

One that hath ever been God's enemy.
 Then, if you fight against God's enemy,
 God will in justice ward you as his soldiers.
 If you do sweat to put a tyrant down,
 You sleep in peace, the tyrant being slain;
 If you do fight against your country's foes,
 Your country's fat shall pay your pains the hire;
 If you do fight in safeguard of your wives, 260
 Your wives shall welcome home the conquerors;
 If you do free your children from the sword,
 Your children's children quit it in your age.
 Then, in the name of God and all these rights,
 Advance your standards, draw your willing swords.
 For me, the ransom of my bold attempt
 Shall be this cold corpse on the earth's cold face;
 But if I thrive, the gain of my attempt
 The least of you shall share his part thereof.—
 Sound, drums and trumpets, boldly and cheerfully; 270
 God and Saint George! Richmond and victory! [*Exeunt.*

Enter KING RICHARD, RATCLIFF, Attendants, and Forces.

King Richard. What said Northumberland as touching Richmond?

Ratcliff. That he was never trained up in arms.

King Richard. He said the truth; and what said Surrey then?

Ratcliff. He smil'd and said, the better for our purpose.

King Richard. He was i' the right; and so, indeed, it is.—
 [*Clock strikes.*]

Tell the clock there.—Give me a calendar.—

Who saw the sun to-day?

Ratcliff. Not I, my lord.

King Richard. Then he disdains to shine; for by the book

He should have brav'd the east an hour ago; 280

A black day will it be to somebody.—

Ratcliff,—

Ratcliff. My lord?

King Richard. The sun will not be seen to-day;
The sky doth frown and lower upon our army.
I would these dewy tears were from the ground.
Not shine to-day! Why, what is that to me
More than to Richmond? for the selfsame heaven
That frowns on me looks sadly upon him.

Enter NORFOLK.

Norfolk. Arm, arm, my lord! the foe vaunts in the field.

King Richard. Come, bustle, bustle. — Caparison my
horse.— 290

Call up Lord Stanley, bid him bring his power.

I will lead forth my soldiers to the plain,

And thus my battle shall be ordered:

My foreward shall be drawn out all in length,

Consisting equally of horse and foot;

Our archers shall be placed in the midst.

John Duke of Norfolk, Thomas Earl of Surrey,

Shall have the leading of the foot and horse.

They thus directed, we will follow

In the main battle, whose puissance on either side 300

Shall be well winged with our chiefest horse.

This, and Saint George to boot!—What think'st thou, Norfolk?

Norfolk. A good direction, warlike sovereign.—

This found I on my tent this morning. [Giving a scroll.]

King Richard. [Reads] ‘*Jocky of Norfolk, be not so bold,
For Dickon thy master is bought and sold.*’

A thing devised by the enemy.—

Go, gentlemen, every man to his charge.

Let not our babbling dreams affright our souls,

For conscience is a word that cowards use, 310

Devis'd at first to keep the strong in awe ;
 Our strong arms be our conscience, swords our law
 March on, join bravely, let us to 't pell-mell ;
 If not to heaven, then hand in hand to hell.—
 What shall I say more than I have inferr'd ?
 Remember whom you are to cope withal,—
 A sort of vagabonds, rascals, and runaways,
 A scum of Bretons, and base lackey peasants,
 Whom their o'er-cloyed country vomits forth
 To desperate adventures and assur'd destruction. 320
 You sleeping safe, they bring you to unrest ;
 You having lands and bless'd with beauteous wives,
 They would restrain the one, distain the other.
 And who doth lead them but a paltry fellow
 Long kept in Bretagne at our mother's cost,
 A milk-sop, one that never in his life
 Felt so much cold as over shoes in snow ?
 Let 's whip these stragglers o'er the seas again,
 Lash hence these overweening rags of France,
 These famish'd beggars, weary of their lives ; 330
 Who, but for dreaming on this fond exploit,
 For want of means, poor rats, had hang'd themselves.
 If we be conquer'd, let men conquer us,
 And not these bastard Bretons, whom our fathers
 Have in their own land beaten, bobb'd, and thump'd,
 And on record left them the heirs of shame.—
 Hark ! I hear their drum. [Drum afar off.]
 Fight, gentlemen of England ! fight, bold yeomen !
 Draw, archers, draw your arrows to the head !
 Spur your proud horses hard, and ride in blood ! 340
 Amaze the welkin with your broken staves !—

Enter a Messenger.

What says Lord Stanley? will he bring his power?

Messenger. My lord, he doth deny to come.

King Richard. Off with his son George's head!

Norfolk. My lord, the enemy is pass'd the marsh;
After the battle let George Stanley die.

King Richard. A thousand hearts are great within my
bosom.

Advance our standards! set upon our foes!

Our ancient word of courage, fair Saint George,

Inspire us with the spleen of fiery dragons!

Upon them! Victory sits on our helms.

350

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. *Another Part of the Field.*

Alarum: Excursions. Enter NORFOLK and Forces; to him
CATESBY.

Catesby. Rescue, my Lord of Norfolk! rescue, rescue!

The king enacts more wonders than a man,

Daring an opposite to every danger.

His horse is slain, and all on foot he fights,

Seeking for Richmond in the throat of death.

Rescue, fair lord, or else the day is lost!

Alarum. Enter KING RICHARD.

King Richard. A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a
horse!

Catesby. Withdraw, my lord; I'll help you to a horse.

King Richard. Slave! I have set my life upon a cast,

And I will stand the hazard of the die.

10

I think there be six Richmonds in the field;

Five have I slain to-day instead of him.—

A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!

[*Exeunt.*

L

Alarums. Enter RICHARD and RICHMOND, fighting; and exeunt, fighting. Retreat and flourish. Then enter RICHMOND, STANLEY bearing the crown, with divers other Lords, and Forces.

Richmond. God and your arms be prais'd, victorious friends,

The day is ours, the bloody dog is dead.

Stanley. Courageous Richmond, well hast thou acquit thee.
Lo, here, this long-usurped royalty
From the dead temples of this bloody wretch
Have I pluck'd off, to grace thy brows withal;
Wear it, enjoy it, and make much of it. 20

Richmond. Great God of heaven, say amen to all!—
But, tell me, is young George Stanley living?

Stanley. He is, my lord, and safe in Leicester town;
Whither, if it please you, we may withdraw us.

Richmond. What men of name are slain on either side?

Stanley. John Duke of Norfolk, Walter Lord Ferrers,
Sir Robert Brakenbury, and Sir William Brandon.

Richmond. Inter their bodies as becomes their births.

Proclaim a pardon to the soldiers fled

That in submission will return to us; 30

And then, as we have ta'en the sacrament,

We will unite the white rose and the red.—

Smile heaven upon this fair conjunction,

That long hath frown'd upon their enmity!—

What traitor hears me, and says not amen?

England hath long been mad, and scarr'd herself;

The brother blindly shed the brother's blood,

The father rashly slaughter'd his own son,

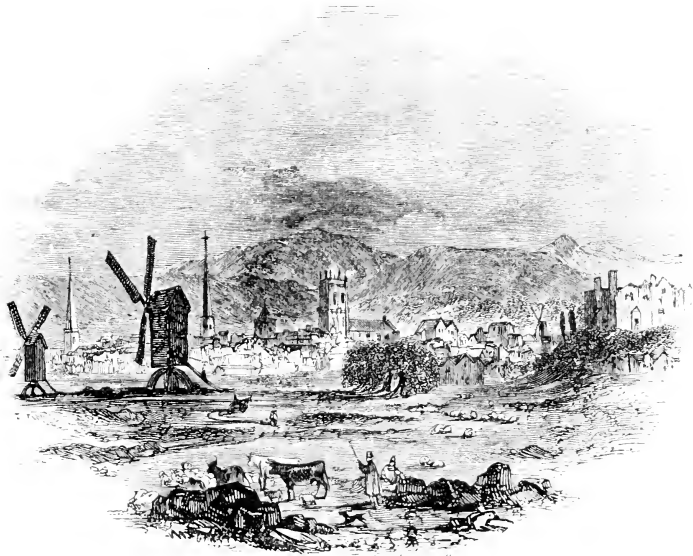
The son, compell'd, been butcher to the sire:

All this divided York and Lancaster. 40

Divided in their dire division,

O, now let Richmond and Elizabeth,

The true succeeders of each royal house,
 By God's fair ordinance conjoin together !
 And let their heirs, God, if thy will be so,
 Enrich the time to come with smooth-fac'd peace,
 With smiling plenty, and fair prosperous days !
 Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
 That would reduce these bloody days again,
 And make poor England weep in streams of blood ! 50
 Let them not live to taste this land's increase
 That would with treason wound this fair land's peace !
 Now civil wounds are stopp'd, Peace lives again :
 That she may long live here, God say amen ! [Exeunt



LEICESTER.



RICHARD III. (FROM THE WARWICK ROLL.)

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

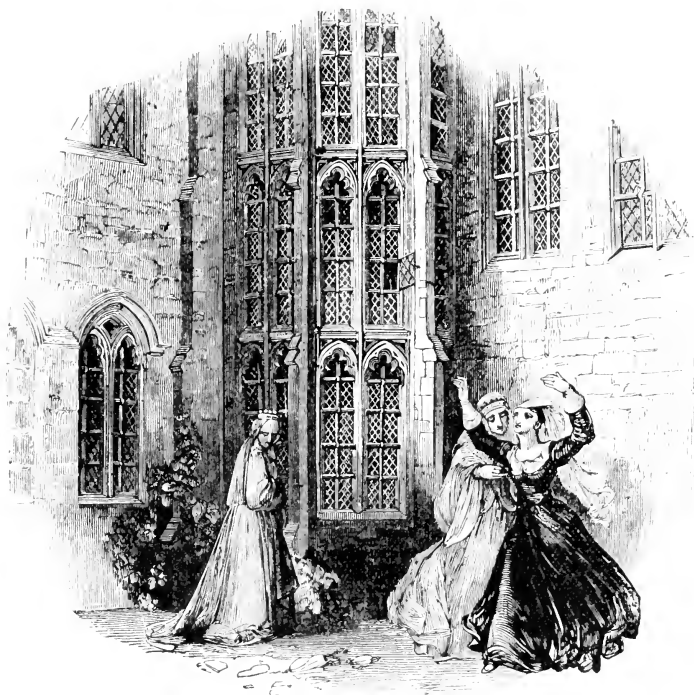
- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of *Shakespeare*, edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson (first edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 J. H., J. Hunter's ed. of *Richard III.* (London, 1874).
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Lawson, W. Lawson's ed. of *Richard III.* (London and Glasgow, 1877).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for *Richard III.*) are those of the "Globe" ed. or of the "Acme" reprint of that ed.

NOTES.



Ah, my poor princes! (iv. 4 9).

INTRODUCTION.

THE following extracts from More, Hall, and Holinshed (the spelling being modernized) comprise all the passages of any importance illustrative of the play:

Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage equal with either of them, in body and prowess far under them both, little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crooked-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard favoured of visage, and such as in states called warlike,* in other men otherwise. He was malicious, wrathful, envious; and from before his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported that the Duchess, his mother, had so much ado in her travail that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet forward as men be borne outward, and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed: whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginnings which in the course of his life many things unnaturally committed. So that the full confluence of these qualities, with the defects of favour and amiable proportion, gave proof to this rule of physiognomy—

"Distortum vultum sequitur distortio morum."

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometime overthrows, but never on default, as for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal; with large gifts he got him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pill and spoil in other places, and got him steadfast hatred. He was close and secret, a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart, outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated, not letting† to kiss whom he thought to kill, dispiteous and cruel, not for evil will alway, but oft for ambition, and either for the surety or increase of his estate. Friend and foe was much-what‡ indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands King Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower as men constantly said, and that without commandment or knowledge of the king, which would undoubtedly, if he had intended that thing, have appointed that butcherly office to some other than his own born brother. Some wise men also ween that his drift, covertly conveyed, lacked not in helping forth his brother of Clarence to his death, which he resisted openly, howbeit somewhat (as men deemed) more faintly than he that were heartily minded to his wealth.§ And they that thus deem, think that he long time in King Edward's life forethought to be king, in case that the king his brother (whose life he looked that evil diet should shorten) should happen to decease (as indeed he did) while his children were young. And they deem that for this intent he was glad of his brother's death, the

* The word in More is "warlyke;" but Hall gives the passage thus: "Such as in estates is called a warlyke visage, and among common persons a crabbed face."—*Ed.*

† Forbearing, hesitating. Cf. *R. of L.* 10:

"When Collatine unwisely did not let
To praise the clear unmatched red and white," etc.

For the transitive use (=hinder), see *Ham.* p. 195.—*Ed.*

‡ Very much; a compound like *somewhat*. *Most-what* is another obsolete one.—*Ed.*
§ Weal, welfare. See *M. of V.* p. 165, and cf. *commonwealth*=the common weal, etc.—*Ed.*

Duke of Clarence, whose life must needs have hindered him so intending, whether the same Duke of Clarence had kept him true to his nephew the young king, or enterprised to be king himself. But of all this point is there no certainty; and whoso divineth upon conjectures, may as well shoot too far as too short.—MORE.

Where a man [quoth the Duke of Buckingham] is by lawful means in peril, there needeth he the tuition of some special privilege, which is the only ground and cause of all sanctuaries; from which necessity this noble prince is far, whose love to his king, nature, and kindred proveth; whose innocency to all the world his tender youth proveth; and so sanctuary as for him not necessary, nor none he can have. Men come not to sanctuary as they come to baptism, to require it by his godfathers; he must ask it himself that must have it, and reason, sithe no man hath cause to have it but whose conscience of his own fault maketh him have need to require it. What will then hath yonder babe, which if he had discretion to require it, if need were, I daresay would now be right angry with them that keep him there. . . . And if nobody may be taken out of sanctuary because he sayeth he will abide there, then if a child will take sanctuary because he feareth to go to school, his master must let him alone. And as simple as that example is, yet is there less reason in our case than in it, for there, though it be a childish fear, yet is there at the least some fear, and herein is no fear at all. And verily, I have heard of sanctuary men, but I never heard before of sanctuary children; and, therefore, as for the conclusion of my mind, whoso may deserve to have need it, if they think it for their surety, let them keep it. But he can be no sanctuary man that neither hath wisdom to desire it, nor malice to deserve it. And he that taketh one out of sanctuary, to do him good, I say plainly that he breaketh no sanctuary.—HALL.

The protector and the duke after that they had sent the lord cardinal, the Archbishop of York then Lord Chancellor, the Bishop of Ely, the Lord Stanley, and the Lord Hastings, then Lord Chamberlain, with many other noblemen, to common* and devise about the coronation in one place, as fast were they in another place contriving the contrary, and to make the protector king.

To which council albeit there were adhibited very few, and they were secret, yet began there here and thereabouts some manner of muttering among the people, as though all should not long be well, though they neither wist what they feared nor wherefore; were it that before such great things men's hearts of a secret instinct of nature misgive them, as the sea without wind swelleth of himself sometime before a tempest; or were it, that some one man, happily somewhat perceiving, filled many men with suspicion, though he showed few men what he knew. Howbeit, somewhat the dealing itself made men to muse on the matter, though the council were close. For by little and little all folk withdrew from the Tower and drew unto Crosbie's and Bishop's Gates Street, where the

* Commune, confer.—*Ed.*

protector kept his household. The protector had the resort, the king in manner desolate.

While some for their business made suit to them that had the doing, some were by their friends secretly warned that it might happily turn them to no good, to be too much attendant about the king without the protector's appointment, which removed also divers of the prince's old servants from him, and set new about him. Thus many things coming together, partly by chance, partly of purpose, caused at length not common people only that wound with the wind, but wise men also, and some lords eke, to mark the matter and muse thereon; so far forth that the Lord Stanley, that was after Earl of Derby, wisely mistrusted it, and said unto the Lord Hastings that he much disliked these two several councils. "For while we" (quoth he) "talk of one matter in the one place, little wot we whereof they talk in the other place."—HOLINSHED.

Many lords assembled in the Tower, and there sat in council, devising the honourable solemnity of the king's coronation, of which the time appointed then so near approached, that the pageants and subtleties were in making day and night at Westminster, and much victuals killed therefore, that afterward was cast away. These lords so sitting together, communing of this matter, the protector came in among them, first about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, and excusing himself that he had been so long, saying merely that he had been asleep that day. After a little talking with them, he said unto the Bishop of Ely: My lord, you have very good strawberries at your garden in Holberne; I require you let us have a mess of them. Gladly, my lord, quoth he, would God I had some better thing as ready to your pleasure as that. And therewithal, in all the haste he sent his servant for a mess of strawberries. The protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon praying them to spare him for a little while, departed thence. And soon after one hour, between ten and eleven, he returned into the chamber among them, all changed, with a wonderful sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning, and fretting, and gnawing on his lips, and so sat him down in his place; all the lords much dismayed, and sore marvelling of this manner of sudden change, and what thing should him ail. Then when he had sitten still awhile, thus he began: What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood unto the king, and protector of his royal person and his realm. At this question, all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom this question should be meant, of which every man wist himself clear. Then the Lord Chamberlain, as he that for the love between them thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, That they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were. And all the other affirmed the same. That is (quoth he) yonder sorceress my brother's wife, and other with her (meaning the queen). At these words many of the other lords were greatly abashed that favoured her. But the Lord Hastings was in his mind better content that it was moved by her, than by any other whom he loved better. Albeit his heart somewhat gruded that he was not afore made of council in this matter as he was of the tak-

ing of her kindred and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pontefract this self-same day; in which he was not ware that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. Then said the protector: Ye shall all see in what wise that sorceress, and that other witch of her council, Shore's wife, with their affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft wasted my body. And therewith he plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow upon his left arm, where he showed a werish withered arm, and small, as it was never other. Hereupon every man's mind sore misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel. For they well wist that the queen was too wise to go about any such folly. And also if she would, yet would she, of all folk, least make Shore's wife of her council, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king her husband had most loved. And also no man was there present but well knew that his arm was ever such since his birth. Natheless the Lord Chamberlain (which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, on whom he somewhat doted in the king's life, saving as it is said he that while forbore her of reverence toward his king, or else of a certain kind of fidelity to his friend) answered and said: Certainly, my lord, if they have so heinously done, they be worthy of heinous punishment. What, quoth the protector, thou servest me I ween with *ifs* and with *ands*; I tell thee they have so done, and that I will make good on thy body, traitor. And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist upon the board a great rap. At which token one cried treason without the chamber. Therewith a door clapped, and in come there rushing men in harness as many as the chamber might hold. And anon the protector said to the Lord Hastings, I arrest thee, traitor. What, me, my lord, quoth he. Yea, thee, traitor, quoth the protector. And another let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrank, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then were they all quickly bestowed in divers chambers, except the Lord Chamberlain, whom the protector bade speed and shrive him a pace, for by Saint Paul (quoth he) I will not to dinner till I see thy head off. It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at adventure, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the protector made so much haste to dinner, which he might not go to until this were done, for saving of his oath. So he was brought forth into the green beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down upon a long log of timber, and there stricken off, and afterward his body with the head enterred at Windsor beside the body of King Edward, whose both souls our Lord pardon.—MORE.

A marvellous case it is to hear either the warnings that he should have voided, or the tokens of that he could not void. For the next night before his death, the Lord Stanley sent to him a trusty messenger at midnight, in all the haste, requiring him to rise and ride away with him for he was disposed utterly no longer for to abide, for he had a fearful dream, in the which he thought that a boar with his tusks so rased them both by the heads that the blood ran about both their shoulders; and for as

much as the protector gave the boar for his cognisance, he imagined that it should be he. This dream made such a fearful impression in his heart that he was thoroughly determined no longer to tarry, but had his horse ready, if the Lord Hastings would go with him, so that they would ride so far that night, that they should be out of danger by the next day. Ah! good lord (quoth the Lord Hastings to the messenger), leaneth my lord thy master so much to such trifles, and hath such faith in dreams, which either his own fear phantasieth, or do rise in the night's rest by reason of the day's thought? Tell him it is plain witchcraft to believe in such dreams, which if they were tokens of things to come, why thinketh he not that we might as likely make them true by our going, if we were caught and brought back (as friends fail fliers); for then had the boar a cause likely to rase us with his tusks, as folks that fled for some falsehood; wherefore, either is there peril nor none there is indeed, or if any be, it is rather in going than abiding. And if we should needs fall in peril one way or other, yet had I liefer that men should say it were by other men's falsehood, than think it were either our own fault or faint feeble heart; and therefore go to thy master, and commend me to him, and say that I pray him to be merry and have no fear, for I assure him I am assured of the man he wotteth of, as I am sure of mine own hand. God send grace (quoth the messenger), and so departed. Certain it is also that in riding toward the Tower, the same morning in which he was beheaded, his horse that he was accustomed to ride on, stumbled with him twice or thrice almost to the falling: which thing although it happeth to them daily to whom no mischance is toward, yet hath it been, as an old evil token, observed as a going toward mischief. Now this that followeth was no warning but an envious scorn. The same morning, ere he were up from his bed, there came to him Sir Thomas Haward son to the Lord Haward (which lord was one of the priviest of the lord protector's council and doing), as it were of courtesy to accompany him to the council, but of truth sent by the lord protector to haste him hitherward.

This Sir Thomas, while the Lord Hastings staid a while communing with a priest whom he met in the Tower Street, brake the lord's tale, saying to him merely, What, my lord! I pray you come on; wherefore talk you so long with that priest? you have no need of a priest yet: and laughed upon him, as though he would say, You shall have need of one soon. But little wist the other what he meant (but or* night these words were well remembered by them that heard them); so the true Lord Hastings little mistrusted, and was never merrier, nor thought his life in more surety in all his days, which thing is often a sign of change: but I shall rather let any thing pass me than the vain surety of man's mind so near his death; for upon the very Tower wharf, so near the place where his head was off so soon after as a man might well cast a ball, a pursuivant of his own, called Hastings, met with him, and of their meeting in that place he was put in remembrance of another time in which it happened them to meet before together in the place, at which time the Lord Hastings had been accused to King Edward by the Lord Rivers, the

* Or=before. See *Temp.* p. 112.—*Ed.*

queen's brother, insomuch that he was for a while, which lasted not long, highly in the king's indignation. As he now met the same pursuivant in the same place, the jeopardy so well passed, it gave him great pleasure to talk with him thereof, with whom he had talked in the same place of that matter, and therefore he said, Ah, Hastings, art thou remembered when I met thee here once with an heavy heart? Yea, my lord (quoth he), that I remember well, and thanked be to God they gat no good nor you no harm thereby. Thou wouldest say so (quoth he) if thou knewest so much as I do, which few know yet, and more shall shortly. That meant he, that the Earl Rivers and the Lord Richard and Sir Thomas Vaughan should that day be beheaded at Pomfret, as they were indeed; which act he wist well should be done, but nothing ware that the axe hung so near his own head. In faith, man (quoth he), I was never so sorry, nor never stood in so great danger of my life, as I did when thou and I met here; and lo! the world is turned now; now stand mine enemies in the danger, as thou mayest hap to hear more hereafter, and I never in my life merrier, nor never in so great surety. . . .

Now flew the fame of this lord's death through the city and farther about, like a wind in every man's ear; but the protector immediately after dinner, intending to set some colour upon the matter, sent in all the haste for many substantial men out of the city into the Tower, and at their coming himself with the Duke of Buckingham stood harnessed in old evil-favoured brigandines,* such as no man would ween that they would have vouchsafed to have put on their backs, except some sudden necessity had constrained them. Then the lord protector showed them that the Lord Hastings and other of his conspiracy had contrived to have suddenly destroyed him and the Duke of Buckingham there the same day in counsel, and what they intended farther was yet not well known; of which their treason, he had never knowledge before ten of the clock the same forenoon, which sudden fear drave them to put on such harness as came next to their hands for their defence, and so God help them! that the mischief turned upon them that would have done it; and thus he required them to report. Every man answered fair, as though no man mistrusted the matter, which of truth no man believed. . . .

When the Duke [of Buckingham] had said, and looked that the people, whom he hoped that the mayor had framed before, should, after this flattering proposition made, have cried King Richard! King Richard! all was still and mute, and not one word answered to; wherewith the duke was marvellously abashed, and taking the mayor near to him, with other that were about him privy to the matter, said unto them softly, What meaneth this that the people be so still? Sir, quoth the mayor, percase† they perceive you not well. That shall we amend, quoth he, if be that will help; and therewith somewhat louder rehearsed the same matter again, in other order and other words, so well and ornately, and nevertheless so evidently and plain, with voice, gesture, and countenance so

* Brigandines; a kind of coat of mail. Cf. Milton, *S. A.* 1120: "And brigandine of brass," etc.—*Ed.*

† Perchance. Cf. Bacon, *Colours of Good and Evil*: "though perchance it will be more strong by glory and fame," etc.—*Ed.*

comely and so convenient, that every man much marvelled that heard him, and thought that they never heard in their lives so evil a tale so well told. But were it for wonder, or fear, or that each looked that other should speak first, not one word was there answered of all the people that stood before; but all were as still as the midnight, not so much rounding* among them, by which they might seem once to commune what was best to do. When the mayor saw this, he, with other partners of the counsel, drew about the duke, and said that the people had not been accustomed there to be spoken to but by the recorder, which is the mouth of the city, and haply to him they will answer. With that the recorder, called Thomas Fitz William, a sad man and an honest, which was but newly come to the office, and never had spoken to the people before, and loth was with that matter to begin, notwithstanding, thereunto commanded by the mayor, made rehearsal to the commons of that which the duke had twice purposed himself; but the recorder so tempered his tale that he showed every thing as the duke his words were, and no part of his own: but all this no change made in the people, which alway after one stood as they had been amazed. Whereupon the duke rounded with the mayor, and said, This is a marvellous obstinate silence; and therewith turned to the people again, with these words: Dear friends, we come to move you to that thing which peradventure we so greatly needed not, but that the lords of this realm and commons of other parts might have sufficed, saying such love we bear you, and so much set by you, that we would not gladly do without you that thing in which to be partners is your weal and honour, which as to us seemeth you see not or weigh not; wherefore we require you to give us an answer, one or other, whether ye be minded, as all the nobles of the realm be, to have this noble prince, now protector, to be your king? And at these words the people began to whisper among themselves secretly, that the voice was neither loud nor base, but like a swarm of bees, till at the last, at the nether end of the hall, a bushment† of the duke's servants, and one Nashfield, and other belonging to the protector, with some prentices and lads that thrustured into the hall amongst the press, began suddenly at men's backs to cry out as loud as they could, King Richard! King Richard! and then threw up their caps in token of joy, and they that stood before cast back their heads marvelling thereat, but nothing they said. And when the duke and the mayor saw this manner, they wisely turned it to their purpose, and said it was a goodly cry and a joyful to hear every man with one voice, and no man saying nay. Wherefore friends (quoth the duke), sith we perceive that it is all your whole minds to have this noble man for your king, whereof we shall make his grace so effectual report that we doubt not but that it shall redound to your great wealth and commodity: we therefore require you that to-morrow ye go with us, and we with you, to his noble grace, to make our humble petition and request to him in manner before remembered.

* Whispering. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 168, foot-note, and cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 566: "rounded in the ear," etc.—*Ed.*

† A concealed body of men. Cf. *ambush*.—*Ed.*

Then on the morrow the mayor and aldermen and chief commoners of the city, in their best manner apparelled, assembling them together at Paul's, resorted to Baynard's castle, where the protector lay, to which place also, according to the appointment, repaired the Duke of Buckingham, and divers nobles with him, besides many knights and gentlemen. And thereupon the duke sent word to the lord protector of the being there of a great honourable company to move a great matter to his grace. Whereupon the protector made great difficulty to come down to them, except he knew some part of their errand, as though he doubted, and partly mistrusted, the coming of such a number to him so suddenly, without any warning or knowledge whether they came for good or harm. Then, when the duke had showed this to the mayor and other, that they might thereby see how little the protector looked for this matter, they sent again by the messenger such loving message, and therewith so humbly besought him to vouchsafe that they might resort to his presence to purpose their intent, of which they would to none other person any part disclose. At the last he came out of his chamber, and yet not down to them, but in a gallery over them, with a bishop on every hand of him, where they beneath might see him and speak to him, as though he would not yet come near them till he wist what they meant. And thereupon the Duke of Buckingham first made humble petition to him, on the behalf of them all, that his grace would pardon them, and license them to purpose unto his grace the intent of their coming without his displeasure, without which pardon obtained they durst not be so bold to move him of that matter; in which, albeit they meant as much honour to his grace as wealth to all the realm beside, yet were they not sure how his grace would take it, whom they would in no wise offend. Then the protector, as he was very gentle of himself, and also longed sore apparently to know what they meant, gave him leave to purpose what him liked, verily trusting for the good mind that he bare them all, none of them any thing would intend to himward,* wherewith he thought to be grieved. When the duke had this leave and pardon to speak, then waxed he bold to show him their intent and purpose, with all the causes moving them thereto, as ye before have heard; and finally, to beseech his grace that it would like him, of his accustomed goodness and zeal unto the realm, now with his eye of pity to behold the long continued distress and decay of the same, and to set his gracious hand to the redress and amendment thereof, by taking upon him the crown and governance of the realm according to his right and title lawfully descended unto him, and to the laud of God, profit and surety of the land, and unto his grace so much the more honour and less pain, in that never prince reigned upon any people that were so glad to live under his obeisance as the people of this realm under his.

When the protector had heard the proposition, he looked very strangely thereat, and made answer, that albeit he knew partly the things by them alleged to be true, yet such entire love he bare to King Edward and his children, and so much more regarded his honour in other realms

* Cf. "to usward" (*1's*. xl. 5, *Eph.* i. 19), "to theeward" (*1 Sam.* xix. 4), "to youward" (*Eph.* iii. 2), etc.—*Ed.*

about than the crown of any one, of which he was never desirous, so that he could not find in his heart in this point to induce to their desire, for in all other nations where the truth were not well known it should peradventure be thought that it were his own ambitious mind and device to depose the prince and to take himself the crown, with which infamy he would in no wise have his honour stained for any crown, in which he had ever perchance perceived much more labour and pain than pleasure to him that so would use it, as he that would not and were not worthy to have it. Notwithstanding, he not only pardoned them of the motion that they made him, but also thanked them for the love and hearty favour they bare him, praying them for his sake to bear the same to the prince under whom he was and would be content to live, and with his labour and counsel, as far as it should like the king to use it, he would do his uttermost devoir to set the realm in good estate, which was already in the little time of his protectorship (lauded be God!) well begun, in that the malice of such as were before the occasion of the contrary, and of new intended to be, were now, partly by good policy, partly more by God his special providence than man's provision, repressed and put under.

Upon this answer given, the Duke of Buckingham, by the protector his license, a little rounded, as well with other noble men about him as with the mayor and recorder of London. And after that (upon like pardon desired and obtained) he showed aloud unto the protector, for a final conclusion, that the realm was appointed that King Edward his line should no longer reign upon them, both that they had so far gone that it was now no surety to retreat, as for that they thought it for the weal universal to take that way, although they had not yet begun it. Wherefore, if it would like his grace to take the crown upon him, they would humbly beseech him thereunto, and if he would give them a resolute answer to the contrary (which they would be loth to hear), then must they seek, and should not fail to find some other nobleman that would. These words much moved the protector, which, as every man of small intelligence may wit, would never have inclined thereto; but when he saw there was none other way but that he must take it, or else he and his both to go from it, he said to the lords and commons, Sith it is we perceive well that all the realm is so set (whereof we be very sorry), that they will not suffer in any wise King Edward his line to govern them, whom no man earthly can govern against their wills: and we also perceive that no man is there to whom the crown can by so just title appertain as to ourself, as very right heir lawfully begotten of the body of our most dread and dear father Richard late Duke of York, to which title is now joined your election, the nobles and commons of the realm, which we of all titles possible take for most effectual, we be content and agree favourably to incline to your petition and request, and according to the same here we take upon us the royal estate of pre-eminence and kingdom of the two noble realms England and France; the one, from this day forward by us and our heirs to rule, govern, and defend; the other, by God his grace and your good help, to get again, subdue, and establish for ever in due obedience unto this realm of England, the advancement whereof we never ask of God longer to live than we intend to procure and set forth. With this there was a

great cry and shout, crying King Richard! and so the lords went up to the king, and so he was after that day called.

And forasmuch as his mind gave him that, his nephews living, men would not reckon that he could have right to the realm, he thought therefore without delay to rid them, as though the killing of his kinsmen might end his cause and make him kindly king. Whereupon he sent John Green, whom he specially trusted, unto Sir Robert Brakenbury, constable of the Tower, with a letter and credence also, that the same Sir Robert in any wise should put the two children to death. This John Green did his errand to Brakenbury, kneeling before Our Lady in the Tower; who plainly answered that he would never put them to death to die therefore. With the which answer Green returned, recounting the same to King Richard at Warwick, yet on his journey; wherewith he took such displeasure and thought, that the same night he said to a secret page of his, Ah, whom shall a man trust? they that I have brought up myself, they that I weened would have most surely served me, even those fail me, and at my commandment will do nothing for me. Sir, quoth the page, there lieth one in the pallet chamber without, that I dare well say, to do your grace pleasure, the thing were right hard that he would refuse: meaning by this James Tyrrel. . . .

James Tyrrel devised that they should be murdered in their beds, and no blood shed; to the execution whereof he appointed Miles Forest, one of the four that before kept them, a fellow flesh bred in murder before-time; and to him he joined one John Dighton, his own horse-keeper, a big, broad, square, and strong knave. Then all the other being removed from them, this Miles Forest and John Dighton about midnight, the sely* children lying in their beds, came into the chamber, and suddenly lapped them up amongst the clothes, and so bewrapped them and entangled them, keeping down by force the feather-bed and pillows hard unto their mouths, that within a while they smothered and stifled them; and their breaths failing, they gave up to God their innocent souls into the joys of heaven, leaving to the tormentors their bodies dead in the bed; which after the wretches perceived, first by the struggling with the pangs of death, and after long lying still, to be thoroughly dead, they laid the bodies out upon the bed, and fetched James Tyrrel to see them; which when he saw them perfectly dead, he caused the murderers to bury them at the stair foot, meetly deep in the ground, under a great heap of stones.

Then rode James Tyrrel in great haste to King Richard, and showed him all the manner of the murder; who gave him great thanks, and, as men say, there made him knight.—MORE.

There came into his ungracious mind a thing not only detestable to be spoken of in the remembrance of man, but much more cruel and abominable to be put in execution: for when he resolved in his wavering mind how great a fountain of mischief toward him should spring if the Earl of Richmond should be advanced to the marriage of his niece (which thing

* Seely, innocent, helpless. In *Rick. II.* v. 5, 25, the quartos have "seely," the folios "silly." See our ed. p. 217.—*Ed.*

he heard say by the rumour of the people that no small number of wise and witty personages enterprised to compass and bring to conclusion), he clearly determined to reconcile to his favour his brother's wife, Queen Elizabeth, either by fair words or liberal promises, firmly believing, her favour once obtained, that she would not stick to commit and lovingly credit to him the rule and governance both of her and her daughters; and so by that means the Earl of Richmond of the affinity of his niece should be utterly defrauded and beguiled. And if no ingenious remedy could be otherwise invented to save the innumerable mischiefs which were even at hand and like to fall, if it should happen Queen Anne his wife to depart out of this present world, then he himself would rather take to wife his cousin and niece the Lady Elizabeth, than for lack of that affinity the whole realm should run to ruin, as who said, that if he once fell from his estate and dignity the ruin of the realm must needs shortly ensue and follow. Wherefore he sent to the queen, being in sanctuary, divers and often messages, which first should excuse and purge him of all things before against her attempted or procured, and after should so largely promise promotions innumerable and benefits, not only to her, but also to her son Lord Thomas Marquis Dorset, that they should bring her, if it were possible, into some wan-hope,* or, as some men say, into a fool's paradise.

The messengers, being men both of wit and gravity, so persuaded the queen with great and pregnant reasons, then with fair and large promises, that she began somewhat to relent and to give to them no deaf ear, inso-much that she faithfully promised to submit and yield herself fully and frankly to the king's will and pleasure. . . .

Amongst the noblemen whom he most mistrusted these were the principal: Thomas Lord Stanley, Sir William Stanley his brother, Gilbert Taylor, and six hundred other, of whose purposes although King Richard were ignorant, yet he gave neither confidence nor credence to any one of them, and least of all to the Lord Stanley, because he was joined in matrimony with the Lady Margaret, mother to the Earl of Richmond, as afterwards apparently ye may perceive. For when the said Lord Stanley would have departed into his country to visit his family, and to recreate and refresh his spirits (as he openly said), but the truth was to the intent to be in a perfect readiness to receive the Earl of Richmond at his first arrival in England, the king in no wise would suffer him to depart before that he had left as an hostage in the court George Stanley, Lord Strange, his first begotten son and heir. . . .

In the mean season King Richard (which was appointed now to finish his last labour by the very divine justice and providence of God, which called him to condign punishment for his scelerate† merits and mischievous deserts) marched to a place meet for two battles to encounter, by a village called Bosworth, not far from Leicester, and there he pitched his field, refreshed his soldiers, and took his rest. The fame went that he had the same night a dreadful and a terrible dream; for it seemed to him, be-

* Here=delusive hope, as the context shows. It is literally *want of hope*. See Wb. and cf. the Scotch compounds, *wan-grace*, *wan-luck*, *wan-thrift*, etc.—Ed.

† Wicked (Latin *sceleratus*). *Merits*=deserts in a bad sense; as in *Lear*, iii. 5. 8, v. 3. 44, *A. and C. v. 2. 178*, etc.—Ed.

ing asleep, that he saw divers images like terrible devils, which pulled and hauled him, not suffering him to take any quiet or rest. The which strange vision not so suddenly strake his heart with a sudden fear, but it stuffed his head and troubled his mind with many dreadful and busy imaginations; for incontinent after, his heart being also damped, he prognosticated before the doubtful chance of the battle to come, not using the alacrity and mirth of mind and of countenance as he was accustomed to do before he came toward the battle. And lest that it might be suspected that he was abashed for fear of his enemies, and for that cause looked so piteously, he recited and declared to his familiar friends in the morning his wonderful vision and terrible dream. . . .

Between both armies there was a great morass, which the Earl of Richmond left on his right hand, for this intent, that it should be on that side a defence for his part; and in so doing he had the sun at his back and in the face of his enemies. When King Richard saw the earl's company was passed the morass, he commanded with all haste to set upon them: then the trumpets blew and the soldiers shouted, and the king's archers courageously let fly their arrows: the earl's bowmen stood not still, but paid them home again. The terrible shot once passed, the armies joined and came to hand-strokes, where neither sword nor bill was spared; at which encounter the Lord Stanley joined with the earl. The Earl of Oxford in the mean season, fearing lest while his company was fighting they should be compassed and circumvented with the multitude of his enemies, gave commandment in every rank that no man should be so hardy as to go above ten foot from the standard; which commandment once known, they knit themselves together and ceased a little from fighting. The adversaries, suddenly abashed at the matter, and mistrusting some fraud or deceit, began also to pause, and left striking, and not against the wills of many, which had liefer had the king destroyed than saved, and therefore they fought very faintly or stood still. The Earl of Oxford, bringing all his band together on the one part, set on his enemies freshly. Again, the adversaries perceiving that, placed their men slender and thin before, and thick and broad behind, beginning again hardily the battle. While the two forwards thus mortally fought, each intending to vanquish and convince the other, King Richard was admonished by his explorators and espials* that the Earl of Richmond, accompanied with a small number of men of arms, was not far off; and as he approached and marched toward him, he perfectly knew his personage by certain demonstrations and tokens which he had learnt and known of other; and being inflamed with ire and vexed with outrageous malice, he put his spurs to his horse and rode out of the side of the range of his battle, leaving the avant-gardes fighting, and like a hungry lion ran with spear in rest toward him. The Earl of Richmond perceived well the king furiously coming toward him, and, by cause the whole hope of his wealth and purpose was to be determined by battle, he gladly proffered to encounter with him body to body and man to man. King Richard set on so sharply at the first brunt

* *Explorators and espials*=scouts and spies. For the latter word, see *Ham.* p. 216.-Ed.

that he overthrew the earl's standard and slew Sir William Brandon, his standard-bearer (which was father to Sir Charles Brandon, by King Henry the Eighth created Duke of Suffolk), and matched hand to hand with Sir John Cheinye, a man of great force and strength, which would have resisted him, and the said John was by him manfully overthrown, and so he making open passage by dint of sword as he went forward, the Earl of Richmond withstood his violence and kept him at the sword's point without advantage longer than his companions other thought or judged; which, being almost in despair of victory, were suddenly recomforted by Sir William Stanley, which came to succours with three thousand tall men, at which very instant King Richard's men were driven back and fled, and he himself, manfully fighting in the middle of his enemies, was slain and brought to his death as he worthily had deserved.

Of the nobility were slain John Duke of Norfolk, which was warned by divers to refrain from the field, insomuch that the night before he should set forward toward the king one wrote on his gate:

"Jack of Norfolk, be not too bold,
For Dykon thy master is bought and sold."—HALL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—The acts and scenes are marked throughout in the folio but not in the quartos.

2. *Sun*. The quartos have "sonne," and the folio "Son." There may be a play upon the word, and there is certainly an allusion to the heraldic cognizance of Edward IV., which was a sun, in memory of the three suns that are said to have appeared at the battle of Mortimer's Cross when he defeated the Lancastrians. Steevens quotes Drayton, *Miseries of Queen Margaret*:

"Three suns were seen that instant to appear.
Which soon again shut themselves up in one;"

and again in the 22d song of the *Polyolbion*:

"And thankful to high heaven, which of his cause had care,
Three suns for his device still in his ensign bare."

8. *Measures*. Dances. See *R. and J.* p. 153.

9. *Grim-visag'd*. Cf. *grim-looking* in *M. A. D.* v. 1. 171, and *grim-grinning* in *V. and A.* 933. See also on v. 3. 91 below.

10. *Barbed*. Caparisoned for war. See *Rich. II.* p. 196.

11. *Fearful*. Terrible; as in iii. 4. 103 below. Some make it = full of fear; as in iv. 2. 121, iv. 3. 51, iv. 4. 313, v. 1. 18, and v. 3. 182.

13. *Pleasing*. Schmidt makes this = pleasure, will, command.

17. *Ambling*. For the contemptuous use of the word, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 60, *R. and J.* i. 4. 11, and *Ham.* iii. 1. 151.

19. *Feature*. Beauty, comeliness. Cf. *Ham.* p. 220.

Dissembling. Deceitful (Johnson). Warb. explained it, "that puts together things of a dissimilar kind, as a brave soul and a deformed body."

22. *Unfashionable*. Changed by Pope to "unfashionably;" but the ad-

verbal ending is sometimes omitted in one of a pair of adjectives. Cf. iii. 4. 48 below: "cheerfully and smooth." See Gr. 397.

24. *Piping*. "When the pipe is sounding instead of the fife; or, perhaps, when no manly martial voice is heard, but only that of women and children" (Schmidt).

26. *See*. The folio reading; the quartos have "spy." This is a fair sample of hundreds of little variations between the two texts. We shall not attempt to note all of them, but shall give enough to show how trivial they often are and how perplexing it is to choose between them. See p. 10 above.

27. *Descant*. Comment. See on iii. 7. 48 below; and cf. *R. of L.* 1134:

"For burden-wise I'll hum on Tarquin still,
While thou on Tereus descant'st better skill."

29. *Well-spoken*. Cf. i. 3. 348 below. The word is still in use; but such forms were more common in Elizabethan English. See Gr. 294 and 374.

32. *Inductions dangerous*. "Preparations for mischief. The *induction* is *preparatory to the action of the play*" (Johnson). Cf. iv. 4. 5 below.

33. *Libels*. The only instance of the word in *S*.

36. *Just*. Honest, as good as his word.

38. *Mew'd up*. Shut up, imprisoned. Cf. 132 and i. 3. 139 below; and see *M. N. D.* p. 126.

39. *A prophecy*, etc. Holinshed (quoted by Malone) says: "Some have reported that the cause of this nobleman's death rose of a foolish propheticie, which was, that after King Edward should reign one whose first letter of his name should be a G; wherewith the king and the queene were sore troubled, and began to conceive a grievous grudge against this duke, and could not be in quiet until they had brought him to his end." Steevens cites Nicolls, *Tragical Life and Death of Richard III.*:

"By that blind riddle of the letter G,
George lost his life; it took effect in me."

44. *Tendering*. Having regard to. Cf. ii. 4. 72 below. See *Rich. II.* p. 151 or *Ham.* p. 244. Here there is a touch of sarcasm in the word.

45. *Conduct*. Escort. See *K. John*, p. 133.

49. *Belike*. It is likely, it would seem. Cf. i. 3. 65 below.

50. *Should*. The quartos have "shall."

52. *For*. The quarto reading; the folio has "but," which a reviser would hardly substitute when it occurs in the next line. It may be a compositor's slip.

54. *Hearkens after*. Gives heed to. Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 166.

55. *The cross-row*. The alphabet; so called, according to some, from the cross anciently placed before it, to indicate that religion was the chief end of learning; or, as others say, from a superstitious custom of writing the alphabet in the form of a cross, by way of charm (Nares). The original form was *Christ-cross-row*, which became corrupted into *criss-cross-row* and contracted into *cross-row*. Halliwell quotes *Babylon, Second Weeke of Du Bartas*, 1596:

"Who teach us how to read and put into our paws
Some little Chriscrossrow instead of civill lawes."

J. II. cites Drayton, *Sonnet 1*: "To con my cross-row ere I learn'd to spell;" and Lawson adds from Wordsworth, *Excursion*, book viii.:

"From infant coming of the Christ-cross-row,
Or puzzling through a primer, line by line."

58. *For*. Because. See *M. of V.* p. 134, note on *For he is a Christian*.

60. *Toys*. "Fancies, freaks of imagination" (Johnson). Cf. *Ham.* i. 3. 6: "toys of desperation;" *Oth.* iii. 4. 156: "no jealous toy," etc.

65. *That tempers him*, etc. The reading of the 1st quarto, changed in the 2d to "That tempts," etc. The folio has "That tempts him to this harsh Extremity." Here the earliest reading is clearly the best. The queen did not tempt the king, who was ruled by her, but tempered or moulded him to her will. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iii. 2. 64, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 118, etc.

67. *Woodeville*. The quartos have "Wooduile," the folio "Woodeulle." However spelt, the word is here a trisyllable. *There*, as Clarke remarks, "has the effect of denotement, with a dash of sarcasm superadded."

75. *To her for his*. The quarto reading. The 1st folio has "was, for her," changed in the 2d to "was, for his."

81. *O'ertworn widow*. A contemptuous reference to the queen (she was a widow when the king married her), herself being *Mistress Shore*. For *o'ertworn* (=worn out) cf. *V. and A.* 135, 866, and *Sonn.* 63. 2.

87. *Of what degree soever*. Referring to *man*, not to *conference*.

92. *Well struck in years*. Cf. *Gen.* xviii. 11, xxiv. 1, *Josh.* xiii. 1, *Luke*, i. 7, etc.

94. *Passing*. Exceedingly; often used adverbially, but only before adjectives and adverbs.

97. *Nought*. The first quarto and the folio have *nought* here, but *naught* in the next two lines. The latter is usually the spelling in the early eds. when the word is = worthless, bad, wicked. See *A. Y. L.* p. 142.

100. *Were best*. It were best for him. See *J. C.* p. 166, note on *You were best*; or *Gr.* 230, 352 (cf. 190).

106. *Abjects*. "That is, not the queen's subjects, whom she might protect, but her abjects, whom she drives away" (Johnson). Mason remarks: "Gloster forms a substantive from the adjective *abject*, and uses it to express a lower degree of submission than is implied by the word *subject*, which otherwise he would naturally have made use of. *The queen's abjects* means *the most servile of her subjects*." It is the only instance of the noun in *S.* Cf. B. J., *Every Man Out of his Humour*: "I'll make thee stoop, thou abject." Steevens cites Chapman, *Odyssey*: "Whither? rogue! abject." See also *Ps.* xxxv. 15.

115. *Lie*. That is, lie in prison (Schmidt). Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* iv. 3. 96: "There without ransom to lie forfeited." See also 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 70, etc.

116. *I must perforce*. Steevens sees an allusion to the proverb, "Patience perforce is a medicine for a mad dog." Cf. *R. and J.* p. 161, note on *Patience perforce*.

121. *New-deliver'd*. As we have noted in other plays (see *Ham.* p. 236, on *new-lighted*, and 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 180, on *new-dated*), *S.* was fond of compounds with *new*. Cf. 50 above, and ii. 2. 125 and iv. 4. 10 below.

131. *Prevail'd on*. Prevailed against. Cf. iii. 4. 60 below.

132. *Mew'd*. See on 38 above.

137. *Fear him.* Fear for him. See *Ham.* p. 188, or *Gr.* 200.

138. *By Saint Paul.* The folio has "by S. Iohn," but *by Saint Paul* elsewhere in the play. The oath is said to have been habitual with Richard.

139. *An evil dict.* "A bad regimen" (Steevens and Schmidt), or bad habits in general. The expression is taken from More (p. 168 above).

142. *Where is he,* etc. The folio reading; the quartos have "What, is he in his bed?"

152. *Bustle.* Be busy or active. Cf. v. 3. 290 below.

153. *Warwick's youngest daughter.* Lady Anne, widow of Prince Edward, son of Henry VI. In 3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 3. 242, Warwick proposes his "eldest daughter" as a wife for Edward, but it was really the younger one that he married.

158. *Close.* Equivalent to *secret*, as often. Cf. iv. 2. 35 below.

159. *By marrying her.* Transposed for emphasis. Cf. *Gr.* 425.

SCENE II.—3. *Obsequiously.* As befits the obsequies. Cf. *obsequious* in *Ham.* i. 2. 92: "To do obsequious sorrow."

5. *Key-cold.* Cf. *R. of L.* 1774: "in key-cold Lucrece' bleeding stream." Steevens remarks: "A key, on account of the coldness of the metal of which it is composed, was anciently employed to stop any slight bleeding. The epithet is common to many old writers." See Dekker, *Satiromastix*: "for fear your wise brains take key-cold;" and *The Country Girl*, 1647: "The key-cold figure of a man."

8. *Invoke.* Used by S. three times (cf. *Sonn.* 38. 10 and 1 *Hen. VI.* i. 52); *invoke* only twice.

12. *Windows.* Figuratively used as "not the usual and natural passage" (Schmidt). Cf. *K. John*, i. 1. 171 and v. 7. 29.

13. *Helpless.* Affording no help, unavailing. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 1. 39:

"So thou, that hast no unkind mate to grieve thee,
With urging helpless patience wouldst relieve me."

See also *R. of L.* 1027, 1056.

14, 15. *O, cursed,* etc. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has

"Curst be the hand that made these fatal holes!
Curst be the heart that had the heart to do it!"

16. This line is found only in the folios.

17. *Hap.* Fortune. Cf. i. 3. 84 below.

19. *To wolves, to spiders.* The folio reading; the quartos have "to adders, spiders," etc. This has been generally adopted on the ground that *wolves* are not *creeping things*; to which W. replies: "If the folio had merely *wolves* for *adders*, this reasoning would be good, if not conclusive; but it has, 'to *wolves, to spiders, toads, or any creeping venom'd thing,*' etc., where the repetition of the preposition cuts off the connection which would otherwise exist between 'wolves' and 'creeping venom'd thing,' which refers only to spiders and toads. The change seems clearly to have been made, upon the revision of the play, for the purpose of giving the passage variety of thought and rhythm." Let any one read the passage aloud, with the proper pause and change of expression after *wolves*, and we think he will admit that W. is right here.

22. *Prodigious*. Monstrous. Cf. *M. N. D.* v. i. 419, *K. John*, iii. i. 46, *R. and J.* i. 5. 142, etc.

23. *Aspect*. The regular accent in *S.* Cf. 156 below. Gr. 490.

25. *Unhappiness*. "Evilness" (Schmidt); "disposition to mischief" (Steevens). *S.* uses the word only here and in *Much Ado*, ii. i. 361 (see our ed. p. 134).

29. *Chertsey*. A town on the Thames, 19 miles southwest of London. Henry VI. was buried in Chertsey Abbey, according to Grafton, "without priest or clerk, torch or taper, singing or saying;" but ancient records show expenditures for the funeral, for the hire of barges with rowers on the Thames to convey the body to Chertsey, and for obsequies and masses at the burial there. The abbey buildings were destroyed more than two hundred years ago, and only a few fragments of the walls now remain. The site of the abbey is shown in the cut on p. 37.

35. *Devoted*. Pious, holy.

37. *I'll make a corse*, etc. Johnson compares *Ham.* i. 4. 85: "I'll make a ghost of him that lets me."

39. *Unmanner'd*. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. i. 169: "You heedless joltheads and unmanner'd slaves!" For *stand* the 1st folio has "stand'st."

42. *Spurn upon*. Elsewhere (when the verb is intransitive) *S.* has *spurn at*, except in *K. John*, iii. i. 141, where we find *spurn against*.

49. *Curst*. Shrewish. See *M. N. D.* p. 167.

52. *Exclaims*. The noun occurs again in iv. 4. 135 below; also in *Rich. II.* i. 2. 2 and (singular) *T. and C.* v. 3. 91.

54. *Pattern*. Masterpiece; as in *Oth.* v. 2. 11: "Thou cunning'st pattern of excelling nature."

56. *Bleed afresh*. Johnson remarks: "It is a tradition very generally received that the murdered body bleeds on the touch of the murderer. This was so much believed by Sir Kenelm Digby that he has endeavoured to explain the reason." According to Holinshed, this actually occurred on the occasion here represented. Steevens cites, among other illustrative passages, *Arden of Feversham*, 1592:

"The more I sound his name, the more he bleeds:
This blood condemns me, and in gushing forth
Speaks as it falls, and asks me why I did it."

58. *Exhales*. Draws forth. Cf. 167 below; and see *Much Ado*, p. 137, note on *Hale*.

65. *Eat him quick*. Swallow him alive. For *quick*=living, see *Hen. V.* p. 156 or *Ham.* p. 262.

76. *Crimes*. The quartos have "evils," which the modern editors generally adopt because Anne uses the word in her antithetical reply. W. remarks: "But if, in the former instance, *evils* were the original word, the change was evidently made with intention, and is a great improvement; for it opposes *known evils* to *supposed crimes*: and the evils which Anne actually suffered, and for which she claims the right to curse, were the direct consequence of crimes which Richard calls *supposed*. By the change, too, Shakespeare freed the line of a superfluous and harmful syllable in a part of the verse in which he solicitously avoided irregularity."

78. *Diffus'd*. The quartos and the 1st and 2d folios have "defus'd." The same form occurs in *Hen. V.* v. 2. 61; and Schmidt would retain it in both passages, making it = "shapeless." Johnson explains *diffus'd* as "irregular, uncouth." W. suspects "a misprint for an epithet antithetical to *divine* in Richard's speech"—possibly "deprav'd." The Camb. ed. reads "defused."

89. *Why, then they are not dead*. The quarto reading; that of the folios is "Then say they were not slain."

93. *In thy foul throat thou liest*. Thou liest deliberately. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154, note on *I had lied in my throat*.

98. *Their*. Referring to *brothers*.

102. *I grant ye*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "I grant yea." Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 390: "I grant ye, upon instinct," etc.

108. *Holp*. The form regularly used by S. except in v. 3. 168 below and *Oth.* ii. 1. 138. See *K. John*, p. 138.

109. *For he was fitter*, etc. Cf. *Per.* iv. 1. 10: "The fitter, then, the gods should have her."

114. *Betide*. Used intransitively in ii. 4. 71 below, and with *of* (= become of) in i. 3. 6.

118. *Slower*. "As *quick* was used for *sprightly*, so *slower* was put for *serious*" (Steevens).

119. *Timeless*. Untimely. See *R. and J.* p. 217.

122. *Effect*. Execution; as in *Mach.* i. 5. 48:

"That no compunctious visitings of nature
Shake my fell *purpose*, nor keep peace between
The *effect* and it."

128. *Rend*. The folios have "rent." See *M. A. D.* p. 166.

129. *Wrack*. Wreck; the only spelling in S. See *Rich. II.* p. 177 or *T. A.* p. 162.

149. *Toad*. For the old notion that the toad is venomous, see *Mach.* p. 228, note on *Venom*.

152. *Basilisk*. This fabulous creature was supposed to kill by a glance. See *Hen. V.* p. 183 (note on *The fatal balls*) or *R. and J.* p. 186 (note on *Death-darting eye*). Cf. also iv. 1. 55 below.

154. *A living death*. Cf. *R. of L.* 726. Johnson, Steevens, and Malone quote many examples of the expression from other authors.

157. *Remorseful*. Pitiful, compassionate. For *remorse*=pity, see iii. 7. 210 below. Cf. *Mach.* p. 171.

Lines 157-168 are omitted in the quartos.

158. *No*. Changed by Pope to "Not."

164. *That*. So that; as often. Gr. 283.

165. *Bedash'd*. The only instance of the word in S. For his use of the prefix *be-*, see Gr. 438.

167. *Exhale*. See on 58 above.

170. *Smoothing*. The folio reading; the early quartos have "soothing." Cf. i. 3. 48 below: "Smile in men's faces, smooth, deceive, and cog." See also 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 156 and *Per.* i. 2. 78.

181. *For I*, etc. The folio reading; the quartos have "twas I that kild your husband," and in 183 "t'was I that kild King Henry."

196. *I fear me.* For the reflexive use, cf. *Temp.* v. i. 283, *T. N.* iii. 1 125, *Rich. II.* ii. 2. 149, iii. 2. 67, etc.

203. *Vouchsafe*, etc. The folio gives this line to Anne, and omits the next line.

212. *May please you.* The quarto reading is "would please thee," and in the next line "more" for *most*.

214. *Crosby House.* The quartos have "Crosby Place." This magnificent mansion, still standing in Bishopsgate Street, was built in 1466 by Sir John Crosby, grocer and woolman, who died in 1475. It became the residence of Richard when Duke of Gloster, and afterwards of Sir Thomas More, who doubtless here wrote his *Life of Richard III.* In 1547, after the execution of More, the house was leased by William Roper, who had married Margaret More,

"her who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head."*

Here also for many years lived "Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother," whom Ben Jonson has immortalized in his well-known epitaph. In 1672 the building became a Presbyterian meeting-house, and later a warehouse; but in 1831 a subscription was raised to restore it. It is now a popular restaurant, and the traveller may eat his lunch or dinner, as we have done, in the great hall where Richard banqueted in the olden time. This room has a fine timbered roof and the beautiful oriel window (now filled with stained glass representing the armorial bearings of the different occupants of the house) which is seen in the cut on p. 167. Externally this part of the mansion retains its original form, but the front on Bishopsgate Street is modern. In the neighbouring church of Great St. Helen's are the tombs of Sir John Crosby and of Sir John Spencer, who bought Crosby House in 1594 and occupied it until his death, in 1609.

218. *Expedient.* *Expeditious.* See *K. John*, p. 141.

227. *Towards Chertsey*, etc. Before this speech the quartos have "*Glo.* Sirs, take up the corse;" retained in many modern eds.

228. *White-Friars.* The convent of the Brotherhood of the Virgin of Mount Carmel, founded by Sir Richard Grey in 1241. Here many men of note were buried. The street now known as Whitefriars, on the right of Fleet Street, gets its name from the old convent.

229, 230. Stokes notes that these lines recur, with variations, in *T. A.* ii. i. 82, 83:

"She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;"

and in *1 Hen. VI.* v. 3, 77, 78:

"She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won."

235. *My hatred.* The folio reading, which Coll., V., and W. also retain. The *my* is emphatic: the bleeding witness of *my* hatred and malice being present. The corpse had bled in witness of Richard's hatred, not Anne's. The majority of the editors, however, read "her hatred" with the quartos, taking *hatred* as the repetition of *hate* in 233. "The witness of her

* Tennyson, *Dream of Fair Women.*

hatred" must then be = bearing witness to the justice of her hatred. It is a close question between the two; but in such a case we prefer to follow the folio.

239. *All the world to nothing.* That is, the chances against me were as the world to nothing. Cf. 252 below: "My dukedom to a beggarly denier." See also *R. and J.* iii. 5. 215:

"Romeo is banish'd; and all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back," etc.

242. *At Tewksbury.* "Here we have the exact time of this scene ascertained, namely, August, 1471. King Edward, however, is in act ii. introduced dying. That king died in April, 1483; so there is an interval between this and the next act of almost twelve years. Clarence, who is represented in the preceding scene as committed to the Tower before the burial of King Henry VI., was in fact not confined nor put to death till seven years afterwards, March, 1477-8" (Malone).

247. *Abase.* Lower, cast down; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 2. 15: "And never more abase our sight so low," etc. The folio has "debase."

250. *Moiety.* Here apparently = half, as in ii. 2. 60 below; but it often meant some other fraction. See *W. T.* p. 169 or *Ham.* p. 174.

251. *Misshapen.* The folio has "unshapen."

252. *Denier.* The twelfth part of a French *sou*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 183.

255. *Marvellous proper.* Wonderfully handsome. For the adverbial *marvellous*, cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 19, *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 27, *Ham.* ii. 1. 3, iii. 2. 312, etc. For *proper*, see *M. of V.* p. 132, note on *A proper man's picture*.

256. *Be at charges for.* Go to the expense of.

261. *In his grave.* Into his grave. Cf. i. 3. 89, 286, i. 4. 41, 142, iii. 2. 58, iv. 4. 23, and v. 3. 229 below. Gr. 159.

SCENE III.—3. *Brook it ill.* Take it ill. Cf. *brook well* in *A. V. L.* i. 1. 140.

5. *Quick.* Lively, sprightly. See on i. 2. 118 above, and cf. 196 below. For *words* the folio has "eyes."

6. *Betide of.* See on i. 2. 114 above.

15. *Determined.* Resolved upon. *Concluded* = officially decided (Clarke).

16. *Miscarry.* Die. See *T. A.* p. 152 or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

17. *Stanley.* The early eds. have "Derby" or "Darby;" corrected by Theo., who says: "This is a blunder of inadvertence. . . . The person here called *Derby* was Thomas Lord Stanley, lord steward of King Edward the Fourth's household. But this Thomas Lord Stanley was not created Earl of Derby till after the accession of Henry the Seventh."

20. *The Countess Richmond.* Margaret, daughter of John Beaufort, first Duke of Somerset. Her first husband was Edmund Tudor, Earl of Richmond, by whom she had one son, afterwards King Henry VII.; her second was Sir Henry Stafford (uncle to the Duke of Buckingham in this play); and her third the Lord Stanley who is here addressed.

26. *Envious.* Malicious; as often in S. Cf. i. 4. 37 below. See *M. of V.* p. 151.

36. *Ay, madam.* The quartos have "Madame we did." *Attonement* = reconciliation; the only sense of the word in S. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184.

37. *Between*. Here, as in the next line and elsewhere, the quartos have "betwixt." The latter occurs often in S., but *between* much oftener.

39. *Warn*. Summon; as the word is still used in legal language. Cf. *A. John*, ii. 1. 201: "Who is it that hath warn'd us to the walls?"

41. *At the height*. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 217: "We, at the height, are ready to decline." The quartos have "at the highest."

43. *Who are they that complain*, etc. The quarto reading; the folio has "Who is it that complaines," but *them* in the next line.

46. *Dissentious*. Causing discord, seditious; as in *V. and A.* 657, *Cor.* i. 1. 167, iv. 6. 7, etc.

48. *Smooth*. Flatter, fawn. See on i. 2. 170 above.

Cog. "Deceive, especially by smooth lies" (Schmidt). See *Much Ado*, p. 164.

49. *Duck with French nods*. For the ridicule of French affectation, cf. *R. and J.* p. 172, notes on *Pardonnez-mois* and *Bons*; and for the contemptuous use of *duck*, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 18:

"the learned pate
Ducks to the golden fool."

53. *Silken*. Soft, effeminate; as in *K. John*, v. 1. 70: "A cocker'd, silken wanton," etc. For the contemptuous *Jacks* (cf. 72 below), see *Much Ado*, p. 164.

60. *Breathing-while*. Cf. *V. and A.* 1142: "Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while."

61. *Lewd*. Vile, base. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 178.

63. *On*. The quartos have "of."

65. *Belike*. See on i. 1. 49 above. *Interior*=inward; as in *Cor.* ii. 1. 43. S. uses the adjective but twice, and the noun only in *M. of V.* ii. 9. 28.

67. *Children*. The quartos have "kindred" or "kinred."

68, 69. The reading of the early quartos, except that they have "to" for *so*, which is Capell's emendation. The folio has only "Makes him to send, that he may learne the ground."

77. *We*. The quarto reading; the folios have "I."

80. *Promotions*. A quadrisyllable. The quartos have "whilst many fair promotions."

82. *Noble*. A gold coin, worth 8s. 6d. For the play upon the word, cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 35, *Rich. II.* v. 5. 67, and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 317, 321.

83. *Careful*. Full of care. See *Rich. II.* p. 182. Gr. 3.

84. *Hap*. Fortune. See on i. 2. 17 above.

89. *Suspects*. Suspicions. Cf. iii. 5. 31 below. For *in*=into, see on i. 2. 261 above.

90. *Mean*. The folio reading; the quartos have "cause." S. often uses *mean* in the singular, though oftener in the plural. See *R. and J.* p. 189. For the double negative in *deny . . . not*, cf. *C. of E.* iv. 2. 7: "First he denied you had in him no right," etc. Gr. 406.

102. *I wis*. Not a true verb, but a corruption of *ywis*=truly, verily. See *M. of V.* p. 146. For *worser*, cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 208, *R. and J.* ii. 3. 29, iii. 2. 108, *Ham.* iii. 4. 157, etc.

106. *Of*. As in the folio; the quartos have "with." S. uses both

prepositions with *acquaint*, but *with* more frequently. For *acquaint of*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 40, *W. T.* ii. 2. 48, iv. 4. 423, *R. and J.* iii. 4. 16, etc.

107. *Servant-maid*. The reading of all the early eds. W. has "serving-maid," which S. nowhere uses.

109. *To be so baited*, etc. The folio reading; in the quartos the line is "To be thus taunted, scorned, and baited at." For *baited* (=worried, as with dogs), cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 130, *Macb.* v. 8. 29, etc. *Baited at* does not occur elsewhere in S.

114. *Tell him*, etc. This line is not in the folio, and 116 is not in the quartos.

116. *Adventure*. Run the hazard; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 350:

"I will repeal thee, or, be well assur'd,
Adventure to be banished myself."

117. *My pains*. "My labours, my toils" (Johnson). Cf. 314 below.

125. *Royalize*. Make royal; used by S. only here. Steevens quotes *Claudius Tiberius Nero*, 1607:

"Who means to-morrow for to royalize
The triumphs," etc.

128. *Were factious for*. Were in the faction of, were partisans of. Cf. ii. 1. 20 below. See also *J. C.* i. 3. 118.

130. *Battle*. Army; as in v. 3. 24, 89, 139, 293 below. See also 1 *Hen. VI.* p. 189. Sir John Grey, Elizabeth's first husband, fell in the second battle of St. Albans, which was fought on Shrove Tuesday, Feb. 17, 1460-1. His lands were not "then seized on by the conqueror" (3 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 3), for the conqueror was Margaret herself; but they came into the possession of Edward after the battle of Towton, March 29, 1461, in which the king was victorious. Margaret then appealed to the mercy of Edward, and won not only his pity but his love.

138. *Party*. Side. Cf. iv. 4. 524 below, and see *K. John*, p. 133.

139. *Mew'd up*. See on i. 1. 38 above.

142. *Childish-foolish*. The hyphen is not in the early eds. For compound adjectives in S. see Gr. 2. Cf. iii. 1. 44 below.

144. *Cacodæmon*. Evil spirit; used by S. only here.

148. *Sovereign*. The quartos have "lawful."

157. *Patient*. A trisyllable. See on 80 above.

158. *Hear me*, etc. "This scene of Margaret's imprecations is fine and artful. She prepares the audience, like another Cassandra, for the following tragic revolutions" (Warb.).

159. *Pill'd*. Pillaged, robbed; as on p. 168 above. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 177.

163. *Gentle villain*. "The meaning of *gentle* is *high-born*. An opposition is meant between that and *villain*, which means at once a *wicked* and a *low-born wretch*" (Johnson). "She means he is high by birth, low by nature; a supreme or arch villain, a smooth-tongued and stealthy villain, who would creep away from her presence to avoid her reproaches" (Clarke).

164. *Make'st*. Doest. For the play upon the word in the reply, cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 31 and *L. L. L.* iv. 3. 190. See also *Ham.* p. 185.

167-169. *Wert thou . . . abode*. These lines are not in the quartos.

167. *Banished*. "Margaret fled into France after the battle of Hex-

ham in 1464, and Edward soon after issued a proclamation, prohibiting any of his subjects from aiding her to return, or harbouring her should she attempt to visit England. She remained abroad till April 14, 1471, when she landed at Weymouth. After the battle of Tewksbury in May, 1471, she was confined in the Tower till 1475, when she was ransomed by her father Regnier, and removed to France, where she died in 1482. The present scene is in 1477-8; so that her introduction here is a mere poetical fiction" (Malone).

174. *The curse my noble father*, etc. See 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 66 fol.

176. *Scorns*. The quartos have "scorn." For the plural, cf. *Ham.* iii. 1. 70 and 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 77.

181. *Hath plagued thy bloody deed*. Cf. *A. John*, ii. 1. 184: "That he is not only plagued for her sin," etc.

182. *So just is God*, etc. Ritson compares *Thomas Lord Cromwell*, 1602: "How just is God, to right the innocent!"

187. *Northumberland*, etc. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 172: "What, weeping ripe, my lord Northumberland?"

194. *But*. Only; that is, could nothing less answer, etc. *Peevish* = silly, foolish; as in iii. 1. 31 and iv. 4. 419 below. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

196. *Quick*. Lively, hearty. See on 5 above.

197. *By surfeit*. "Alluding to his luxurious life" (Johnson).

206. *Stall'd*. Installed, invested; the only instance of this sense in S.

212. *God, I pray him*. For the redundant pronoun (Gr. 243), cf. iii. 1. 10, 26 below. See also p. 176 above.

214. *Unlook'd*. Unlooked-for; which S. uses elsewhere, and which the 3d folio substitutes here.

219. *Them*. For *heaven* as a plural, see *Rich. II.* p. 157 (note on *They see*) or *Macb.* p. 183 (note on *Their*).

228. *Elvish-mark'd*. "The common people in Scotland have still an aversion to those who have any natural defect or redundancy, as thinking them *marked out* for mischief" (Steevens). In *hog* there is an allusion to the *boar* in Richard's armorial bearings. The *Mirror for Magistrates* contains the following "Complaint of Collingbourne, who was cruelly executed for making a rime:"

"For where I meant the king by name of hog,
I only alluded to his badge the bore;
To Lovel's name I added more,—our dog;
Because most dogs have borne that name of yore.
These metaphors I us'd with other more,
As cat and rat, the half-names of the rest,
To hide the sense that they so wrongly prest."

The rhyme of Collingbourne, as quoted by Henley from Heywood's *Edward IV.*, was the following:

"The cat, the rat, and Lovell our dog
Doe rule all England under a hog,
The crooke backt boore the way hath found
To root our roses from our ground.
Both flower and bud will he confound,
Till king of beasts the swine be crown'd:
And then the dog, the cat, and rat,
Shall in his trough feed and be fat."

The persons meant were the king, Catesby, Ratcliff, and Lovel, as the "Complaint," quoted above, explains:

"Catesbye was one whom I called a cat,
A craftie lawyer catching all he could;
The second Ratcliffe, whom I named a rat,
A cruel beast to gnaw on whom he should:
Lord Lovel barkt and byt whom Richard would,
Whom I therefore did rightly terme our dog,
Wherewith to ryme I cald the king a hog."

That *Lovel* was a common name for a dog is evident from *The Historic of Jacob and Esau*, an interlude, 1568 (quoted by Steevens):

"Then come on at once, take my quiver and my bowe;
Fette lovell my hounde, and my horne to blowe."

Gray, in *The Bard*, refers to Richard thus:

"The bristled boar in infant gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade."

Cf. iii. 2. 11, 28, 73, iii. 4. 81, iv. 5. 2, v. 2. 7, and v. 3. 157 below.

230. *The slave of nature*. Warb. sees in this an allusion to the branding of slaves, his misshapen person being "the mark that nature had set upon him to stigmatize his ill conditions;" but the meaning may be simply "one who is the lowest, the most servile, in the whole realm of nature" (W.).

233. *Rag*. Changed by Warb. to "wrack;" but cf. v. 3. 329 below: "these overweening rags of France;" and *T. of A.* iv. 3. 271: "thy father, that poor rag."

235. *Cry thee mercy*. Beg your pardon. See *M. A. D.* p. 159.

238. *Make the period to*. Finish, conclude. Cf. *R. of L.* 380: "the period of their ill;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 231: "My worldly busine-s makes a period," etc.

241. *Flourish*. "Varnish, gloss, ostentatious embellishment" (Schmidt). Cf. *Sonn.* 60. 9: "Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth;" *L. L. L.* ii. 1. 14: "the painted flourish of your praise," etc.

242. *Bottled spider*. A big bloated spider. Cf. iv. 4. 81 below. Steevens fills half a page with ridicule of one "Robert Heron, Esquire," who had made it mean "a spider kept in a *bottle* long fasting, and of consequence the more spiteful and venomous."

248. *Move our patience*. That is, move it to wrath. Cf. 288 below: "awake God's gentle-sleeping peace;" *Much Ado*, v. 1. 102: "we will not wake your patience;" *Rich. II.* i. 3. 132: "to wake our peace," etc.

256. *Fire-new*. Fresh from the mint, like *brand-new*. Cf. *L. L. L.* i. 1. 79: "fire-new words;" *T. A.* iii. 2. 23: "fire-new from the mint," etc.

262. *Touches*. The quartos have "toucheth."

264. *Aery*. A brood of nestlings (literally, "an eagle's or hawk's nest"). Cf. *A. John*, v. 2. 149: "And like an eagle o'er his aery towers;" *Ham.* ii. 2. 354: "an aery of children," etc.

273. *Peace, peace*. The quartos read "Have done;" apparently changed to avoid the repetition in 279 below.

277. *My charity*. The charity shown me. *My* is the "objective genitive."

282. *Now fair befall thee.* Good fortune be thine. Cf. iii. 5. 46 below.
 288. *Awake*, etc. See on 248 above, and cf. the carrying out of the metaphor in the passage from *Rich. II.*

293. *Their marks.* See on 228 and 230 above.

296. *Respect.* Regard, care for; as in i. 4. 146 below. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 3. 69:

"That they pass by me as the idle wind,
Which I respect not."

305. *Muse why.* The quartos have "wonder," which means the same. Cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 317: "I muse your majesty doth seem so cold;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 1. 167: "I muse you make so slight a question," etc.

314. *Frank'd up.* A *frank* was a hog-sty. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 2. 160: "doth the old boar feed in the old frank?" S. uses the noun nowhere else, and the verb only here and in iv. 5. 3 below.

317. *Scath.* Harm, injury. See *K. John*, p. 141.

318. *Well advis'd.* "In one's sound senses, not mad" (Schmidt). Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215: "Sleeping or waking? Mad or well-advis'd?" See also iv. 4. 513 below.

The early eds. rarely direct that a speech be spoken aside; but the folio here inserts "*Speakes to himselfe.*"

325. *Abroach.* Used only with *set*, and only in a bad sense. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 2. 14 and *R. and J.* i. 1. 111.

328. *Beweep.* See on i. 2. 165 above, and cf. *begnaw* in 222 above.

337. *Forth of.* The quartos have "out of." For *forth of*, cf. *Temp.* v. 1. 160, *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 204, *J. C.* iii. 3. 3, etc.

On the passage, cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 99: "The devil can cite Scripture for his purpose."

340. *Stout-resolved.* Boldly resolute; not hyphenated in the early eds., but probably a compound adjective, as Sr., D., and W. make it.

347. *Obdurate.* Accented on the penult; as in iii. 1. 39 below, and always in S. Cf. *V. and A.* 199: "Art thou obdurate, flinty, hard as steel?" See also *M. of V.* iv. 1. 8, 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 122, etc.

348. *Well-spoken.* See on i. 1. 29 above.

353. *Your eyes drop millstones*, etc. Apparently, as Steevens notes, a proverbial expression. Cf. *Cæsar and Pompey*, 1607: "Men's eyes must millstones drop, when fools shed tears." For *fall* (see *J. C.* p. 169, note on *They fall their crests*) the quartos have "drop."

SCENE IV.—*Enter Clarence and Keeper.* "The quartos have the direction, '*Enter Clarence, Brokenbury*;' and they prefix either '*Bro.*' or '*Brok.*' to all the replies to Clarence and the two Murderers. But the folio has not only '*Enter Clarence and Keeper*,' but prefixes '*Keepe.*' to all the replies to Clarence, down to the line '*I will, my lord*,' etc., inclusive; and then has the direction, '*Enter Brakenbury the Lieutenant*,' to which character it assigns, by the prefix '*Bra.*,' the ensuing lines, '*Sorrow breaks seasons*,' etc., and all the replies to the Murderers, until they are left alone with their victim. This would seem sufficiently decisive evidence, that, even if the quartos gave the first distribution, a change was made on the revision of the play; but that there might be no lack in this regard, Clar-

ence's last speech before he falls asleep, which in the quartos begins, 'O *Brokenburie*,' begins in the folio, 'Ah, *Keeper, Keeper*,' and the line, 'I pray thee *gentle* Keeper stay by me,' is changed in the folio to, '*Keeper*, I prythee sit by me a-while.' It is also noteworthy that Brakenbury, when he yields custody of Clarence to the Murderer, says, in the quarto, '*Heere* are the keys, there sits the duke asleepe,' but in the folio, 'There lies the Duke asleepe, and *there* the Keyes.' Now it was a violation of all propriety to make Sir Robert Brakenbury, Lieutenant of the Tower, go about with a bunch of ponderous keys at his girdle or in his hand. These keys were evidently carried by the keeper, a higher sort of gaoler, but a person of rank much inferior to that of Brakenbury, the commander of the Tower. The stage direction and the prefixes of the quarto are probably the result of the limited number of actors in Shakespeare's company when the play was first produced, which caused the easily merged parts of the Keeper and Brakenbury to be assigned to one performer, whose MS. of his part was probably used in getting out the surreptitious edition of this very popular play. When it was revised, about 1601, this necessity seems to have ceased, and the minute but particular and decisive changes which have been pointed out were made" (W.).

3. *Of fearful dreams, of ugly sights.* The quartos have "of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams."

4. *Faithful.* "Not an infidel" (Johnson).

8. *I pray you, tell me.* The quarto reading is "I long to hear you tell it."

9. *Methought.* The quartos and the folios have "Me thoughts." In 24 below the folios have "Me thoughts" or "Methoughts," the quartos "Me thought." In 58, the 1st quarto has "me thoughts," the other early eds. "me thought" or "methought." The only other instance of "me-thoughts" in the early eds. is in *W. T.* i. 2. 154. It was a form in use in the time of S., but it is not probable that he mixed it up with the other in these two speeches, when elsewhere he regularly has *methought*. Cf. *W. T.* p. 155.

13. *The hatches.* The deck; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 103: "I stood upon the hatches in the storm," etc.

14. *Cited up.* Cf. *R. of L.* 524: "Shalt have thy trespass cited up in rhymes." For *heavy* the quartos have "fearful."

21. *O Lord!* The quartos read "Lord, Lord!" and in 23 "ugly sights of death," and in 25 "Ten thousand."

27. *Unvalued.* Here=*inestimable*, like *invaluable* now. In the only other instance of the word in S. (*Ham.* i. 3. 9) it is=not valued.

28. *All scatter'd*, etc. The quartos omit the line, and also the words "and often did I strive To yield the ghost" in 36, 37 below.

38. *Stopp'd in.* A more specific and more forcible expression than the "Kept in" of the quartos.

40. *Bulk.* Body (Malone), or, rather, the chest; as in *Ham.* ii. 1. 95: "it did seem to shatter all his bulk;" and *R. of L.* 467: "her heart . . . Beating her bulk."

45. *I.* The quartos have "Who."

46. *Sour.* Morose; more in keeping with the classical descriptions of

Charon than the "grim" of the quartos. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 3. 121: "my sour husband," etc.

54. *Shriek'd*. The quartos have "squeakt" (1st quarto "squakt"), for which cf. *Ham.* i. 1. 116: "Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets," etc.

55. *Fleeting*. Inconstant. Cf. *A. and C.* v. 2. 240: "The fleeting moon;" opposed to "marble-constant," and="the inconstant moon" of *R. and J.* ii. 2. 109.

64. *No marvel though*. No wonder if; as in *V. and A.* 390, *Sonn.* 148. 11, *M. V. D.* ii. 2. 196, etc.

65. *I am afraid, methinks*. The quartos have "I promise you, I am afraid," and in 67 "Which now bear evidence."

69-72. *O God! . . . children!* These four lines are not in the quartos.

71. *In*. Either=upon (W.) or=in the case of; as in *R. of L.* 77: "triumph in so false a foe." See also *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 10: "In Ross and Willoughby," etc. Cf. Gr. 162.

72. *My guiltless wife*. The wife of Clarence died before he was confined in the Tower (Malone).

80. *And for*, etc. "They often suffer real miseries for *imaginary* and *unreal* gratifications" (Johnson). Clarke explains it thus: "and instead of pleasures of imagination, which they never experience, they often experience a multitude of restless cares." He adds: "This seems to us to be a reflection naturally growing out of Clarence's description of his late dreams; which, instead of being filled with images of beauty and peace, are crowded with troublous and terrible visions."

85. *What wouldst thou*, etc. The quartos read "In God's name what are you, and how came you hither?" and in 88 below "Yea, are you so brief?" and in 90 "Show him our ["your" in 7th and 8th quartos] commission."

94. *Of*. The quarto reading; the folios have "from," which S. does not elsewhere use with *guiltless*.

98. *You may, sir; 't is*. The quartos have "Do so, it is;" in 101, "No, then he will say;" and in 103, "When he wakes! why, fool, he shall never wake till the judgment day."

116. *My holy humour*. The quarto reading; the folios have "this passionate humour of mine," where "passionate" might be="full of emotion" (W.). The ironical *holy* seems to us more in keeping with the context.

120. *Faith*. Omitted in the folio, doubtless on account of the statute of James I. against irreverent language on the stage. So in 123 below the folio changes *Zounds* to "Come." Cf. *Oth.* p. 11, and 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 144, note on 'Sblood.

131. *I'll not meddle with it*, etc. "Very noteworthy, as a point of high dramatic art in harmony and unity of moral aim, is the occurrence of a speech upon conscience here from a rough fellow like this murderer, and the occurrence of another upon conscience afterwards from the royal hero-villain of the play [v. 3. 179 fol.]. Compare the diction of the two speeches, the profound ethical lesson contained in the two speeches, and the perfectly characteristic and poetic appropriateness of each of these

two speeches, and then say whether our Shakespeare be not indeed a writer to learn from and to glory in" (Clarke).

133. *Shame-faced*. The 1st quarto has "shamefast," which was the more common spelling of the time, and etymologically the proper one. See Wb. s. v.

142. *Him*. Referring, not to *the devil*, but to *conscience*, "which is suddenly thus impersonated, as being one influential spirit brought in opposition to another" (Clarke).

143. *Insinuate with*. Ingratiate himself with you. Cf. *V. and A.* 1012: "With Death she humbly doth insinuate;" and *A. Y. L.* epil. 7: "nor cannot insinuate with you in the behalf of a good play."

146. *Tall*. "The meaning of *tall* in old English is *stout, daring, fearless, and strong*" (Johnson). See *T. N.* p. 123.

147. *Shall we fall to work?* The quarto reads "shall we to this gear?"

148. *On the costard*. On the head. The quartos have "over" for *on*. A *costard* was properly a kind of apple (whence *costermonger* or *costard-monger*), and the term was contemptuously applied to the head as being round like an apple. Cf. *M. IV.* iii. 1. 14, *L. L. L.* iii. 1. 71, and *Lear*, iv. 6. 247.

For *hilt*s as applied to a single sword, see *J. C.* p. 182.

149. *And then throw him into*. The quartos read "and then we will chop him in."

151. *A sop*. Any thing steeped or softened in liquor. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 113:

"the bounded waters
Should lift their bosoms higher than the shores,
And make a sop of all this solid globe."

See also *T. of S.* iii. 2. 175, 178.

152-154. *Soft, he wakes*, etc. The quartos have:

"1 *Murd.* Hark! he stirs: shall I strike?
"2 *Murd.* No, first let's reason with him."

154. *Reason*. Talk. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 27: "I reason'd with a Frenchman yesterday," etc. See also ii. 3. 39, iii. 1. 132, and iv. 4. 533 below.

157. *What art thou?* Who are you? See *Ham.* p. 253. Gr. 254.

164. *Your eyes*, etc. This line is not in the quartos.

175. *Drawn forth among*. The quartos have "call'd forth from out," and in 177 "Where are the evidence that do." For *evidence*=witness or witnesses, cf. *Lear*, iii. 6. 37, and *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 38.

178. *Quest*. Inquest, jury. Cf. *Sonn.* 46. 10:

"To 'cide this title is impeanned
A quest of thoughts, all tenants to the heart."

See also *Ham.* v. 1. 24: "crown'r's quest law."

181. *Convict*. Convicted. Cf. *graft* in iii. 7. 126, *contract* in iii. 7. 178, and *acquit* in v. 4. 16 below. Gr. 342.

183. *To have redemption*. The folio reads "for any goodness," and omits the next line; doubtless on account of the statute referred to in the note on 120 above.

189. *Erroneous*. Mistaken; not elsewhere applied to a person by S. He uses the word only here and in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 90.

192. *Spurn at*. See on i. 2. 42 above.

197. *Receive the sacrament*. Take an oath. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, or *K. John*, p. 172. The quartos have "receive the holy sacrament, To fight in quarrel," etc.

198. *In quarrel of*. In the cause of, on behalf of. See *Macb.* p. 153, note on *Quarrel*.

201. *Unrip'dst*. The early quartos have "Unripst," and the folio "Unrip'st;" corrected by Rowe. The old text may indicate the contracted pronunciation of the time. Cf. *-ts* for *-test* (Gr. 340).

204. *Dear*. Extreme. For the intensive use of *dear*, see *K. John*, p. 138. Cf. v. 2. 21 below, where for *dearest* the quartos have "greatest."

210. *O, know*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

215. *Gallant-springing*. "Growing up in beauty" (Schmidt). The hyphen is not found in the early eds., but was inserted by Pope. See on i. 3. 142 above.

216. *Novice*. "Youth, one yet *new* to the world" (Johnson).

217. *My brother's love*. My love for my brother. So, in the next line, *thy brother's love* = our love for thy brother.

222. *Meed*. Reward, recompense. It is the reading of the 1st quarto and the folios; the other quartos have "neede."

231. *And charg'd*, etc. The line is omitted in the folios.

234. *Millstones*. See on i. 3. 353 above; and for another allusion to the proverb, cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 158:

"*Pandarus*. But there was such laughing!
Queen Hecuba laughed that her eyes ran o'er.
"*Cressida*. With millstones."

See also Massinger, *City Madam*, iv. 3:

"*Fortune*. Thou dost belie him, varlet! he, good gentleman,
Will weep when he hears how we are used.
"*Serjeant*. Yes, millstones."

For *lesson'd*, cf. *Cor.* ii. 3. 185: "As you were lesson'd;" *T. G. of V.* ii. 7. 5: "To lesson me," etc.

238. *It cannot be*, etc. The passage in the quartos stands thus:

"It cannot be; for when I parted with him,
He hugg'd me in his arms, and swore, with sobs," etc.

240. *Labour*. Work for. For the transitive use, cf. *Much Ado*, p. 167.

241. *When he delivers you*. The quartos read "now he delivers thee," and in the next line "world's" for *earth's*. In the next speech they have "Hast thou" for *Have you*, "art thou" for *are you*, etc.

251. *Relent! 't is cowardly*, etc. The 1st quarto gives the passage thus:

"*Cla*. Relent, and saue your soules.
"*I*. Relent, tis cowardly and womanish.
"*Cla*. Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuelish,
My friend, I spie some pitty in thy lookes:
Oh if thy eye be not a flatterer,
Come thou on my side, and intreat for me,
A begging Prince, what begger pitties not?"

The folio gives it thus with the addition of five lines :

"*Clar.* Relent, and saue your soules:
Which of you, if you were a Princes Sonne,
Being pent from Liberty, as I am now,
If two such murderers as your selues came to you,
Would not intreat for life, as you would begge
Were you in my distresse.
'*i* Relent? no: 'Tis cowardly and womanish.
'*Chr.* Not to relent, is beastly, sauage, diuellish:" etc.

W. remarks: "The difficulty of the passage as it stands in the folio was long since discovered. It is impossible to believe that Shakespeare wrote such feeble nonsense as that in the last three lines of Clarence's speech as it appears in that version which has just been quoted. Theobald and others made futile efforts at emendation; but it was left for Tyrwhitt to discover that the difficulty was caused by the insertion in the wrong place of the five lines added on the revision of the play. By a mistake easily made, they were inserted after the first line of the first of these two speeches, whereas they were intended for the same position in the second. This appears not only by the absurdity of Clarence's first speech in the corrupted reading, but from severance in that reading of Clarence's entreaty, 'Relent,' and the Murderer's prompt reply, 'Relent! 'tis cowardly,' etc., the latter of which was, from its very nature, plainly intended to follow the former on the instant. In the reading of the folio, 'Relent? *no*,' the negative is doubtless an accidental insertion." Malone, Steevens, Sr., D., the Camb. editors, Clarke, and others follow Tyrwhitt. Capell, St., and H. (school ed.) omit the added lines. K.* and V. follow the folio; as Coll. does, with a change in pointing, and the addition of three words from his MS. corrector, thus:

"Would not entreat for life? As you would beg,
Were you in my distress, so pity me."

263, 264. *Take that*, etc. The quartos read

"I [ay] thus, and thus: if this will not serve
He chop thee in the malmesey but in the next roome."

267. *Grievous murder*. The quartos have "grievous guilty murder done."

275. *Give order*. The quartos have "take order," for which see iv. 2. 54 below.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—5. *To*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "from." W. reads "for." For *part*=depart, see *M. of V.* p. 145, and for *part to*, cf. *T. of A.* iv. 2. 21 :

"we must all part
Into this sea of air."

* In his 1st ed. K. says that he has followed "the folio instead of adopting the arbitrary regulations of the modern editors," but his printer, perhaps from mistaking the marginal directions of the "copy," has transposed the five lines, "Which of you," etc., as Tyrwhitt does. "If such an error can escape the notice of so careful an editor, how likely is it to occur in the folio, which could hardly be said to have an editor at all!" (Camb. ed.)

7. *Rivers and Hastings*. The quarto reading; the folios have "Dorset and Rivers."

8. *Dissemble not*, etc. "Do not cherish a concealed hatred, but swear a mutual love" (Clarke).

12. *Dally*. Trifle. Cf. iii. 7. 73 and 1 v. 1. 20 below.

20. *Faction*. See on i. 3. 128 above.

30. *Embrace*ments. Used oftener by S. than *embrace*s. Cf. *C. of E.* i. 1. 44, *W. T.* v. 1. 114, *Cor.* i. 3. 4, etc.

33. *But . . . doth cherish*. Instead of cherishing. See Gr. 125.

44. *Period*. Completion. Cf. i. 3. 238 above.

45. *And, in good time*, etc. The folios read:

"*Buc.* And in good time.

Heere comes Sir *Richard Ratcliffe* and the Duke."

with the stage-direction "*Enter Ratcliffe, and Gloster.*" Spedding remarks: "Here the alteration in the *stage-direction* was no doubt intended. Sir Richard Ratcliffe is described by More as one 'whose service the Protector specially used in that counsel [the murder of the lords at Pomfret] and the execution of such lawless enterprises, as a man who had been long secret with him,' etc. He had an important part in the action of the play, though he scarcely speaks a dozen times all through. S. probably thought it advisable to bring him and his relation to Richard into prominence, that when he appears presently in the execution of his office the spectators might know who he was. Therefore, though he is a mute in this scene, he was to come in with Richard: and 'Ratcliffe' or 'Sir Richard Ratcliffe' was written in the margin, meaning it to be added to the stage-direction '*Enter Gloster.*' The printer or the transcriber mistook it for an insertion meant for the text, and thrust it into Buckingham's speech, where it disorders the metre and does not come in at all naturally."

51. *Swelling*. Angry. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 26: "From envious malice of thy swelling heart," etc.

53. *Heap*. Throng. Cf. *J. C.* i. 3. 23:

"and there were drawn

Upon a heap a hundred ghastly women," etc.

56. *Unwittingly*. The quarto reading; the folios have "unwillingly," which is doubtless a misprint.

66. *Of you, Lord Rivers*, etc. The reading of the first four quartos; the folios have: "Of you and you, Lord Rivers and of Dorset;" and after 67 they insert the line, "Of you Lord Woodvill, and Lord Scales of you." As Malone observes, there was no such person as Lord Woodvill.

69. *I do not know*, etc. Milton, in his *Eikonoklastes*, has the following reference to this passage: "The poets, and some English, have been in this point so mindful of decorum, as to put never more pious words in the mouth of any person than of a tyrant. I shall not instance an abstruse author, wherein the king might be less conversant, but one whom we well know was the closest companion of these his solitudes, William Shakespeare; who introduced the person of Richard the Third, speaking in as high a strain of piety and mortification as is uttered in any passage

in this book, and sometimes to the same sense and purpose with some words in this place. I intended (saith he) not only to oblige my friends, but my enemies. The like saith Richard :

‘I do not know that Englishman alive,
With whom my soul is any jot at odds,
More than the infant that is born to-night:
I thank my God for my humility.’

Other stuff of this sort may be read throughout the tragedy, wherein the poet used not much license in departing from the truth of history, which delivers him a deep dissembler, not of his affections only, but his religion.”

75. *Lord . . . highness.* The quartos have “liege . . . majesty.”

90. *Lag.* Late, tardy. Cf. *lag of* (=later than) in *Lear*, i. 2. 6. *Buried* is here a trisyllable.

92. *Nearer in bloody thoughts, etc.* Cf. *Macb.* ii. 3. 146:

“the near in blood,
The nearer bloody.”

94. *Go current from suspicion.* Pass free from suspicion, are believed to be all right. For the metaphor, cf. i. 3. 256 above and iv. 2. 9 below.

99. *The forfeit.* That is, the *thing forfeited*, or his servant’s life. Cf. *M. of V.* iv. 1. 37: “To have the due and forfeit of my bond,” etc.

107. *Be advis’d.* Be considerate, be not hasty. Cf. i. 3. 318 above.

115. *Lap.* Wrap. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 54: “lapp’d in proof;” and *Cymb.* v. 5. 360: “lapp’d In a most curious mantle.” See also Milton, *L’All.* 136: “Lap me in soft Lydian airs;” and cf. p. 177 above.

119. *Pluck’d.* A favourite word with S. Cf. i. 1. 55, ii. 2. 58, iii. 1. 36, iv. 2. 65, and v. 4. 19 in the present play.

120. *To put it.* As to put it. Cf. iii. 2. 27 below. Gr. 281.

127. *Ungracious.* Impious, wicked. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 89:

“and that word grace
In an ungracious mouth is but profane;”

and 1 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 490: “Swearest thou, ungracious boy?”

129. *Beholding.* Beholden; the only form in S. Cf. iii. 1. 107 below. Gr. 372.

138. *Still.* Constantly; as very often. Gr. 69.

SCENE II.—*Enter the Duchess of York.* “Cecily, daughter of Ralph Neville, first Earl of Westmoreland, and widow of Richard Duke of York, who was killed at the battle of Wakefield in 1460. She survived her husband thirty-five years, living till the year 1495” (Malone).

1. *Good grandam, etc.* The quartos read, “Tell me, good grandam, is our father dead?” and in 3, “Why do you wring your hands, and beat,” etc.

6. *Orphans, wretches.* The quartos have “wretches, orphans,” and in 11 “lost labour to weep for one,” etc.

8. *Cousins.* Here=grandchildren. For its application to nephews, uncles, brothers-in-law, etc., see *Ham.* p. 179. Cf. iii. 1. 2 below.

14. *Importune.* Accented on the penult, as regularly in S. See *Ham* p. 190.

15. *Prayers*. A dissyllable, as usually in S. Cf. v. i. 21 below. Gr. 479.

16. *And so will I*. Omitted in the quartos.

18. *Incapable*. That is, unable to comprehend.

21. *Provok'd to it by*. The quartos have "provoked by," and in 24 "And hugd me in his arme" ("arms" in 7th and 8th quartos).

28. *Visor*. As in the folios; the quartos have "vizard," for which see *Mach.* p. 211.

30. *Dugs*. "Of old this word was used in no derogatory sense, and merely as we now use *breasts*" (W.). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 393:

"As mild and gentle as the cradle-babe
Dying with mother's dug between its lips."

38. *Impatience*. A quadrisyllable. See on i. 3. 80 above.

39. *Act*. Suggested by the preceding *scene*. Cf. *K. John*, ii. i. 376:

"As in a theatre, whence they gape and point
At your industrious scenes and acts of death."

See also *Temp.* ii. i. 252, *T. N.* v. i. 254, and *Mach.* ii. 4. 5.

41, 42. *Why grow*, etc. The quartos read:

"Why grow the branches now the root is wither'd?
Why wither not the leaves, the sap being gone?"

46. *Ne'er-changing night*. The quartos have "perpetual rest." The Coll. MS. gives "ne'er-changing light." Cf. i. 4. 47 above.

50. *His images*. "The children by whom he was represented" (Johnson).

51. *But now two mirrors*, etc. Malone compares *R. of L.* 1758:

"Poor broken glass, I often did behold
In thy sweet semblance my old age new born;
But now that fair fresh mirror, dim and old,
Shows me a bare-bon'd death by time out-worn."

See also *Sonn.* 3. 9:

"Thou art thy mother's glass, and she in thee
Calls back the lovely April of her prime;
So thou through windows of thine age shalt see
Despite of wrinkles this thy golden time."

The *two mirrors* are Edward and Clarence; the *false glass* is Gloster.

60. *Moiety*. See on i. 2. 250 above.

61. *Overgo*. Go beyond, exceed; as in *Sonn.* 103. 7: "That overgoes my blunt invention quite." *O'ergo* is=go over, travel, in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 196: "Of many weary miles you have o'ergone."

69. *The watery moon* is "the moon, the governess of floods" (*M. N. D.* ii. i. 103) or the ruler of the tides. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 31: "being governed, as the sea is, by the moon."

77. *Dear*. In a double sense="of one so dearly loved," and "so intensely severe" (Clarke).

81. *Parcell'd*. "Particular" (Schmidt), or "separately dedicated to particular objects" (Clarke).

84, 85. *And so do I; I for an Edward weep*. These words are in the quartos, but not in the folios.

89-100. *Comfort*. . . *throne*. These lines are found only in the folios.

94. *Opposite with*. Cf. *T. N.* ii. 5. 162: "opposite with a kinsman."

95. *For*. Because. See on i. 1. 58 above.

104. *Cry you mercy*. Beg your pardon. See on i. 3. 235 above.

109. *Amen*, etc. See p. 26 above.

112. *Cloudy*. That is, with "cloudy brow" (2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 155) or "cloudy looks" (*P. P.* 312). See also *Temp.* ii. 1. 142 and 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 83.

113. *Heavy mutual*. The quartos have "mutual heavy."

117. *Hearts*. The folio has "hates," which the following lines show to be a misprint. "For in no sense can we suppose Buckingham to declare that the rancor, broken or unbroken, of their high swollen *hates* must be *preserved*; and even with *hearts* the figure, although intelligible and even impressive, is far from being clearly made out" (W.).

120. *Me seemeth*. It seems to me. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 1. 23: "Me seemeth then it is no policy," etc. The *me* is a dative, as in *methinks*. See *M. of V.* p. 135 (note on *Methought*) or Gr. 297.

121. *Fet*. Equivalent to the "fetcht" of the quartos. See *Hen. V.* p. 163. Cf. Chaucer, *C. T.* 819: "the wyn was fet anon;" *Id.* 2527: "in to the paleys fet," etc.* See another example in note on i. 3. 228 above.

"Edward the young prince, in his father's lifetime and at his demise, kept his household at Ludlow, as Prince of Wales; under the governance of Antony Woodville, Earl of Rivers, his uncle by the mother's side. The intention of his being sent thither was to see justice done in the Marches; and by the authority of his presence to restrain the Welshmen, who were wild, dissolute, and ill-disposed, from their accustomed murders and outrages" (Theo.)

123-140. *Why . . . say I*. These lines are omitted in the quartos.

127. *The estate is green*. Referring to the youth of the king.

129. *As please himself*. As may please himself. For the impersonal verb, see on 120 above. For the form, cf. *A. Y. L.* epil. 14: "as much of this play as please you," etc.

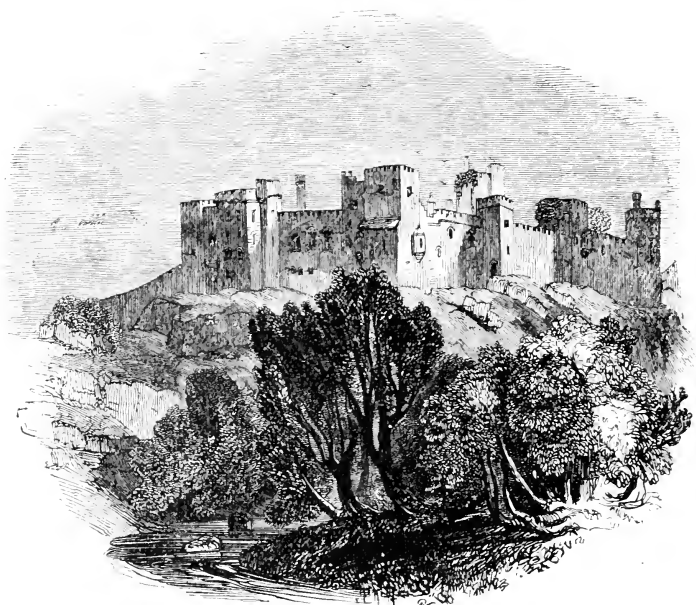
130. *Apparent*. Evident, manifest. See *K. John*, p. 165 or *Rich. II.* p. 150.

133. *Compact*. The accent on the last syllable, as regularly in S. except in 1 *Hen. VI.* v. 4. 163.

142. *Ludlow*. The folios misprint "London," as also in 153 below.

Ludlow Castle is in the town of Ludlow in Shropshire, near the Welsh boundary, and was built shortly after the Norman Conquest. Edward IV. repaired it as a residence for the Prince of Wales and the appointed place for meeting his deputies, the Lords Presidents, who held in it the Court of the Marches, for transacting the business of the principality. Here, at the time represented in the play, the prince, twelve years old, kept a mimic court with a council. Ordinances for the regulation of his household were drawn up by his father not long before his death, prescribing his religious duties, his studies, his meals, and his sports. No

* The line-numbers and the readings are those of Gilman's ed. of Chaucer (Boston 1879). Our future references will be to this edition, unless some other is specified.



LUDLOW CASTLE.

man is to sit at his board except such as Earl Rivers shall allow ; and while he is at table it is ordered "that there be read before him noble stories, as behoveth a prince to understand ; and that the communication at all times, in his presence, be of virtue, honour, cunning [knowledge], wisdom, and deeds of worship, and nothing that shall move him to vice." Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Sir Philip Sidney, resided here while Lord President of the Marches, and extensive additions were then made to the castle. In 1634, when the Earl of Bridgewater was Lord President, Milton's *Comus* was represented at Ludlow ; and here also Butler, who was Steward of the Castle under Lord Carbery, wrote part of *Hudibras*. At present the structure is a grand and imposing ruin. The great hall, where *Comus* was first played, is roofless, and little remains to show the ancient splendour of the other apartments ; but the Norman keep, 110 feet high, ivy-mantled to the top, and the circle of smaller towers about it, are still standing, a conspicuous landmark on the rocky hill above the town.

144. *Censures*. Opinions. See *Ham.* p. 190.

147. *Sort*. Find, seek. Cf. *R. of L.* 899: "When wilt thou sort an hour great strifes to end?" 3 *Hen. VI.* v. 6. 85: "But I will sort a pitchy day for thee," etc.

148. *Index*. Prelude, prologue; the index having been formerly put at the beginning of a book. See *Ham.* p. 236. Cf. iv. 4. 85 below.

150. *My other self*. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 274: "to me, your self, your half;" *Sonn.* 10. 13: "Make thee another self, for love of me;" *Id.* 73. 8: "Death's second self," etc. Lord Campbell called Prince Albert "the alter ego of the sovereign;" taking the *alter ego* from Cicero, with whom the expression seems to have been a favourite one. Cf. *Ep. Fam.* 7. 5: "vide quam mihi persuaserim te me esse alterum;" *Id.* 2. 15: "quoniam alterum me reliquissim;" *Id. Att.* 4. 1: "me alterum se fore dixit," etc. Cicero got it from Aristotle (*ἑτεροὶ αὐτοί*, in *Eth.* M. 8. 12. 3), as the "tamquam" implies in *Lael.* 21. 82: "amicus est tamquam alter idem."

153. *I, as a child*, etc. "This, from that arch-schemer Richard, shows his subtle mode of making men's weaknesses subservient to his own views; since he affects to be guided by Buckingham's superior ability in craft and strategy, of which he knows him to be proud" (Clarke). Cf. iii. 5. 5 fol. below.

SCENE III.—1. *Good morrow*, etc. The quartos have "Neighbour, well met; whither away so fast?" and in 3 "Ay" for *Yes*, and in 4 "Bad" for *Ill*.

4. *Seldom comes the better*. A proverbial saying=good news is rare. Reed quotes *The English Courtier*, 1586: "as the proverbe sayth, seldom come the better." It is also found in Ray's *Proverbs*.

5. *Giddy*. "Excitable" (Schmidt). The quartos have "troubulous," as in 9 below.

8. *God help the while!* God help us now! Cf. iii. 6. 10 below: "Here's a good world the while!" See also *K. John*, p. 165, note on *Bad world the while!*

11. *Woe to that land*, etc. As Steevens notes, a quotation from *Ecclesiastes*, x. 16: "Woe to thee, O land, when thy king is a child!"

13-15. *That in his nonage*, etc. That in his riper years he himself, and till he comes of age his council, shall govern well. It is like ii. 4. 59 below, except for the inversion of the clauses in the latter part. Cf. *W. T.* iii. 2. 164, 203, *Macb.* i. 3. 60, ii. 3. 45 (where there *is* an inversion), etc. For *That* the folio has "Which."

18. *Wot*. Knows; used only in the present tense and the participle *wotting*. See *W. T.* p. 175. Cf. *Gen.* xxi. 26, xxxix. 8, xlv. 15, etc.

28. *Haught*. Haughty. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 254, 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 1. 169, etc. The quartos read, "And the queen's kindred haughty and proud."

30. *Solace*. Take comfort, be happy. Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 47: "But one thing to rejoice and solace in;" and *Cymb.* i. 6. 86:

"Lamentable! What,
To hide me from the radiant sun and solace
I' the dungeon by a snuff?"

36. *Sort*. Ordain; as in *M. of V.* v. i. 132. "But God sort all!"
39. *You cannot reason almost*. You can scarcely talk. See on i. 4. 154 above.
40. *Looks not heavily*. Cf. i. 4. 1 above and iii. 4. 48 below.
41. *Still*. Ever, always. See on ii. i. 138 above.
42. *Instinct*. Accented on the last syllable, as regularly in *S.* See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 149. On the passage, cf. Holinshed: "Before such great things, men's minds of a secret instinct of nature misgive them; as the sea without wind swelleth of himself some time before a tempest."
43. *Ensuing*. Coming, impending. See *Rich. II.* p. 172. *Proof*=experience; as in *J. C.* ii. i. 21: "'t is a common proof," etc.

SCENE IV.—1, 2. *Last night*, etc. The 1st quarto reads:

"Last night I heare they lay at Northampton,
At Stonistratford will they be to night."

The folio has:

"Last night I heard they lay at Stony Stratford,
And at Northampton they do rest to-night."

According to Hall they did actually lie at Stony Stratford (which is twelve miles nearer to London) and were the next morning taken back by Gloucester to Northampton, where they spent the next night; but the next line favours the quarto reading, as the archbishop would not speak of the possibility of their making the journey of sixty miles from Northampton in a single day. The account, moreover, seems to be that of a regular progression. *K.*, *Coll.*, *V.*, and *W.* follow the folio.

20. *If his rule were true*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "if this were a true rule;" the others omit "true." In the next line the quartos have "Why, madam, so no doubt he is;" and in the next, "I hope so too." The folios assign 21 to "*York*."

23. *Had been remember'd*. Had thought of it. See *A. Y. L.* p. 184.

28. *Could gnaw a crust*, etc. According to the chroniclers, he was born "not untoothed." See p. 168 above.

34. *I cannot tell*, etc. Of course his mother had told him, but he is "too shrewd" to say so.

35. *Parlous*. A popular corruption of *perilous*, often used ironically. Cf. iii. i. 154 below, and see *M. A. D.* p. 155. Gr. 461.

37. *Pitchers have ears*. Malone remarks that *S.* has not quoted the proverb correctly, and cites *A Dialogue* by William Bulleyn in which it occurs in the still familiar form, "Small pitchers have great ears." Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 52: "Pitchers have ears, and I have many servants." This example suggests that the meaning may be, as Schmidt gives it, "there may be listeners overhearing us."

38. *Here comes*, etc. The 1st quarto has "*Enter Dorset*," and gives this speech thus: "Here comes your sonne, Lo: M. Dorset. What newes Lo: Marques?"

45. *For what offence*. The quartos give this speech to "*Car.*" (Cardinal), and the folios to "*Arch.*:" but, as the former have "lady" in 48, Johnson transferred the question to Queen Elizabeth. He is followed by *D.*, the *Camb.* editors, and *Clarke*. It is probable, as *W.* suggests,

that the "lady" of the quartos was due to mistaking the abbreviation "Lo." for "La."

49. *Ay me*. Equivalent to "ah me!" which S. never uses. See *M. A. D.* p. 128.

51. *Jut*. The quartos have "iet" (=jet), for which see *T. A.* p. 142. W. remarks: "*Jut* and *jet* are different forms of the same word, and mean to protrude, to thrust out. The latter form, however, was used especially to signify a pompous or pretentious gait. So in Udall's *Eloquent Latine Phrases*, 1581: '*Parmenonem incedere video*. . . I see Parmeno come *jetting* like a lord. . . But properly *incedere* differeth from *ambulare*. For *incedere* properly [meaneth] to goe wyth a stately pace, as who shoulde say, to shew a great gravity or majesty in going as Princes doe when they shew themselves in their estate;' and on the same page 'wyth a nyce or tender and soft, delicate, or gingerly pace;' 'the pace that great princes or noblemen use when they shew their Estate or majesty.' And see Skinner, *Etymologicon*, 1671: 'To Jet, *magnifice Incidere, Fastuosè se inferre*. . . *corpus prorsum Facere, vel Factare*.'" See also Wb. under *jet* and *jut*.

52. *Aweless*. Inspiring no awe. In *K. John*, i. 1. 266 ("the aweless lion") it is=fearless. The quartos have "lawless."

54. *Map*. A picture or image; as often in S. See *Rich. II.* p. 207, note on *Thou map of honour*.

59. *For me*, etc. See on ii. 3. 13 above.

61. *Clean overblown*. For *clean*=completely, see *Rich. II.* p. 188; and for *overblown* in this figurative sense, cf. *T. of S.* v. 2. 3, and *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 190.

62, 63. *Brother to brother*, etc. The quartos read:

"blood against blood,
Self against self: O, preposterous." etc.

64. *Spleen*. Hate, malice; as in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 174, ii. 4. 89, *Cor.* iv. 5. 97, etc. In the next line the folios misprint "earth" for *death*.

66. *To sanctuary*. That is, to the sanctuary at Westminster. See p. 169 above. The cut on p. 206 is from a drawing made before the destruction of the building in 1775. It stood where Westminster Hospital now stands (then within the precincts of the Abbey), and retained its privileges as a refuge for criminals until the dissolution of the monastery, and for debtors until 1602. This was the second time that Elizabeth had fled hither; the first having been in 1470, when with her mother and her three daughters she was the guest of Abbot Milling until the birth of her son Edward, Nov. 1 of that year.

71. *The seal I keep*. That is, as lord chancellor. Hall says: "Where-upon the bishop called up all his servants and took with him the great seal, and came before day to the queen, about whom he found much heaviness, rumble, haste, business, conveyance and carriage of her stuff into sanctuary." *Betide*=may it betide or happen.

72. *Tender*. Regard, care for. See on i. 1. 44 above.

"Afterwards, however, this obsequious archbishop, to ingratiate himself with King Richard III., put his majesty's badge, the *hog*, upon the gate of the Public Library, Cambridge" (Steevens).

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Cardinal Bouchier.* Thomas Bouchier, or Bourchier, was made a cardinal and elected Archbishop of Canterbury in 1464. He died in 1486 (Malone).



THE SANCTUARY AT WESTMINSTER.

I. *Your chamber.* London was anciently called *Camera Regis*, or the *King's Chamber*. The title was given to it immediately after the Norman Conquest. Steevens quotes Heywood, *If You Know Not Me*, etc.: "This city, our great chamber."

2. *Cousin.* Here=nephew. See on ii. 2. 8 above.

10. *God he knows.* Cf. i. 3. 212 above, and 26 below. In iii. 7. 233, the quartos have "For God he knows." Gr. 243.

11. *Jumpeth.* Accords, agrees. See *T. N.* p. 166.

22. *Slug.* Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 196: "thou drone, thou snail, thou slug," etc.

24. *In good time.* Luckily, happily (*Fr. de bonne heure*). Cf. 95 and iv. 1. 12 below, and ii. 1. 45 above. See also iii. 4. 21.

30. *Perforce*. By force; as in 36 below. See on i. i. 116 above, where it is = of necessity.

31. *Peevish*. Wayward, childish. See *Hen. V.* p. 171.

35. *Deny*. Refuse, say no; as in *R. of L.* 513: "If thou deny, then force must work my way," etc.

36. *Pluck*. See on ii. i. 119 above.

39. *Obdurate*. For the accent, see on i. 3. 347 above.

44. *Senseless - obstinate*. "Unreasonably obstinate" (Schmidt). Cf. *senseless* = unreasonable, in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 24, *T. of S.* i. 2. 36, *A. W.* ii. i. 127, etc. Coll. adopts the "strict and abstinent" of his MS. corrector, and St. conjectures "needless obstinate."

46. *Weigh it but with the grossness*, etc. "Examine it with the plainness and simplicity of our times—not ceremoniously and traditionally, with reference to strict religious usages and old customs" (V.); or with "the less nice considerations of the present time, as compared with the cardinal's over-scrupulous observance." This seems on the whole the most satisfactory explanation of a puzzling and much disputed passage. Johnson thought the meaning to be, "Compare the act of seizing him with the gross and licentious practices of these times, it will not be considered a violation of sanctuary." W. explains *the grossness of this age* as "the gross judgment, the blunted perception of this age." Schmidt makes *grossness* = "coarseness, want of refinement." The 6th quarto has "greatness of this age." Hammer adopted Warburton's conjecture of "greenness of his age" (not "this age," as quoted by W.); and the Coll. MS. has "goodness of his age" (not "of these times," as W. gives it).

55. *Oft have I heard*, etc. This is taken from Hall, who follows More. See p. 169 above.

63. *It think'st best*. "It seems best" (the reading of 1st and 2d quartos). See *Ham.* p. 269, note on *Thinks't thee*. Gr. 212, 297.

65. *Repose you*. Rest yourself. For the reflexive use, cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 3. 161: "and there repose you for this night," etc.

68. *Of any place*. Of all places. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 167: "That York is most unmeet of any man," etc. Gr. 409.

71. *Re-edified*. Rebuilt; the original meaning of the word. Cf. *T. A.* i. 1. 351:

"This monument five hundred years hath stood,
Which I have sumptuously re-edified."

S. uses *edify* only in the modern secondary sense; as in *T. M.* v. i. 298, *Ham.* v. 2. 162, etc.

72. *Record*. S. accents the noun on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 30 with *Id.* iv. 1. 230.

76. *Methinks*. The *thinks* (=it seems) is the same impersonal verb as in 63 above. See on i. 4. 9 above.

77. *Retail'd*. Retold. Cf. iv. 4. 337 below. Warb. wanted to read "intail'd."

78. *All-ending*. The reading of the 1st quarto; all the other early eds. have "ending."

79. *So wise*, etc. Steevens quotes the Latin proverb, "Is cadit ante senem, qui sapit ante diem;" and Reed adds from Bright's *Treatise on*

Melancholy, 1586: "I have knowne children languishing of the splene, obstructed and altered in temper, talke with gravitie and wisdom, surpassing those tender yeares, and their judgement carrying a marvellous imitation of the wisdom of the ancient, having after a sorte attained that by disease, which other have by course of years; whereon, I take it, the proverbe ariseth, that they be of short life who are of wit so pregnant."

81. *Characters*. "Here used quibblingly in its sense of written signs, and in its sense of marked dispositions; referring apparently to Julius Cæsar's renown, and really to the young prince's cleverness. There is also an ambiguity in *lives*, which Gloster applies ostensibly to the endurance of fame, but in fact to the continuance of his nephew's life" (Clarke). For the accent, see *Ham.* p. 189.

82. *The formal Vice, Iniquity*. On the Vice in the old moralities (see also *T. N.* p. 159 and *Ham.* p. 237) K. remarks: "Gifford has thus described him, with his usual good sense: 'He appears to have been a perfect counterpart of the Harlequin of the modern stage, and had a two-fold office; to instigate the hero of the piece to wickedness, and, at the same time, to protect him from the devil, whom he was permitted to buffet and baffle with his wooden sword, till the process of the story required that both the protector and the protected should be carried off by the fiend; or the latter driven roaring from the stage by some miraculous interposition in favour of the repentant offender.' This note is appended to a passage in the first scene of Ben Jonson's *The Devil is an Ass*. We learn from this scene that there were Vices of various ranks, which had their proper appellations:

'Satan. What Vice?
What kind wouldst thou have it of?
'Pug. Why any: Fraud,
Or Covetousness, or Lady Vanity,
Or old Iniquity.'

We have here then the very personage to which Richard refers; and Jonson brings him upon the scene to proclaim his own excellencies, in a style of which the following is a specimen:

'What is he calls upon me, and would seem to lack a Vice?
Ere his words be half spoken, I am with him in a trice:
Here, there, and everywhere, as the cat is with the mice:
'True Vetus Iniquitas. Lack'st thou cards, friend, or dice?
I will teach thee to cheat, child, to cog, lie, and swagger,
And ever and anon to be drawing forth thy dagger:
To swear by Gogs-nowns, like a lusty Juventus,
In a cloak to thy heel, and a hat like a pent-house.'

Satan, however, will have nothing to do with Iniquity, whom he holds to be obsolete:

'They are other things
That are received now upon earth for Vices;
Stranger and newer; and changed every hour.'

"Iniquity was, no doubt, a character whose attributes were always essentially the same; who was dressed always according to one fashion; who constantly went through the same round of action; who had his own peculiar cant words—something, in fact, very similar to that most interesting relic of antiquity, Punch, who, in spite of meddling legislation, still

beats his wife and still defies the devil. It is to this fixed character of the 'Vice Iniquity' that we think Shakespeare alludes when he calls him 'the formal Vice'—the Vice who conducts himself according to a set form. It was his custom, no doubt, to

'moralize two meanings in one word.'

It is to this 'formal' character that Hamlet alludes :

'A vice of kings—
A cutpurse of the empire and the rule;
That from a shelf the precious diadem stole,
And put it in his pocket!
A king
Of shreds and patches.'

Hanmer reads here "the formal wise antiquary;" and Warb. "the formal-wise Antiquity." Schmidt makes *formal*="customary."

83. *Moralize*. "Comment upon, interpret" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. of L.* 103: "Nor could she moralize his wanton sight." See also *A. Y. L.* p. 154.

84. *That Julius Caesar*. On Shakespeare's references to Cæsar, see *J. C.* p. 24 fol.

94. *Lightly*. "Commonly, in ordinary course" (Johnson). Cf. *B. J., Discoveries*: "The great thieves of a state are lightly the officers of the crown;" Puttenham, *Arte of Poesie*: "And ye shall find verses made all of monosyllables, and do very well, but lightly they be jambickes," etc. W. remarks: "How the word came to have that meaning is not clear." It seems to grow out of its use=easily, readily; as in *C. of E.* iv. 4. 5, *Hen. V.* ii. 2. 89, etc.

97. *Dread*. The reading of 1st and 2d quartos; "dear" in the other early eds. W. says: "That it is a mere misprint is shown by the remainder of York's speech, 'so *must* I call you *now*.' He could have called him *dear* lord before their father's death; but as after that event his elder brother became his sovereign, he must call him 'dread lord,' which was a royal title. It is selected with noticeable tact, as the one which marks most strongly the change of relation between the little play-fellows. 'Great and manifold were the blessings, Most Dread Sovereign' are the words in which the translators of our Bible began their Dedication to King James." Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 103, *Ham.* i. 2. 50, etc. Johnson remarks: "The original of this epithet applied to kings has been much disputed. In some of our old statutes the king is called *Rex metuendissimus*."

99. *Too late*. "Too lately, the loss is too fresh in our memory" (Warb.). Cf. *R. of L.* 1801:

"I did give that life
Which she too early and too late hath spill'd."

107. *Beholding*. Beholden. See on ii. 1. 129 above.

114. *Grief*. Some of the later quartos have "gift."

121. *I weigh it lightly*. I hold it as a trifle, I prize it slightly. Hanmer changed *I* to "I'd."

130. *Like an ape*. "Little York hints at his uncle's deformity, which

would afford a convenient projection for him to perch upon, as an ape sits on an ape-bearer's shoulders" (Clarke). For *ape-bearer*, cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 101. Steevens quotes Ulpian Fulwel, *Ars Adulandi*, 1576: "thou hast an excellent back to carry my lord's ape."

132. *Sharp-provided*. Keen and ready; or perhaps, as Clarke explains it, "shrewdly calculated, well devised to veil the personality of his scoff." Some have thought that *provided* was="furnished him beforehand," as if his mother had instigated him to mock his uncle. Cf. 151 below.

141. *Neds*. The word is found only in the 1st quarto. The Coll. MS. has "e'en."

144. *Clarence*. For the omission of the possessive inflection, cf. ii. 1. 137 above; and see Gr. 471.

152. *Incensed*. Instigated, incited. Cf. iii. 2. 29 below, and see *Much Ado*, p. 166.

153. *Scorn*. Mock. Cf. i. 3. 109 above.

154. *Perilous*. See on ii. 4. 35 above. Here the 7th and 8th quartos (not the 1st and 2d, as W. states) have "perlous," the other early eds. "perilous" or "perillous."

155. *Capable*. Of good capabilities.

173. *To sit about*. To sit in council concerning. This line and the preceding are not in the quartos.

176. *Icy-cold*. Ingleby's conjecture, adopted by the Camb. editors. The early eds. have "icie, cold."

179. *Divided councils*. "That is, a *private consultation*, *separate* from the known and public council" (Johnson). Cf. iii. 2. 20 below. See also the extract from Holinshed, p. 169 above.

182. *Ancient*. Old. See *W. T.* p. 189, and cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 166.

183. *Are let blood*. Cf. *J. C.* iii. 1. 152: "Who else must be let blood," etc.

185. *Mistress Shore*. After the death of Edward IV. Jane Shore became the mistress of Hastings.

190. *Crosby House*. The quartos have "Crosby Place." See on i. 2. 214 above.

192. *Complots*. Both the noun and the verb are accented by S. on either syllable. For the noun, cf. 200 below; and for the verb, see *Rich. II.* i. 1. 96 and i. 3. 189, the only instances in which he uses it.

193. *Chop off his head, man*. See p. 26 above.

Something we will determine. "So the folio; the quartos, 'somewhat we will do,' which reading is preferred by almost all editors. But, aside from the authority of the folio, *determine*, in its fine sense, bring to an end, is much preferable to the more vague and commonplace 'do' (Richard means to have done with vacillation and vacillators in the surest and quickest way), and the change avoids the bald repetition of Buckingham's query, 'what shall we do?' and also the cacophony, 'somewhat we will'" (W.). St., on the other hand, thinks that the folio reading "sadly mars Gloster's energy," and he therefore adopts "the spirited version of the quarto text."

195. *The movables*, etc. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 162:

"The plate, coin, revenues, and movables
Whereof our uncle Gaunt did stand possess'd;"

M. of V. iv. i. 389: "of all he dies possess'd" (see also v. i. 293), etc.
198. *Kindness.* The quartos have "willingness."

SCENE II.—I. *My lord, my lord.* The quartos read "What, ho! my lord!" and in reply "Who knocks at the door?" and in the next line "A messenger from the Lord Stanley." These variations continue in the following lines.

11. *Rased.* The term *rased* or *rash* is always used of the violence inflicted by a boar (Steevens). Cf. Warner, *Albions England*: "Ha! cur, avant, the boar so rashe thy hide;" Percy, *Reliques*: "Like unto wild boares rashing," etc. It seems to have been an old hunting term. See p. 171 above.

For the allusion in *boar*, see on i. 3. 228 above.

25. *Instance.* Cause, ground. The quartos have "wanting instance." See *Ham.* p. 226.

26. *Simple.* The quartos have "fond," which means the same.

27. *To trust.* That is, *as* to trust. See on ii. i. 120 above.

40. *Garland.* Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 202: "So thou the garland wear'st;" *Id.* v. 2. 84: "Be you contented, wearing now the garland," etc. See our ed. p. 198.

47. *Upon his party.* Upon his side; as in iv. 4. 524 below. See *Rich. II.* p. 195, or *K. John*, p. 133.

52. *Still.* Always. See on ii. i. 138 above.

55. *To the death.* Though death were the consequence. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 146: "No, to the death, we will not move a foot," etc.

58, 59. *They . . . their.* For the redundant pronoun, see Gr. 243 (cf. 415). See also on iii. i. 10 above.

70. *For they account,* etc. That is, they count upon having his head taken off and set *high* on London Bridge.

75. *The holy rood.* The holy cross. See *Ham.* p. 235.

76. *Several.* Separate. Cf. *Temp.* iii. i. 42:

"for several virtues
Have I lik'd several women; never any
With so full soul but some defect in her
Did quarrel with the noblest grace she owed,
And put it to the foil;"

and see our ed. p. 131.

77. *As yours.* The folio reading; equivalent to that of the quartos, "as *you do* yours." The ellipsis is not more peculiar than many others in S. See Gr. 382.

86. *Misdoubt.* Mistrust; as in *M. IV.* ii. i. 192, etc.

88. *The day is spent.* The folio reading; but it is obviously inconsistent with the opening of the scene, which makes the time four o'clock in the morning. The 1st quarto gives 91-93 thus:

"But come my Lo: shall we to the tower?"

"Hast. I go: but stay, heare you not the newes,
This day those men you talkt of, are beheaded."

The Camb. editors think that the folio reading "looks like an attempt of the editors to amend the defective metre of the quartos."

89. *Have with you.* Take me with you, I'll go with you. See *A. Y. L.* p. 146.

Wot you what? Do you know? What do you think? Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 122: "and wot you what I found?" See on ii. 3. 18 above.

91. *Truth.* Honesty, integrity. See *K. John*, p. 135.

92. *Their hats.* J. H. explains this as="their dignities;" but it is probably used quibblingly for "their heads," as Schmidt gives it.

94. *Enter a Pursuivant.* A *pursuivant* was a state messenger or herald. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 5: "And these grey locks, the pursuivants of death" (that is, heralds or forerunners), etc. See also v. 3. 59 below.

96. *That your lordship please.* That it should please your lordship.

105. *Gramercy.* Great thanks (Fr. *grand merci*). Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 128, etc.

108. *Sir John.* For *Sir* as a priestly title, see *T. A.* p. 157, note on *Sir Topas*.

109. *Exercise.* Performance of religious duties; as in iii. 7. 63 below.

110. *Content.* Pay. Cf. *Oth.* iii. 1. 1: "I will content your pains."

After this line the folio has "*Priest.* Ile wait vpon your Lordship;" but as it gives the same words just below (121) as a speech of Hastings, it is probable that a marginal correction in the MS. (neither speech is in the quartos) was accidentally inserted twice by the printer. After 110 the quartos have the stage-direction, "*He whispers in his eare.*"

113. *Shriving work.* Confession. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 47: "Not shriving time allowed," etc. So *shrift* in iii. 4. 94 below.

SCENE III.—1. In the quartos the scene begins with a speech by Ratcliff, "Come, bring forth the prisoners."

4. *God bless the prince,* etc. Walpole remarks: "Queen Elizabeth Grey is deservedly pitied for the loss of her two sons; but the royalty of their birth has so engrossed the attention of historians, that they never reckon into the number of her misfortunes the murder of this her second son, Sir Richard Grey. It is remarkable how slightly the death of Earl Rivers is always mentioned, though a man invested with such high offices of trust and dignity; and how much we dwell on the execution of the lord chamberlain Hastings, a man in every light his inferior. In truth, the generality draw their ideas of English story from the tragic rather than the historic authors."

6, 7. These lines are not in the quartos.

8. *O Pomfret, Pomfret!* See *Rich. II.* p. 208.

10. *Closure.* Enclosure. Cf. *V. and A.* 782: "Into the quiet closure of my breast;" and *Sonn.* 48. 11: "Within the gentle closure of my breast." It is = end in *T. A.* v. 3. 134: "And make a mutual closure of our house."

15. *When she exclaim'd,* etc. This line is found only in the folios. The Coll. MS. changes *I* to "me." Cf. *M. of V.* iii. 2. 321: "between you and I," etc. Gr. 209. For *exclaim on* (=cry out against), cf. *V. and A.* 930: "And sighing it again, exclaims on Death;" *R. of L.* 741: "She

stays, exclaiming on the direful night;" *M. of W.* iii. 2. 176: "to exclaim on you," etc.

23. *Expiate*. Brought to a close, finished. Cf. *Sonn.* 22. 4: "Then look I death my days should expiate." S. uses *expiate* only in these two passages. Schmidt compares the old play of *King Leir*: "And seek a means to expiate his wrath." Sr. and W. adopt Steevens's conjecture of "expirate." Clarke remarks: "As *expiate* is now used to express 'to annul by atonement, to cancel by reparation, to blot out by making redress,' so we think the word is here used for 'annulled, cancelled, ended.'" For the form, see Gr. 342.

SCENE IV.—1. *Now, noble peers*, etc. The quartos read: "My lords, at once," etc.

4. *Is all things ready*, etc. The folio reading. The quartos have "Are all things fitting," etc.; but in the reply "It is," like the folios. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iii. 2. 11: "Is all things well?" *Oth.* i. 1. 172: "Is there not charms?" etc. See also Gr. 335.

5. *Wants but nomination*. The only thing wanting is the appointment of the day.

8. *Inward with*. Intimate with, in the confidence of. Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 1. 102: "for what is inward between us, let it pass" (that is, what is confidential), etc.

10. *We know*, etc. Before this the quartos insert "Who I my Lo?"

26. *Cue*. A metaphor taken from the theatre. See *M. N. D.* p. 156.

31. *My Lord of Ely*. Dr. John Morton, of Baliol College, Oxford, Prebendary of Salisbury, Lincoln, St. Paul's, and York, who was elected to the see of Ely in 1478, on the death of William Grey. He became Master of the Rolls, Lord Chancellor, Archbishop of Canterbury, and a Cardinal. The marriage of the Earl of Richmond with Elizabeth of York, which put an end to the long contest between the houses of York and Lancaster, was, according to Sir Thomas More, of his contriving.

In Holborn. The palace of the Bishop of Ely was in Holborn, London, and Ely Chapel, recently restored, remains to mark the place. See *Rich. II.* p. 169, note on *Ely House*.

32. *I saw good strawberries*, etc. See pp. 27, 170 above. The circumstance is also used by Dr. Legge in his Latin tragedy (see p. 12 above):

"Eliensis antistes venis? senem quies,
Juvenem labor decet: ferunt hortum tuum
Decora fraga plurimum producere.

Episcopus Eliensis.

Nil tibi claudetur hortus quod meus
Producit; esset lautius vellem mihi
Quo sim tibi gratus."

45. *Prolong'd*. Postponed, put off; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 256:

"this wedding day

Perhaps is but prolong'd; have patience and endure."

48. *Cheerfully and smooth*. See on i. 1. 22 above.

49. *Likes*. Pleases. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 276: "This likes me well;" and see our ed. p. 274. See also p. 176 above. Gr. 297.

55. *Livelihood*. Liveliness, vivacity, animation. Cf. *V. and A.* 26: "The precedent of pith and livelihood;" and *A. W.* i. 1. 58: "the tyranny of her sorrows takes all livelihood from her cheek." These are the only instances of the word in *S.* Here the quartos have "likelihood," which many editors retain, making it = semblance, appearance. Mr. W. N. Lettson says that "*livelihood* scarcely accords with 'love or hate' above;" but it accords perfectly with *looks cheerfully and smooth* and *such spirit*. The main point in what Hastings says is that *something seems to please* Gloster; the added remark that no man can lesser hide his feelings, whether of love or hate, being secondary or incidental. It is true that *S.* elsewhere uses *likelihood* in the sense of sign or indication (as in *A. W.* i. 3. 128: "many likelihoods informed me of this before," etc.), but here *livelihood* seems to us the more expressive word. It is adopted by K., W., Halliwell, and others.

57. *For were he*, etc. After this line, the quartos insert the speech "*Dar. I pray God he be not, I say.*" It is retained by some of the editors.

58. *I pray you all*, etc. See p. 170 above.

75. *Off with his head!* See p. 27 above.

77. *Lovel and Ratcliff*. The names are found only in the folio. As Ratcliff, according to the preceding scene, which is on the same day, was at Pomfret, he could not be present here. Theo. therefore changed *Ratcliff* to "*Catesby*;" but in the next scene, while he makes *Lovel* and *Catesby* bring in the head of Hastings, he allows Gloster, just before their entrance, to say "*Catesby, o'erlook the walls.*" K. remarks: "This is one of those positions in which the poet has trusted to the imagination of his audience rather than to their topographical knowledge."

80. *Fond*. Foolish. See on iii. 2. 26 above.

83. *Foot-cloth horse*. A horse with a foot-cloth, or housings. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 51:

"*Cade*. Thou dost ride in a foot-cloth, dost thou not?

"*Say*. What of that?

"*Cade*. Marry, thou oughtest not to let thy horse wear a cloak, when honest men than thou go in their hose and doublets."

Steevens quotes *The Legend of Lord Hastings*, 1563:

"My palfrey in the playnest paved streete,
Thyryse bow'd his boanes, thyryse kneled on the flower,
Thyryse shonnd (as Balams asse) the dreaded tower."

On stumbling as a bad omen, see *R. and J.* p. 216, note on *Stumbled at graves*.

88. *Triumphing*. Usually accented, as here, on the second syllable. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 200.

92. *Is lighted*. Has descended. See *J. C.* p. 182, note on *Now some light*. In *Per.* iv. 2. 77, the participle is *light*.

94. *Shrift*. Confession; as in *R. and J.* i. 1. 165: "To hear true shrift," etc. See also p. 171 above.

101-104. *Come, come*, etc. These lines are not in the quartos.

103. *Fearfull'st*. On contracted superlatives in *S.*, see Gr. 473.

SCENE V.—*Enter GLOSTER and BUCKINGHAM, in rotten armour, etc.* This is according to the stage-direction in the folio, which reads: “*Enter Richard, and Buckingham, in rotten Armour, marvellous ill-fauored.*” The modern eds. generally change *rotten* to “*rusty*.” See p. 173 above.

4. *Distraught*. Distracted; used by S. only here and in *R. and J.* iv. 3. 49 (see our ed. p. 206). Sly corrupts the word into *bestraught* in *T. of S.* ind. 2. 26.

5. *Tut, I can*, etc. The quartos read: “Tut feare not me. I can,” etc. They omit line 7.

Clarke remarks: “This conceit of Buckingham’s in his own powers of acting and feigning comes with almost a comic effect as displayed to Richard’s very self, and played upon by him with a demure affectation of belief in its existence, while turning it to his own purposes.” See on ii. 2. 152 above.

8. *Intending*. Pretending. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 2. 35: “intend a kind of zeal both to the Prince and Claudio.” See also iii. 7. 44 below.

9. *Enforced*. Forced, counterfeited; as in *J. C.* iv. 2. 21:

“When love begins to sicken and decay,
It useth an enforced ceremony.”

10–20. In the first quarto the passage stands thus:

“And both are ready in their offices

To grace my stratagems.

Enter Maior.

“*Glo.* Here comes the Maior.

“*Buc.* Let me alone to entertaime him. Lo: Maior,

“*Glo.* Looke to the drawbridge there.

“*Buc.* The reason we have sent for you.

“*Glo.* Catesby ouerlook the wals.

“*Buck.* Harke, I heare a drumme.

“*Glo.* Looke backe, defend thee, here are enemies.

“*Buc.* God and our innocence defend vs.

“*Glo.* O, O, be quiet, it is Catesby.

*Enter Catesby
with Hast. head.”*

24. *The plainest harmless*. Probably an instance of the omission of the superlative inflection with one of a pair of adjectives. Cf. *M. for M.* iv. 6. 13: “The generous and gravest citizens;” *M. of V.* iii. 2. 295: “The best condition’d and unwearied spirit” (that is, most unwearied), etc. See Gr. 398. Abbott, however, is inclined to read “plainest-harmless” (Gr. 2). Cf. 32 below.

25. *Christian*. A trisyllable. Gr. 479.

26. *Book*. That is, “table-book” (*W. T.* iv. 4. 610 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 136) or note-book. Cf. *Cor.* v. 2. 15: “The book of his good acts;” and see *Id.* iii. 1. 293, etc.

29. *Apparent*. Evident, manifest. See on ii. 2. 130 above.

30. *Conversation*. Intercourse; as in *Ham.* iii. 2. 60, *Cymb.* i. 4. 113, etc.

31. *Attainder*. Taint, stain. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 24: “the attainer of his slanderous lips,” etc. *Suspect*=suspicion; as in i. 3. 89 above.

34. *Almost*. Hardly, even. Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 43: “Or do you almost think, although you see,” etc.

43. *Extreme*. The adjective is accented by S. on the first syllable, except in *Sonn.* 129. 4, 10 (Schmidt).

45. *Enforc’d*. Forced, constrained. Cf. 9 above.

46. *Fair befall you.* Cf. i. 3. 282 above.

54. *Hath.* Pope's correction of the "have" of the early eds., which may be what S. wrote. Such "confusions of construction" (cf. Gr. 412) are not uncommon in the plays.

62. *As well as I.* That is, as well as *if I*, etc. Cf. *Macb.* i. 4. 11: "As 't were a careless trifle," etc. Gr. 107.

68. *But since.* The quarto reading; the folios misprint "Which since." *Too late of*=too late for. Gr. 173 or 174 (Abbott puts it under Gr. 166).

71. *Go, after, after.* Not "Go after, after;" as sometimes pointed. The *after* is itself an imperative=follow. Cf. *Rich. II.* v. 2. 111: "After, Aumerle;" *Ham.* iv. 2. 33: "and all after," etc.

72. *In all post.* In all haste, or post-haste. See *R. and J.* p. 218, note on *In post*.

73. *Meet'st.* Most fitting or convenient. See on iii. 4. 103 above.

74. *Infer.* Bring in, allege; as in iii. 7. 12, 32, iv. 4. 345, v. 3. 315 below. See also *T. of A.* iii. 5. 73:

"t is infer'd to us
His days are foul and his drink dangerous."

75. *A citizen.* "This person was one *Walker*, a substantial citizen and grocer at the *Crown* in Cheapside" (Grey). These accusations against Edward were all contained in the petition presented to Richard before his accession, and were afterwards embodied in an act of Parliament (Blakeway.)

79. *Luxury.* Lasciviousness, lust; the only meaning in S. See *Hen. V.* p. 166 or *Ham.* p. 196.

80. *Change.* Changing humour, capriciousness. Cf. *Cymb.* ii. 5. 25: "change of prides," etc.

82. *Raging.* The quartos have "lustful," and "listed" for *lusted* in the next line.

86. *Insatiate.* The quartos have "unsatiate." In iii. 7. 7 below, the folios have "unsatiate" and the quartos "insatiate." Cf. *W. T.* p. 177 (note on *Uncertainties*) or *K. John*, p. 143 (note on *Infortunate*). Gr. 442.

92. *Sparingly.* Cf. *Hen. V.* i. 2. 239:

"Or shall we sparingly show you far off
The Dauphin's meaning and our embassy?"

97. *Baynard's Castle.* This old feudal mansion, "so called of Baynard, a nobleman that came in with William the Conqueror," stood on the Thames, a little below the present Blackfriars Bridge and just above St. Paul's Pier, where Castle Baynard Dock now is. Maud Fitzwalter, to whom King John paid his unwelcome addresses, was a daughter of "the Lord of Castle Baynard." Humphrey Duke of Gloucester built a palace on the site of the original Castle Baynard, and this is the building referred to by S. Lady Jane Grey was here proclaimed queen in 1553; and Anne, "Dorset, Pembroke, and Montgomery," afterwards lived here while her husband was residing at the Cockpit in Whitehall. The mansion was destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666.*

* H., Lawson, and others follow Steevens in saying that the mansion was "pulled down," and they seem to suppose that it was the original "castle" of the Conqueror's time which was occupied by Richard.



BAYNARD'S CASTLE.

102-104. These lines are not in the quartos. *Doctor Shaw* was brother to the Lord Mayor, Edmund Shaw; and *Friar Penker* was a provincial of the Augustine Friars. Both were popular preachers and were employed by Richard to support his claim to the crown. *Penker* is "Peuker" in the 1st folio, "Reuker" in the 2d, and "Beuker" in the 3d and 4th; corrected by Capell.

105. *To take some privy order.* For *take order* = give orders, see *2 Hen. IV.* p. 177 or *Oth.* p. 206. Cf. iv. 2. 52 below.

106. *The brats of Clarence.* These were Edward Earl of Warwick, who was beheaded by Henry VII. in 1499, and Margaret, afterwards the wife of Sir Richard Pole, the last princess of the House of Lancaster. She was put to death at the age of seventy by Henry VIII. in 1540 (Malone).

107. *Manner person.* The reading of the 3d and 4th quartos and the folios; the other quartos have "manner of person." *Manner person* was an idiom of the time, and S. may have used it here. Cf. *Rev.* xviii. 12.

SCENE VI.—*Enter a Scrivener.* A *scrivener* was a professional *scribe*, or writer of legal documents. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 4. 59: "My boy shall fetch the scrivener presently" (that is, to write the marriage contract).

There is hardly a line of this speech in which the quarto and folio readings do not differ; but the variations are not worth recording, except perhaps "blind" for the folio *bold* in 12 (W.).

3. *In Paul's.* That is, in Old St. Paul's Cathedral. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154, and cf. i. 2. 30 above. Lawson takes *Paul's* here to be "St. Paul's Cross, where a pulpit was erected from which the citizens of London were addressed on important occasions."

7. *Precedent.* The first draft, from which this copy was *engrossed*.

9. *Untainted.* Unaccused.

10. *A good world the while.* See on ii. 3. 8 above. *Gross* = dull, stupid; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 301, etc.

12. *In thought.* "That is, in silence, without notice or detection" (Johnson).

SCENE VII.—1. *How now, how now?* The quartos have "How now, my lord?"

5. *Contract.* The noun is accented by S. on either syllable, the verb only on the second.

Lady Lucy was Elizabeth Lucy, the daughter of one Wyat, and the wife of one Lucy, who had been a mistress of the king before his marriage. In order to prevent this marriage, his mother alleged that there was a contract between him and dame Lucy; but on being sworn to speak the truth she declared that the king had not been affianced to her, though she admitted his intimacy with her (Malone).

12. *Infer.* See on iii. 5. 74 above.

13. *Idea.* Image; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 226, and *L. L. L.* iv. 2. 69, the only other instances of the word in S.

24. *They spake not a word.* These words are not in the quartos.

25. *Statuas.* The word is "statues" in all the early eds.; but as the Latin form of the word was in use in the poet's time, the majority of the editors follow Reed and Steevens in adopting it here. See also *J. C.* p. 152, note on *She dream'd to-night she saw my statua*.

Breathing is the reading of the 1st and 2d quartos and the folios; the other quartos have "breathlesse." Rowe substituted "unbreathing;" but the meaning obviously is, they were silent as statues though they had breath and might have spoken (Malone).

30. *Recorder.* According to Walker the accent is on the first syllable, but this is doubtful. See Gr. 492.

37. *And thus,* etc. This line is not in the quartos. *Vantage* = advantage; as in i. 3. 310 above and v. 2. 22, v. 3. 15 below.

42, 43. *What tongueless blocks,* etc. Between these two lines the quartos insert "*Buck. No, by my troth, my lord.*"

44. *Intend.* Pretend. See on iii. 5. 8 above.

48. *Ground . . . descant.* These are musical terms: the former signifying the "plain-song" or theme; the latter, the adding of other parts thereto. W., in a note on *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 94, quotes Morley, *Plaine and*

Easie Introduction to Practical Musicke, 1597: "when a man talketh of a descant it must be understood of one that can extempore sing a part upon a playne song;" and Phillips, *New World of Words*: "Descant (in Musick) signifies the Art of Composing in several parts," etc. Florio defines *Contrapunto* as "a counterpoint; also a descant in musicke or singing." The editors generally have followed Malone in explaining *descant* as the "variations" on an air; but, according to W., this kind of musical composition was unknown in the time of S.

50. *Answer nay, and take it.* Cf. the old ballad in Percy's *Reliques*:

"As maids that know themselves beloved
And yieldingly resist;"

and Byron, *Don Juan*: "And saying 'I will ne'er consent,'—consented."

51. *And if you plead*, etc. "If you speak for them as plausibly as I in my own person, or for my own purposes, shall seem to deny your suit, there is no doubt but we shall bring all to a happy issue" (Steevens). Clarke would refer *them* to "requests," but it seems quite as well to make it = the citizens, as Steevens does.

54. *The leads.* That is, the flat roof covered with lead. We take it to mean *upon* the roof, and not "up to the roof, or close under the eaves," as H. explains it. Cf. *Cor.* ii. 1. 227:

"Stalls, bulks, windows
Are smother'd up, leads fill'd, and ridges hors'd
With variable complexions, all agreeing
In earnestness to see him."

56. *Withal.* "An emphatic form of *with*" (Gr. 196).

71. *Love-bed.* The quartos have "lay-bed" (see *T. N.* p. 143), which is retained by some editors.

75. *Engross.* Make gross, pamper.

80. *Defend.* Forbid. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 98: "God defend the lute should be like the case." See also *Id.* iv. 2. 21, etc.

93. *Zealous.* Pious, religious. See *K. John*, p. 148.

98. *Ornament.* The folios have "ornaments;" corrected by D. This line and the preceding are not in the quartos.

To know a holy man. That is, to know him *by*. For similar ellipsis of the preposition, cf. *Oth.* i. 3. 91:

"What conjuration and what mighty magic—
For such proceeding I am charg'd withal—
I won his daughter."

See also Gr. 202.

111. *Disgracious.* S. uses the word only here and in iv. 4. 178 below.

117. *Majestical.* Used by S. oftener than *majestic*. Cf. *Ham.* p. 176.

119. *Your state*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

124. *Her proper.* The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; "his" in all the other early eds. In the next line all the quartos have *Her*, the folios "His."

126. *Graft.* Not a contraction of *grafted*, but from the verb *graft*, for which see *A. Y. L.* p. 171 or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 200. On Shakespeare's knowledge of gardening, see *W. T.* p. 190.

127. *Shoulder'd in.* Pushed or thrust into. S. uses the verb only here

and in 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 189: "This shouldering of each other in the court." For *in*=into, see on i. 2. 261 above. Some have taken *shoulder'd* to be=immersed to the shoulders.

129. *Recure*. Restore to health. Cf. *V. and A.* 465: "A smile recures the wounding of a frown;" and *Sonn.* 45. 9: "Until life's composition be recur'd." So *unrecuring*=past cure, incurable, in *T. A.* iii. 1. 90: "Some unrecuring wound."

135. *Empery*. Empire. See *Hen. V.* p. 150.

143-152. *If not . . . answer you*. These lines are not in the quartos.

146. *Fondly*. Unwisely. Cf. *fond* in iii. 4. 80 above.

154. *Unmeritable*. "Unmeriting" (*Cor.* ii. 1. 47), devoid of merit; as in *J. C.* iv. 1. 12: "a slight unmeritable man." Cf. *Gr.* 3.

156. *And that*. And if that, and if. *Gr.* 285.

157. *The ripe revenue*, etc. "That which comes to me in right of greater maturity in age and judgment; Gloster thus comparing his own claims to the crown with those of the young prince his nephew, to whom he afterwards alludes in the words 'royal fruit,' and so continuing the same figure of speech" (Clarke).

On the accent of *revenue* in *S.*, see *M. N. D.* p. 125.

165. *And much I need*, etc. "And I want much of the ability requisite to give you help, if help were needed" (Johnson). Clarke believes it also includes the meaning, craftily implied, "And much I ought to help you, if you need help."

167. *Stealing*. That is, stealing on, moving imperceptibly.

172. *Defend*. See on 80 above.

174. *The respects thereof*, etc. The considerations or motives that influence you are over-scrupulous and of little weight. On *nice*, cf. *L. C.* 97:

"And nice affections wavering stood in doubt
If best were as it was, or best without."

178. *Contract*. Contracted, affianced. For the form, see *Gr.* 342. Cf. *acquit* in v. 4. 16 below.

180. *By substitute*. By proxy; according to the custom of the times. Cf. the reference in Longfellow's *Belfry of Bruges* to the proxy-wedding of the Archduke Maximilian and Marie de Valois in 1477; and see the author's note on the passage.

181. *Bona*. "Daughter to the Duke of Savoy, and sister to Charlotte, wife to Louis XI. King of France" (Malone).

183. *A many*. A form like *a few*, but now obsolete. See *Hen. V.* p. 170. *Gr.* 87. For *sons* the quartos have "children."

188. *Declension*. Decline, degradation. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 165.

"*Bigamy*, by a canon of the Council of Lyons, A.D. 1274 (adopted in England by a statute in 4 Edward I.), was made unlawful and infamous. It differed from *polygamy*, or having two wives at once; as it consisted in either marrying two virgins successively, or once marrying a widow" (Blackstone). *S.* uses the word nowhere else.

190. *Whom our manners call*, etc. Whom by courtesy we call, etc.

192. *To some alive*. Hinting at the Duchess of York, the mother of Edward and Richard. Cf. iii. 5. 92 above.

201. *Refuse not*, etc. This line is not in the quartos.

210. *Effeminate remorse*. Feminine pity. Cf. *M. for M.* ii. 2. 54 :

"If so your heart were touch'd with that remorse
As mine is to him;"

Id. v. 1. 100 : "My sisterly remorse," etc. See also on i. 2. 157 above.

218. *Come, citizens*, etc. The quartos read :

"Come citizens. zounds, Ile entreat no more.
"Glo. O do not sweare my lord of Buckingham."

W. remarks : "It is quite probable that the passage was originally written thus, and that the change was made by Shakespeare because it made Gloster overdo his hypocrisy ; for *zounds* was a common and venial expletive in Shakespeare's time. If, as Mr. Collier suggests, the *zounds* was struck out only in consequence of the statute 3 Jac. I., we should restore the reading of the quarto ; for the removal of the quasi oath of course required the removal of the remonstrance." On the omission of *zounds* and similar oaths in the folio, see *Oth.* p. 11.

Exit Buckingham, etc. "The proper stage-directions for this passage were first supplied by Mr. Dyce. The quartos have no directions ; the folio, in the careless manner common in old dramatic publications, has '*Exeunt*,' and afterwards, '*Enter Buckingham, and the rest*.' But clearly, from Catesby's entreaty and Richard's reply, there was an audience left for his hypocrisy" (W.).

220. *If you deny them*, etc. In the quartos this line is given to another speaker, and reads "*Ano.* Do, good my lord, lest all the land do rue it."

227. *Whether*. The folio has "where," and some follow Steevens in reading "whe'r." See Gr. 466.

231. *Mere enforcement*. Absolute compulsion. See *J. C.* p. 129 (note on *Merely upon myself*) or *Temp.* p. 111 (note on *We are merely cheated*). On *enforcement*, cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 166.

Acquittance. Acquit ; the only instance of the verb in S.

237. *Royal*. The quartos have "kingly," and in the next line "royal" for *worthy*. There are many such petty variations above which we have not noted.

243. *And so*, etc. The quartos omit this line.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—I. *Niece*. Here=granddaughter. So *nephew*=grandchild (*Oth.* i. 1. 112) and cousin (1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 64 and *T. and C.* i. 2. 13). See also on *cousin*, ii. 2. 8 above.

2-6. *Led . . . day*. These lines are not in the quartos.

5. *God give*, etc. Malone remarks of this reappearance of Anne : "We have not seen this lady since the second scene of the first act, in which she promised to meet Richard at Crosby Place. She was married about the year 1472." The portrait of Anne is from the Warwick Roll in the Heralds' College. It "presents us with the peculiar head-dress characterizing this period, namely a cap or caul of gold embroidery, covered by a

veil of some very transparent material, stiffened out in the form of wings" (K.).



QUEEN ANNE.

9. *Like . . . as*. Cf. *T. and C.* prol. 25: "In like conditions as our argument," etc.

10. *Gratulate*. Congratulate, greet. Cf. *T. A.* i. i. 221: "And gratulate his safe return to Rome;" and *T. of A.* i. 2. 131: "To gratulate thy plenteous bosom."

14. *How doth*, etc. The line in the quartos is simply "How fares the Prince?"

15. *Patience*. A trisyllable; as in i. 3. 248 above. See also 1 *Hen. IV.* pp. 153, 175.

18. *The king*, etc. The quarto reading is:

"*Q. Eliz.* The king! why, who's that?"

"*Brak.* I cry you mercy: I mean the lord protector."

20. *Between*. The quartos have "betwixt," and in the next line "should keep" for *shall bar*. There are many such trifling variations in the remainder of the scene.

24. *Sights*. For the plural cf. *Rich. II.* iv. i. 314: "Whither you will, so I were from your sights;" and see note in our ed. p. 206. The quartos have simply "Then feare not thou."

26. *Leave it*. "That is, resign my office" (Johnson).

35. *Dead-killing*. Cf. *R. of L.* 540: "a cockatrice' dead-killing eye." We have "kill her dead" in *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 269. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 194.

36. *Despiteful*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

45. *Thrall*. Slave; as in *Sonn.* 154. 12: "I, my mistress' thrall," etc. See also *Macb.* p. 225.

49. *My son*. That is, son to Margaret, Countess of Richmond, whose third husband Stanley was.

55. *Whose unrevoked eye*, etc. See on i. 2. 152 above, and cf. the quotation in note on 35 just above.

58. *Inclusive verge*. Enclosing circle. Cf. *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 102: "incaged in so small a verge" (that is, the crown, as here).

60. *Red-hot steel*. Steevens sees here an allusion to the ancient mode of punishing a regicide by placing a red-hot iron crown on his head. Cf. Goldsmith, *Traveller*, 436: "Luke's iron crown;" and see our ed. p. 121.

65. *No! why?* The *why* is not in the quartos. W. prints "No why?" which he explains as—"Why not?" For "No had?" and similar instances of *no* with a *verb*, see *K. John*, p. 167; but we are not aware of any examples of such use of the negative with *why*, etc.

74. *If any be so mad*. That is, so mad as to become thy wife.

75. *Life*. The quartos have "death."

79. *Honey*. Often used by S. as an adjective; as in *V. and A.* 16, *Sonn.* 65. 5, *Temp.* iv. 1. 79, etc. See also *R. and J.* p. 177, note on *Honey nurse*. *Honeyed* occurs only in *Hen. V.* i. 1. 50.

82. *Hour*. A dissyllable; as in v. 3. 31 below. Gr. 480.

83. *The golden dew of sleep*. Cf. *J. C.* ii. 1. 230: "the honey-heavy dew of slumber."

84. *His timorous dreams*. "Not only is this characteristic touch confirmed by historical accounts of Richard's disturbed nights, but the dramatist has given it consistency and forcible effect of climax by the impressive picture presented to our sight in the waking words uttered by this guilt-burdened soul in starting from sleep in v. 3" (Clarke).

91. *Go thou*, etc. The 2d folio reads: "*Duc. York*. Go to Richmond, to Dorset, to Anne, to the Queene, and good fortune guide thee," etc. In the margin of the 1st folio, from which the 2d was printed, some one had evidently inserted the stage-directions "to Dorset," "to Anne," and "to the Queene," which the printer took to be additions to the text. The error is repeated in the 3d folio, but corrected in the 4th (Camb. ed.).

95. *Eighty odd years*, etc. Malone remarks: "Shakespeare has here, I believe, spoken at random. The present scene is in 1483. Richard, Duke of York, the husband of this lady, had he then been living, would have been but seventy-three years old, and we may reasonably suppose that his Duchesse was younger than he was. Nor did she go speedily to her grave. She lived till 1495."

96. *Teen*. Sorrow. See *R. and J.* p. 150 or *Temp.* p. 113.

97-103. *Stay yet . . . farewell*. These lines are not in the quartos.

101. *Nurse . . . playfellow*. Johnson remarks: "To call the Tower nurse and playfellow is very harsh: perhaps part of the speech is addressed to the Tower and part to the Lieutenant." Malone replies that S. was only thinking of the children as "being constrained to carry on

their daily pastime and to receive their daily nutriment within its walls, and hence, with his usual licentiousness of metaphor, calls the edifice itself their playfellow and nurse." Neither of the critics seems to have appreciated the maternal pathos and poetry of the passage. It is not Shakespeare who speaks, but the mother, whose heart bleeds at the thought of the rough exchange for cradle and nurse and playfellow that is given them in these ancient stones. How can any one read the lines, and not have all the mother come into his eyes (*Hen. V.* iv. 6. 31), as it did into the poet's heart and pen! And yet Monk Mason says that "the last line of the speech proves that the whole of it is address'd to the Tower, and *apologizes for the absurdity of that address* by attributing it to sorrow" (the italics are ours). When will three such critics meet again on one "Variorum" page?

SCENE II.—8. *Touch.* Touchstone. Cf. *Per.* ii. 2. 37: "gold that's by the touchstone tried;" and see also *1 Hen. IV.* p. 193, note on *Must bide the touch.*

15. *Consequence.* Sequel. Cf. iv. 4. 6 below.

24. *Some little breath, some pause, dear lord.* The quartos have "some breath, some little pause, my lord;" and in the following lines,

"Before I positively speak herein:
I will resolve your grace immediately."

26. *Resolve.* Satisfy, inform, or nearly = answer. Cf. 116 and iv. 5. 20 below. See also *J. C.* p. 158, note on *Be resolv'd.*

27. *He gnaws his lip.* The old historians say that this was Richard's habit when he was thoughtful or angry.

28. *Iron-twitted.* "Unfeeling, insensible" (Schmidt). Cf. *R. and J.* iv. 5. 126: "I will dry-beat you with an iron wit," etc.

29. *Unrespective.* "Devoid of respect and consideration, regardless, unthinking" (Schmidt). S. uses the word only here and in *T. and C.* ii. 2. 71.

35. *Close.* Secret. See on i. 1. 158 above.

42. *Witty.* Cunning, artful; as in *Much Ado*, iv. 2. 27: "A marvellous witty fellow, I assure you; but I will go about with him." "Richard is sneering at Buckingham's pretensions to adroitness and skill in fraud" (Clarke).

45. *Well, be it so.* These words are not in the quartos.

47-52. *Know, my loving lord,* etc. The 1st quarto reads thus:

"*Darby.* My Lord, I heare the Marquesse Dorset
Is fled to Richmond, in those partes beyond the seas where he abides
"*King.* Catesby. *Cat.* My Lord.
"*King.* Rumor it abroad
That Anne my wife is sicke and like to die," etc.

The 1st folio has:

"*Stanley.* Know my louing Lord, the Marquesse Dorset
As I heare, is fled to *Richmond*,
In the parts where he abides.
"*Rich.* Come hither *Catesby*, rumor it abroad.
That *Anne* my Wife is very grieuous sicke," etc.

The arrangement of the lines in the text is due to Pope and Steevens. The former omitted *loving*, which the latter restored.

52. *Take order*. Give order, take measures. See on iii. 5. 105 above.

54. *Whom I will marry*, etc. See on iv. 3. 37 below.

55. *The boy is foolish*. Polydore Virgil (quoted by Malone) describes him as an idiot, "qui gallinam ab anserē non facile internosceret;" but this appears to have been because his education had been entirely neglected rather than from any natural defect.

58. *It stands me much upon*. It is important for me, it concerns me. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 63: "Does it not, thinks't thee, stand me now upon . . . To quit him with this arm?" and see note in our ed. p. 269. Gr. 204.

63. *But I am in*, etc. Cf. *Much.* iii. 4. 136:

"I am in blood
Stipp'd in so far that, should I wade no more,
Returning were as tedious as go o'er;"

and *M. N. D.* iii. 2. 47:

"If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in the deep,
And kill me too."

For *pluck on*, cf. *K. John*, iii. 1. 57: "And with her golden hand hath pluck'd on France," etc. See also *T. A.* p. 168.

65. *Tear-falling*. Tear-dropping. For the transitive use of *fall*, see on i. 3. 353 above.

66. *Is thy name Tyrrel?* This Tyrrel was executed for high treason in the beginning of the reign of Henry VII.

Steevens calls attention to the fact that, according to More, the king at this interview with Tyrrel "was sitting on a draught." In Eastwood and Wright's *Bible Word-Book*, the passage is quoted in the note on *draught-house* (2 *Kings*, x. 27) and *draught* (*Matt.* xv. 17, *Mark*, vii. 19).

73. *Deal upon*. Deal with; used by S. only here. In *A. and C.* iii. 11. 39, "Dealt on lieutenantanry" = acted by deputy.

80. *Prefer*. Advance, promote. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* iv. 1. 102: "Newly preferred from the king's secretary," etc. The quartos read here:

"And I will love thee, and prefere thee too.
"Tir. 'T is done my gracious lord.
"King. Shall we heare from the Tirrel ere we sleep?"

"Enter Buckingham.

"Tir. Ye shall my Lord."

88. *Pawn'd*. Pledged. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185.

96. *Pecvish*. See on i. 3. 194 above.

98-115. *My lord . . . to-day*. These lines are in the quartos, but not in the folios. It is not easy to account for their omission in the latter, as they are clearly Shakespeare's, and it is hardly conceivable that he would strike them out in revising the play.

99. *How chance*, etc. How chances it, etc. See *M. N. D.* p. 128.

100. *I being by*. Malone notes that Richard was not by when Henry uttered the prophecy. See 3 *Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 68 fol. Malone believes this to have been an oversight on the poet's part; but it is quite as likely, as

Clarke suggests, that he means to "give effect to Richard's scoff by making him misstate the attendant circumstances of the prophecy."

104. *Rougemont*. Reed notes that Hooker, writing in Elizabeth's time, mentions this as "a very old and antient castle, named Rugemont; that is to say, the Red Hill, taking that name of the red soil or earth whereupon it is situated." He adds that it "was first built, as some think, by Julius Cæsar, but rather, and in truth, by the Romans after him." However that may have been, it was either rebuilt or much repaired by William the Conqueror, who gave it to Baldwin de Brionno, husband of his niece Albrina, in the possession of whose descendants it remained until the time of Henry III., who seized it for himself. It was dismantled during the Civil War, and has not since been rebuilt. Its remains are still to be seen on a high hill to the north of the city.

113. *A Jack*. That is, a "Jack o' the clock" (see *Rich. II.* p. 218), a figure that struck the hours, like the two bronze statues on the Clock Tower at Venice.

116. *Resolve me*. See on 26 above.

121. *Brecknock*. That is, Brecknock Castle in South Wales. It was built in 1094 by Bernard Newmarch, a relative of the Conqueror, and enlarged by Humphrey de Bohun, Earl of Hereford. The keep, which is now the chief remnant of it, is called Ely Tower from having been the prison of the Bishop of Ely who figures in this play; and here the marriage between the Earl of Richmond and Elizabeth, daughter of Edward IV., was first planned. The castle and the walls of the town of Brecon (or Brecknock) were destroyed by the inhabitants during the Civil War, to avoid the expense of maintaining and defending them.

SCENE III.—I. *Act*. The quartos have "deed," and "act" for *deed* in the next line.

5. *This piece of ruthful butchery*. The 1st and 2d quartos have "ruthless piece of;" the later quartos "ruthfull piece of." For *ruthful*=pitious, cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 95: "these ruthful deeds;" and *T. and C.* v. 3. 48: "ruthful work." So *pitiful* is used in the double sense of compassionate and exciting compassion. In like manner, as W. remarks, "we now say, with the same force, either a shameful deed or a shameless deed; in one instance meaning that the act causes shame in the observer—in the other, that it shows a lack of shame in the performer. So the same act may be characterized as pitiful, sorrowful, ruthful, or pitiless, sorrowless, ruthless."

6. *Flesh'd*. Cruel, hardened. Cf. *Hen. V.* iii. 3. 11: "the flesh'd soldier, rough and hard of heart."

11. *Alabaster innocent*. The quartos have "innocent alabaster," and in 13 "Which" for *And*.

14. *Prayers*. A dissyllable; as in iii. 7. 97 above.

18. *Replenished*. Complete, consummate; as in *W. T.* ii. 1. 79: "The most replenish'd villain in the world."

19. *Prime*. First; as in *Hen. VIII.* iii. 2. 162: "The prime man of the state." In the same play we find the comparative *primer* (i. 2. 67) and the superlative *primest* (ii. 4. 229).

20. *Hence both*, etc. The 1st and 2d quartos have "Thus both," etc.; the other quartos omit the line. Schmidt makes *gone with*=overcome with; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 184: "York is too far gone with grief;" but, with the folio text, *gone* may as naturally be joined with *hence*. J. H. explains *hence* as=hereupon. On *remorse*, cf. i. 4. 107 and iii. 7. 210 above.

22. *This tidings*. S. makes *tidings* (like *news*) either singular or plural. See *R. and J.* p. 195.

30. *But where*, etc. The quartos read "But how or in what place I do not know." The "Bloody Tower" (see p. 164) is now pointed out as the scene of the murder of the princes; but there is no proof that it occurred there, and previous to the reign of Elizabeth the place was called the "Garden Tower," because it adjoined what was then the constable's garden. A very old tradition, however, marks the angle at the right of the gate seen in the cut as the place of the hasty burial of the princes by Dighton and Forrest. According to the old historians, they were subsequently interred elsewhere by a priest under the direction of Brakenbury. In 1674 some bones were found under a staircase in the White Tower (as an inscription now records) which were buried by Charles II. in Westminster Abbey as those of the murdered princes. They were found in a wooden chest some ten feet under ground.

31. *Soon, and after supper*. The quartos have "soon at after supper." Clarke gives "soon at after-supper." For *after-supper*, see 2 *Hen. VI.* pp. 166, 200.

37. *Match'd in marriage*. To Sir Richard Pole, by whom she had a son who afterwards became Cardinal Pole. See on iii. 5. 106 above.

40. *For*. Because, since. See on i. 1. 58 above.

The Breton Richmond. He calls Richmond so because after the battle of Tewksbury he had taken refuge in the court of Francis II., Duke of Bretagne (Malone).

46. *Morton*. The Bishop of Ely. See on iii. 4. 31 above.

47. *With*. By; as often. Gr. 193.

51. *Fearful commenting*, etc. "Timorous thought and cautious disquisition are the dull attendants on delay" (Johnson). For *fearful*=full of fear, cf. iv. 2. 121 above, and iv. 4. 313, v. 1. 18, and v. 3. 182 below.

55. *Mercury*. Cf. ii. 1. 88 above.

56. *My counsel is my shield*. That is, action, and not deliberation, shall be my policy.

SCENE IV.—5. *Induction*. See on i. 1. 32 above.

8. *Withdraw thee, wretched Margaret*, etc. Verplanck remarks: "In this scene we take leave of Margaret of Anjou, that 'she-wolf of France,' who has been almost as much the presiding evil genius of the last two parts of *Henry VI.* as Richard is of this. Mrs. Jameson, who was led to a partial adoption of Malone's opinion on the three parts of *Henry VI.*, not so much from his argument as from their appearing to her to 'have less of poetry and passion, and more of unnecessary verbiage and inflated language, than the rest of Shakespeare's plays,' finds an additional and original argument in the character of Queen Margaret. Her criticism on the style is just, but she would hardly have drawn her inference from it

if she had been aware that the evidence shows these to be the productions of the immature and unpractised Shakespeare, beginning to form for himself and his country the historic drama. Her other argument, which she considers 'the most conclusive of all to those who have studied Shakespeare in his own spirit,' is thus stated: 'Margaret, as exhibited in these tragedies, is a dramatic portrait of considerable truth and vigour and consistency; but she is not one of Shakespeare's women. He who knew so well in what true greatness of spirit consisted—who could excite our respect and sympathy, even for a Lady Macbeth, would never have given us a heroine without a touch of heroism; he would not have portrayed a high-hearted woman struggling unsubdued against the strangest vicissitudes of fortune; meeting reverses and disasters, such as would have broken the most masculine spirit, with unbroken constancy—yet left her without a single personal quality which would excite our interest in her bravely endured misfortunes; and this in the very face of history. He would not have given us, in lieu of the magnanimous queen, a mere "Amazonian trull," with every coarser feature of depravity and ferocity; he would have redeemed her from unmingled detestation; he would have breathed into her some of his own sweet spirit; he would have given the woman a soul.'

"Now, as we here find that, in *Richard III.*, all these characteristics of Margaret are adopted and recapitulated, it is clear that this argument against the character being Shakespeare's destroys itself by proving too much; for it would prove that this play too is by some other hand than his, which no one can assert, in the wildest mood of critical conjecture. Shakespeare might certainly have given a higher and more heroic cast to Margaret of Anjou; but the truth evidently is, that having, partly from the intimation of the chroniclers, very probably (as Courtenay suggests) from uncontradicted and universally believed tradition, adopted, in spite of his imputed Lancastrian prejudices, this view of Margaret's ferocity, cruelty, and conjugal infidelity, he must have seen that he could not breathe into such a personage 'his own sweet spirit,' any more than into Goneril, Regan, or the queen of *Cymbeline*, and therefore placed her in bold and unmitigated contrast to the mild virtues of the 'holy Henry.' The comparison of Margaret with Lady Macbeth suggests a deep moral truth, which must have been in the poet's mind, though he has not embodied it in formal moral declamation. Our interest in Lady Macbeth is kept up, in spite of her crimes, by her unflagging and devoted attachment to her husband, and their mutual and touching confidence and solace in each other, even in guilt as well as in sorrow. Margaret has no communion with Henry's heart; she scorns him, and her affections roam elsewhere. That last redeeming virtue of woman being lost, Margaret has nothing left but her talent and courage; and those qualities alone cannot impart the respect and sympathy which we continue to feel for the guilty but nobler wife of Macbeth."

10. *Unblown*. The 1st folio has "vnblowed," for which the compositor is doubtless responsible.

15. *Right for right*. Retributive justice. Cf. 141 below. V. remarks: "In i. 3. Margaret was reproached with the murder of young Rutland,

and the death of her husband and son were imputed to divine vengeance roused by that wicked act. 'So just is God to right the innocent,' Margaret now means to say, 'The right of me, an injured mother, whose son was slain at Tewksbury, has now operated as powerfully as that right which the death of Rutland gave you to divine justice, and has destroyed your children in their turn.'

20. *Quit*. "Here used to express comprehensively 'requite the death of' and 'acquit the crime of'" (Clarke). See *Rich. II.* p. 208 or *Ham.* p. 269.

23. *In*. See on i. 2. 261 above.

24. *When didst*, etc. When ere now didst, etc. The editor of the 2d folio, not seeing the meaning, changed *When* to "Why."

28. *Record*. For the accent, see on iii. 1. 72 above.

35. *Ancient*. Old, long-standing. See on iii. 1. 182 above.

Reverent. Reverend. The two words are used indiscriminately in the early eds.

36. *Seniory*. Seniority. In the early eds. it is spelt "signorie," "signiorie," "signeurie," "signeury," etc.

41. *Harry*. The quartos have "Richard" and the folios "husband." *Harry* is the reading of the Camb. editors, and seems preferable to Capell's conjecture of "Henry," which is generally adopted. W. retains "husband."

45. *Holp'st*. See on i. 2. 108 above.

47. *From forth the kennel*, etc. Apparently an allusion to the myth of Scylla.

49. *That had his teeth*, etc. See on ii. 4. 28 above.

52, 53. *That excellent*, etc. These two lines are not in the quartos, and are accidentally transposed in the folios. Capell corrected the arrangement. *Excellent*=pre-eminent. Cf. *A. and C.* i. 1. 40: "Excellent falsehood!"

53. *Galled eyes*. Cf. *Ham.* i. 2. 155: "her galled eyes;" and *T. and C.* v. 3. 55: "Their eyes o'ergalled with recourse of tears."

56. *Carnal*. Bloodthirsty. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 133:

"the wild dog
Shall flesh his tooth on every innocent."

58. *Paw-fellow*. Companion. Steevens cites, among other contemporaneous instances of the word, Dekker and Webster's *Northward Hoe*, 1607: "He would make him pue-fellow with a lord's steward at the least."

65. *Boot*. Something given to boot (cf. *T. and C.* iv. 5. 40), or into the bargain.

69. *Adulterate*. Used by S. oftener than *adulterous*. See *Ham.* p. 195.

71. *Intelligencer*. Agent. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184.

72. *Their*. *Hell* is here personified as plural, as *heaven* is in several instances. See *Rich. II.* p. 157, note on *They* sec.

76. *From hence*. The quartos have "away."

77. *Cancel his bond of life*. For the metaphor, cf. *Mach.* iii. 2. 49:

"Cancel and tear to pieces that great bond
That keeps me pale;"

and *Cymb.* v. 4. 27:

"take this life,
And cancel these cold bonds."

81. *Bottled spider*. See on i. 3. 242 above.

84. *Presentation*. Show, semblance; as in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 112: "He uses his folly like a stalking-horse, and under the presentation of that he shoots his wit."

85. *Index*. Prelude. See on ii. 2. 148 above. Here it means either the spoken prologue or, as Steevens makes it, the printed programme, of a *pageant* or dumb-show. Schmidt suggests that the pageants "were perhaps introduced and explained by painted emblems;" or, as others suppose, a painted cloth was hung up outside as an advertisement of the show. For *pageant* in this sense, cf. *Temp.* iv. 1. 155, *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 114, *A. Y. L.* ii. 7. 138, iii. 4. 55, etc.

86. *A-high*. On high. Gr. 24.

88-90. *A dream . . . a bubble*. The quartos read:

"A dreame of which thou wert, a breath, a bubble,
A signe of dignitie, a garish flagge,
To be the aime of euery dangerous shot."

For *garish* = gaudy, bright, see *R. and J.* p. 186, note on *The garish sun*. In the last line there is an allusion "to the dangerous situation of those to whose care the standards of armies were intrusted" (Steevens).

91. *Scene*. Used in the theatrical sense; as in 27 above. See also ii. 2. 38 above.

92. *Where be*, etc. This use of *be* is "especially frequent in questions of appeal" (Gr. 299).

97. *Decline all this*. That is, run through all this from first to last; as in *declining*, or giving the cases of a noun, in grammar (Malone). Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 55: "I'll decline the whole question." The word is used in the literal sense in *M. W.* iv. 1. 42.

100. *For one being sued to*, etc. The quartos transpose this line and the next.

101. *Caitiff*. For the feminine use, cf. *A. W.* iii. 2. 117 and *Oth.* iv. 1.

109. See *Oth.* p. 197.

103. *For one being fear'd*, etc. This line is not in the quartos, which transpose 102 and 104. In 102, 103, and 104, the folios misprint "she" for *one*.

105. *Wheel'd*. The quarto reading; the folios have "whirl'd."

112. *Wearied head*. The quartos have "weary" ("wearied" in 6th, 7th, and 8th) necke."

120. *Sweeter*. The quartos have "fairer," and in 87 above "sweet" for *fair*. W. remarks: "This double change in counterpart could not have been accidental; and, indeed, it is far more natural and touching to use *fair* in the mere descriptive allusion to the babes, and *sweet* in describing a mother's memory of them."

122. *Bettering*. Magnifying. Some eds. print "bad-causer."

127. *Windy attorneys*, etc. "Meaning that words are but breathing exponents of grief, are but successors to joy that is dead and that has died without a will, bequeathing nothing" (Clarke).

128. *Intestate*. The folios misprint "intestine."
 135. *The trumpet sounds*. The quartos read "I hear his drum." For *exclaims*, see on i. 2. 52 above.
 141. *Branded*. The quartos have "graven."
 142. *Owed*. Owned, was rightful possessor of. See *K. John*, pp. 141, 145.
 149. *A flourish*, etc. See p. 26 above.
 152. *Entreat*. Treat; as elsewhere with *fair* or *fairly*. See *Rich. II.* iii. 1. 37, 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 271, *T. and C.* iv. 4. 115, etc.
 157. *Impatience*. A quadrisyllable. Cf. *patience* in i. 3. 248 and iv. 1. 15 above.
 158. *Condition*. Disposition, temper. See *Hen. V.* pp. 183, 186.
 160. *O, let*, etc. The two speeches in this line are not in the quartos.
 166. *Rood*. Cross. See on iii. 2. 75 above.
 169. *Tetchy*. Touchy, fretful. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 1. 99: "And he's as tetchy to be wooed to woo;" and *R. and J.* i. 3. 32: "To see it tetchy," etc.
 172. *Thy age confirm'd*. Thy riper age.
 173. *More mild*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.
Kind in hatred. Cf. what More says (p. 168 above): "outwardly companionable where he inwardly hated," etc.
 175. *Grac'd me*. Blessed me, made me happy (Johnson).
 176. *Humphrey Hour*. The critics have been in doubt whether this is the name of some person not mentioned by the chroniclers, or a cant personification of the breakfast *hour*; but it is probably the latter. Cf. the use of "Tom Troth" for *truth* or *truth*. Steevens quotes *The Wit of a Woman*, 1604: "Gentlemen, time makes us brief: our old mistress, Houre, is at hand." He thinks there may be also an allusion to the old proverbial phrase of "dining with Duke Humphrey;" which is said to have originated in the fact that one of the aisles in St. Paul's Cathedral, called Duke Humphrey's Walk, was a place where those who had no means of getting a dinner used to loiter during the usual hour of the meal, as if detained by some business. Cf. Gabriel Harvey's *Four Letters*, etc., 1592: "to seeke his dinner in Poules with Duke Humphrey: to lick dishes, to be a beggar;" and Nash, *Wonderful Prognostication*, etc., 1591: "Sundry fellowes in their silkes shall be appointed to keepe duke Humfrye company in Poules, because they know not where to get their dinners abroad." Duke Humphrey was buried at St. Albans, but, according to Stowe, there was in St. Paul's "a fair monument" to Sir John Bewcampe [Beauchamp], who died in 1358, and who "is by ignorant people misnamed to be Humphrey Duke of Gloster."
 177. *Forth of*. Out of, away from. See on i. 3. 337 above; and cf. *Gr.* 156, 165.
 178. *Disgracious*. See on iii. 7. 111 above. For *eye* the quartos have "sight."
 179. *And not offend*, etc. The quartos read:

"and not offend your grace.

"Duch. O heare me speake for I shal neuer see thee more.

"King. Come, come, you are too bitter."

183. *So*. Often used to express acquiescence or approbation=well. Cf. ii. 1. 1 above.

185. *Turn*. Return. See *A. V. L.* p. 169.

186. *Extreme*. For the accent, see on iii. 5. 43 above.

190. *Complete*. Accented on the first syllable when it immediately precedes the noun, but not in the predicate (Schmidt). See *Ham.* p. 194.

191. *Prayers*. A dissyllable. See on iv. 3. 14 above. For *party*=part, side, see on iii. 2. 47 above.

193. *Whisper*. For the transitive use, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 1. 4, *W. T.* i. 2. 437, iv. 4. 827, etc.

196. *Serves*. Waits upon, attends.

203. *Level*. Aim; a technical use of the word. Cf. *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 239: "But if all aim but this be levell'd false;" 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 286: "the foeman may with as great aim level at the edge of a penknife," etc.

205. *Gracious*. A trisyllable. See on 157 above.

212. *A royal princess*. The quartos have "of royal blood."

218. *Unavoided*. Unavoidable; as in *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 268: "And unavoidable is the danger now;" and 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 5. 8: "A terrible and unavoidable danger." The only instance of the ordinary sense in *S.* is iv. 1. 55 above.

222-235. *You speak . . . bosom*. These lines are not in the quartos.

226. *All indirectly gave direction*. Cf. *Ham.* ii. 1. 66: "By indirections find directions out;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 276:

"though indirect,
Yet indirection thereby grows direct."

228. *Till it was whetted*, etc. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 5. 108:

"Thou hid'st a thousand daggers in thy thoughts,
Which thou hast whetted on thy stony heart;"

and *M. of V.* iv. 1. 123:

"Not on thy sole, but on thy soul, harsh Jew,
Thou mak'st thy knife keen."

230. *Still*. Continual, constant. Cf. the use of the adverb in *still-lasting*, 346 below.

232. *My nails*, etc. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 298:

"I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes;"

and 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 144:

"Could I come near your beauty with my nails,
I'd set my ten commandments in your face."

In the latter case it is a duchess, as here a queen, that speaks. "Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis."

237. *Dangerous success*. Doubtful issue. The quartos have "dangerous attempt of hostile armes" (cf. 400 below). For *success*, cf. *T. and C.* i. 3. 340:

"for the success,
Although particular, shall give a scantling
Of good or bad unto the general;"

Id. ii. 2. 117: "Nor fear of bad success in a bad cause," etc. Some make *success*=*succession* (see *W. T.* p. 161).

245. *Type*. Badge, sign; not "exhibition, show, display," as Johnson explained it. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 121: "Thy father bears the type of King of Naples" (that is, the crown).

248. *Demise*. Bequeath, grant; the only instance of the word in *S.* The 2d folio has "devise."

251. *Lethe*. For other allusions to the river of oblivion, see *Ham.* p. 195.

259. *From*. The queen plays upon the sense of "away from" (*Gr.* 158) which the preposition often had. See *T. A.* p. 130.

276. *Sometime*. Once. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 333: "that Belarius whom you sometime banish'd," etc.

On the passage, cf. i. 3. 174 fol. above. See also 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 79 fol.

278, 279. *Which, say to her . . . brothers' bodies*. This is not in the quartos. The folios have "brothers body;" corrected by Warb.

280. *Wipe . . . withal*. The quartos have "dry . . . therewith," and in 282 "story . . . acts" for *letter . . . deeds*. We give only occasional samples of these little variations in the two texts.

290-344. *Say . . . years?* This is the longest of the passages found in the folios, but not in the quartos. See p. 10 above.

299. *Quicken*. Give life to; as in *Temp.* iii. 1. 6: "quickens what's dead," etc. Cf. the play on *quick* in 363 below, and see also on i. 2. 65 above.

304. *Mettle*. The 1st and 2d folios have "mettall," the 3d "mettle," the 4th "metal." The early eds. use *metal* and *mettle* without regard to the meaning. See *Rich. II.* p. 157.

306. *Bid*. Bore, endured; the past tense of *bide* (Johnson and Schmidt). Cf. *T. A.* ii. 4. 97:

"There is no woman's sides
Can bide the beating of so strong a passion," etc.

313. *Fearful*. Full of fear. See on i. 1. 11 above.

324. *Orient pearl*. Cf. *M. A. D.* iv. 1. 59, *A. and C.* i. 5. 41, *I. and A.* 981, and *P. P.* 133.

325. *Advantaging*. Increasing. For the verb, cf. *Temp.* i. 1. 34, *T. A.* iv. 2. 119, *J. C.* iii. 1. 242, etc. The folio misprints "Loue" for *loan*.

338. *Victress*. The spelling of the 4th folio; the earlier folios have "victoresse." It is the only instance of the word in *S.*

339. *Were I best?* Would it be best for me? See on i. 1. 100 above.

345. *Infer*. See on iii. 5. 74 above.

346. *Still-lasting*. Everlasting. See on 230 above. The hyphen is not in the early eds. and might perhaps be omitted.

348. *Which the king's King forbids*. Alluding to *Lev.* xviii. 14.

350. *Wail*. The quarto reading; the folios misprint "vaile" or "vail."

356. *Likes of it*. Likes it. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband, if you like of me," etc. For the form of *likes* and *lengthens* in 355, see *Gr.* 336.

363. *Quick*. Hasty. In her reply the queen plays on the other sense of *quick*=*living*. Cf. the quibble in *L. L. L.* v. 2. 687.

368. *My George*. The medallion with the figure of St. George on horseback, which was part of the insignia of the Knights of the Garter. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 29: "Look on my George; I am a gentleman."

371. *His*. Its; as in the two following lines. Gr. 228.

376-378. *Then by myself*, etc. In the quartos the order of the oaths is : *Now by the world, My father's death, Then by myself*.

380-389. *If thou hadst fear'd*, etc. This passage is evidently corrupt in both the folio and the quarto texts, which we give below, indicating by italics (as W. does) the words in which they differ. The folio reads :

"If thou *didd'st feare* to breake an Oath *with him*,
The vnity the King my *husband* made,
Thou had'st not broken, nor my *Brothers died*.
If thou had'st fear'd to breake an oath by him,
Th' Imperiall mettall, circling now thy *head*,
Had grac'd the tender temples of my Child,
And both the Princes had bene breathing heere,
Which now two tender *Bed-tellowes* for dust,
Thy broken Faith hath made the prey for Wormes.
What can'st thou sweare by now."

The quarto reads thus :

"If thou *hadst feard* to breake an oath *by him*,
The vnitie the king my *brother* made,
Had not bene broken, nor my *brother slaine*.
If thou hadst feard to breake an oath by him
The emperiall mettel circling now thy *brow*,
Had grast the tender temples of my childe,
And both the princes had bene breathing here,
Which now two tender *play-fellowes* for dust,
Thy broken faith hath made a praye for wormes."

392. *Hereafter*. Used adjectively; as in 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 10: "hereafter ages."

394. *Ungovern'd*. That is, left with no one to *govern* or guide them.

398. *O'erpast*. The folio has "repast," the first letter of "ore-past" (its reading in 390 above) having been accidentally dropped.

404. *Opposite*. Opposed, adverse; as in 216 above. S. mentions *planets* nearly a score of times, but always with an astrological reference. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 2. 41, *W. T.* i. 2. 201, ii. 1. 105, *Ham.* i. 1. 162, *Oth.* ii. 3. 182, etc.

407. *Tender*. Regard, hold dear. See on ii. 4. 72 above.

419. *Peevish fond*. See on i. 3. 194 and iii. 1. 31 above. The 1st quarto has "pieuish, fond," the other quartos "peeuish, fond" or "peeuish fond." Some editors adopt Malone's conjecture of "peevish-fond."

426. *Shortly*. Perhaps a trisyllable, as Malone and Abbott (Gr. 477) make it. The next line is not in the quartos.

429. *Shallow, changing woman*. "Such was the real character of this queen dowager, who would have married her daughter to King Richard, and did all in her power to alienate the Marquis of Dorset, her son, from the Earl of Richmond" (Steevens).

432. *Puissant*. Always a dissyllable in S. On *puissance*, see *K. John*, p. 158.

436. *Hull*. Float, or, in nautical phrase, "lie to." See *T. N.* p. 131.

441. *Convenient*. Suitable, befitting. Cf. *Lear*, iv. 5. 31 :

"And more convenient is he for my hand
Than for your lady's," etc.

448. *Strength*. For *strength*=force, army, see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 159; and for *power* in the same sense, *Id.* p. 150. Cf. also iv. 3. 50 above, and 531 and v. 3. 26 below.

454. *My mind is chang'd*. "Richard's precipitation and confusion is in this scene very happily represented by inconsistent orders, and sudden variations of opinion" (Johnson). The quartos read here "My mind is chang'd, sir, my mind is chang'd;" followed, on the entrance of Stanley, by "How now, what news with you?"

457. *Heyday*. The early eds. have "Hoyday;" as in *T. and C.* v. i. 73 (where, however, the quarto has "Heyday") and *T. of A.* i. 2. 137.

458. *What*. Why; as often before *need*. Cf. *R. of L.* 31: "What needeth then apologies be made?" *Cymb.* iii. 4. 34: "What shall I need to draw my sword?" etc.

Miles. The early quartos have "mile," for which cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 204.

459. *The nearest*. The quartos have "a nearer."

462. *White-liver'd runagate!* Cowardly vagabond! For *white-liver'd*, see *Hen. V.* p. 163, or 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 188. Some editors join the words to what follows instead of what precedes.

467. *Chair*. Throne; as in v. 3. 252 below.

469. *What heir of York*, etc. "There were other heirs who had a better title than Richard, as Malone remarked—Elizabeth and the other daughters of Edward IV., and Edward, son of Richard's elder brother, the Duke of Clarence; and although, as Ritson rejoined, Edward's issue had been pronounced illegitimate, and Clarence attainted of high treason, yet this was unjustly done by procurement of Richard himself" (W.).

471. *Makes*. Does. See on i. 3. 164 above.

474. *You cannot guess*, etc. We make this a question, as W. does. If a period be put at the end of the line, as in the early eds. and most of the modern ones, the sentence must be supposed to be ironical. The *Welshman* is a contemptuous reference to Richmond's Welsh descent. He was half-brother to Henry VI., being the son of the king's mother, Queen Katherine, widow of Henry V., by her second husband, Owen Tudor, a Welsh gentleman.

476. *My good lord*. The quartos have "mighty liege," and "are" for *be* (see on 92 above) in 478. In 482 they have "Richard" for *me*, and in 484 "sovereign" for *king*.

485. *Pleaseth*. If it pleaseth. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 184. The quartos have "Please it."

491. *Nor never*. "Corrected" by Pope to "nor ever." For the double negative see Gr. 406.

497. *Advertised*. Informed. The accent in S. is regularly on the second syllable, and so with *advertisement*. Cf. *T. and C.* ii. 2. 212: "I was advertis'd their great general slept," etc.

500. *More*. More; used regularly only in the plural. See *A. Y. L.* v. 176. Cf. Gr. 17.

502. *Competitors*. Confederates, associates. See *T. A.* p. 158.
 503. *Flock*, etc. The quartos read: "Flock to their aid, and still their power increaseth."

507-511. *The news . . . whither*. The quartos read:

"*Mes*. Your grace mistakes, the newes I bring is good
 My newes is that by sudden floud, and fall of water,
 The Duke of Buckinghames armie is disperst and scattered,
 And he himself fled, no man knowes whether.
 "*King*. O I crie you mercie, I did mistake.
 Ratchliffe reward him, for the blow I gaue him."

513. *Well-advised*. See on i. 3. 318 above.

524. *Upon his party*. See on iii. 2. 47 above.

525. *Hois'd*. The past tense of *hoise*. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 169: "We'll quickly hoise Duke Humphrey from his seat;" and see *Ham.* p. 241, note on *Hoist*. The word here is spelt "hoist" in the quartos and "hoys'd" in the folios.

532. *Colder*. More unwelcome. Cf. 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 1. 237: "Cold news for me," etc.

News is spelt "newes" in the folios, but there is no reason for making it dissyllabic, as Schmidt does. He probably overlooked the fact that the folios have "news, but yet" in place of the "tidings, yet" of the quartos. *News* is plural here, as *they* shows; but it is singular just above, as often. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 198, note on *This news*. See also on iv. 3. 22 above.

533. *Reason*. Talk. See on i. 4. 154 above.

534. *Take order*. See on iv. 2. 52 above.

SCENE V.—1. *Sir Christopher*. This Urswick was a priest, and chaplain to the Countess of Richmond. He was afterwards almoner to Henry VII., and was offered the bishopric of Norwich, which he refused, and retired to Hackney, where he died in 1521. His monument is still to be seen in the church at Hackney. For *Sir* as a priestly title, see on iii. 2. 108 above.

3. *Frank'd up in hold*. Stied up in confinement. See on i. 3. 314 above.

5. *Holds off*. The quartos have "withholds."

7. *Withal, say*, etc. In the quartos this is put into Stanley's closing speech (19 below), which reads thus:

"Return unto thy lord; commend me to him;
 Tell him the queen hath heartily consented
 He shall espouse Elizabeth her daughter.
 These letters will resolve him of my mind.
 Farewell."

10. *Hertford West*. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "Harford-west," and some of the other quartos "Herford-west."

14. *Redoubted*. Redoubtable, dread; as in *Rich. II.* iii. 3. 198, *Hen. V.* ii. 4. 14, etc.

15. *Rice ap Thomas*. The *ap* is Welsh = of, and in personal names = son of.

17. *Bend their power.* Lead their forces. See on iv. 4. 448 above. The quartos have "bend their course."

20. *Resolve.* Inform. See on iv. 2. 26 above.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Salisbury.* The locality is not indicated in the early eds., but, according to Hall, the execution of Buckingham was at Salisbury.

1. *Will not King Richard,* etc. Steevens remarks: "The reason why Buckingham solicited an interview with the king is explained in *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 194:

'I would have play'd
The part my father meant to act upon
The usurper Richard; who, being at Salisbury,
Made suit to come in 's presence; which, if granted,
As he made semblance of his duty, would
Have put his knife into him.'

Hall and Holinshed also hint that this was his purpose.

2. *Patient.* A trisyllable. See on i. 3. 157 above.

19. *The determin'd respite of my wrongs.* The limit of the respite allowed me before being punished for the wrongs I have done. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 6. 9: "To my determin'd time thou gav'st new date;" that is, extended the time that had reached its limit.

20. *Which.* Whom; as in the Lord's Prayer. Gr. 265.

24. *In.* Into. See on i. 2. 261 above. The quartos have "on."

26. *When he,* etc. Cf. i. 3. 300 above.

28. *Lead me, officers.* The quartos have "sirs, convey me."

SCENE II.—*Oxford,* who enters with Richmond, was John de Vere, Earl of Oxford, a zealous Lancastrian, who after a long confinement in Hames Castle, Picardy, escaped thence in 1484, and joined the Earl of Richmond at Paris. He commanded the archers at the battle of Bosworth. *Sir James Blunt* had been captain of the castle of Hames, and assisted Oxford to escape (Malone).

3. *The bowels of the land.* Boswell remarks that this was once a common metaphor. He cites an instance of it from the Law Reports: "The plaintiff declared that he was possessed of a colliery . . . lying in the bowels of such a close."

7. *Wretched.* "Hateful, abominable" (Schmidt). The quartos have "reckless." Coll. says that *wretched* "could not have been Shakespeare's language;" but cf. *R. of L.* 999: "Such wretched hands such wretched blood should spill" (where both *hands* and *blood* are Tarquin's).

13. *Tamworth.* "Tamworth tower and town" (*Marmion*, i. 11) are on the borders of Staffordshire and Warwickshire, about twenty miles due west of Leicester. The castle was founded by Robert de Marmion, a follower of the Conqueror, but was afterwards rebuilt on a higher site. It is still in good condition, and belongs to Marquis Townshend. See cut on p. 145 above.

17. *Men.* The quartos have "swords."

21. *Dearest*. Most urgent. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 140, note on *This dear expedience*.

SCENE III.—9. *Traitors*. The quartos have "foe," and in the next line "greatest number" for *ulmost power*.

11. *Battalia*. The quartos have "battalion." The only other instance of either form in S. is in *Ham.* iv. 5. 79: "But in battalions." *Battalia* is not the plural of *battalion*, but an old noun singular. See Wb. s. v.

"Richmond's forces are said to have been only five thousand; and Richard's army consisted of about twelve thousand men. But Lord Stanley lay at a small distance with three thousand men, and Richard may be supposed to have reckoned on them as his friends, though the event proved otherwise" (Malone).

19. *Enter, on the other side of the field, Richmond, etc.* W. remarks: "It should be remembered that the field was represented by a platform about as large as the floor of a drawing-room in a modern full-sized house. The representatives of Richard and Richmond were actually within easy conversational distance of each other, and could almost have shaken hands; and the tents, of course, occupied the same relative positions. Such were the arrangements of our primitive stage. We now, by the aid of scene-painters and carpenters, and at the sound of the prompter's whistle, separate the representatives of York and Lancaster by certain yards of coloured canvas, and our stage ghosts address themselves to Richard only; and there are those who, forgetting that the stage does not, never can, and should not if it could, represent the facts of real life, think that we have gained greatly by the change.

"*Sir William Brandon*, who bore Richmond's standard, was father to Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, who married Mary, the sister of Henry VIII. and the widow of Louis XII. of France. The folio directs Dorset to enter here; but Dorset, at this time, was in pawn to a royal money-lender, Charles VIII. of France, for ready cash advanced to furnish Richmond forth. As Shakespeare quite surely knew this from the chronicles which he consulted in the preparation of the play, and as the mistake is one that might easily have crept into the prompter's book, being a mere stage-direction, it may be corrected without authority."

23-26. *Give me . . . power*. The quartos put this into the speech beginning with 44 below:

"Rich. Farewell, good Blunt.
Giue me some inke," etc.

They also omit 27 and 28.

24. *Model*. Outline, plan. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 158, or *Much Ado*, p. 127.

25. *Limit*. Appoint, assign. For *several*=separate, see on iii. 2. 76 above.

29. *Keeps*. Remains with. "*Regiment* was used in Shakespeare's time to mean any considerable body of men, under the regiment or command of one leader, and without reference to the number or organization of the troops that composed it" (W.).

40. *Sweet Blunt*. The quartos have "Good Captain Blunt, bear my good night to him;" which is a repetition of 30 above. W. remarks:

"This passage affords a marked instance of the warm simplicity of phrase with which men addressed each other in Shakespeare's time. Lieutenant-General Scott, with all his courtesy, did not probably address General Worth as Sweet Worth, on the eve of the battle of Churubusco; and this difference in manners must be constantly borne in mind in reading Shakespeare's works—especially his *Sonnets*."

43. *And so*, etc. The line is not in the quartos.

46. *Devo*. The quartos have "air."

48. *Nine*. The quartos have "six," which many editors retain. V. observes: "This is on the authority of Steevens, who remarks that 'a supper at as late an hour as *nine* o'clock, in 1485, would have been a prodigy.' We know very well what the supper-hour of the higher classes at that period was. Harrison tells us (Preface to Holinshed), 'the nobility, gentrie, and students ordinarily go to dinner at *eleven* before noon, and to supper at *five*, or between five and six, at afternoone.' From this reason, I do not doubt that the poet wrote originally '*six* o'clock.' But, on revision, he saw that that hour would not agree with the context. The Earls of Pembroke and Surrey are said to have before gone through the army at 'cock-shut time,' or twilight, which in August, in that part of England (the battle of Bosworth Field was on August 22, 1485), when the sunset is after seven, would be much later than the time assigned for this scene. Besides, in the preceding scene, 'the weary sun' had already 'made a golden set;' and this scene, therefore, is long after six. It seems then that the poet, perceiving that the whole conduct of this scene required a later hour, and wishing to preserve the incident of Richard's refusing to sup, altered the time to what—though not the common supper hour of domestic life—might well be that of an army, which had just encamped, after a march. The insertion of *six* confuses the time of all this act."

49. *Beaver*. Here apparently=helmet. See *1 Hen. VI.* p. 189.

58. *Catesby*! This is the reading of the quartos, though, by a misprint, they assign the reply to "*Rat*," instead of "*Cat*." Pope corrected the error. The folios have "Ratcliffe," and give the reply to him; but it is evident from what follows that it is Catesby who is dispatched to send the pursuivant to Stanley, and that Ratcliff remains behind.

63. *Watch*. A watch-light or watch-candle (Johnson and Schmidt). The king would not use the word *give*, if he meant a guard; and the order for the guard is given in 77 below.

64. *White Surrey*. According to Hall and Holinshed, the king was "mounted on a great white courser."

65. *Staves*. The *stuff* was the shaft of the lance, here put for the lance itself, as in 341 below. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 318, *Mach.* v. 3. 48, etc.

On the passage, see p. 28 above.

68. *Melancholy*. "Richard calls him *melancholy* because he did not join heartily in his cause" (Malone). Cf. 2 above.

69. *Cock-shut time*. Twilight. A *cock-shut* was a kind of net used for catching woodcocks, and was generally set in the dusk of the evening. Steevens quotes *Arden of Feversham*, 1592: "In the twilight, cock-shut light;" and *The Widow*, 1652: "a fine cock-shut evening."

72. *So*. See on iv. 4. 183 above.

73. *I have not*, etc. See p. 179 above.

75. *Is ink and paper ready?* For the question and reply, cf. iii. 4. 4, 5 above.

77. *Bid my guard watch*. If this is not the order for the guard (see on 63 above), it is a message to the guard that would be set at the royal tent as a matter of course, admonishing them to be vigilant.

83. *Loving*. The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; the other early eds. have "noble," which is doubtless the compositor's accidental repetition of the same word just above.

87. *Flaky*. "Scattering like flakes" (Schmidt).

91. *Mortal-staring*. "Having a deadly stare, grim-looking" (Schmidt). Cf. "grim-visag'd" in i. 1. 9 above. Perhaps, as Clarke suggests, the word "includes the effect of War staring or glaring fatally upon its victims, and their deadly stare when killed." It is infinitely better than any of the "emendations" that have been proposed; like "mortal-fearing," "mortal-scaring," "mortal-staving," "mortal-stabbing," "mortal-dar-ing," etc.

93. *With best advantage*, etc. "I will take the best opportunity to elude the dangers of this conjuncture" (Johnson).

98. *Leisure*. That is, want of leisure. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 1. 5: "Which then our leisure would not let us hear." See also 239 below.

105. *With troubled thoughts*. The folios have "troubled with noise," which W. prefers on the ground that "if S. at first wrote *troubled thoughts*, which is possible, he seems to have remembered, on the revision of the play, that he had represented Richmond as entirely untroubled in mind, and sure of victory from the time when he first appears upon the scene." But *troubled thoughts* need not imply any thing more than being "careful and troubled about many things," as a general, however confident of victory, must be on the eve of a decisive battle.

106. *Peize*. Weigh. See *K. John*, p. 151.

111. *Bruising irons*. J. H. quotes *Ps.* ii. 9 (Prayer-Book version): "Thou shalt bruise them with a rod of iron." For *irons*=weapons, cf. *T. and C.* ii. 3. 18: "drawing their massy irons," etc.

117. *Windows*. That is, the eyelids. See *R.* and *J.* p. 172, note on *Grey eye*. Cf. also *R.* and *J.* iv. 1. 100: "thy eyes' windows Fall like death," etc.

125. *My anointed body*. Cf. *Lear*, iii. 7. 58: "his anointed flesh," etc. See also iv. 4. 151 above.

126. *Punched*. The word (which S. uses nowhere else) seems undig-nified now; but Steevens cites Chapman, *Iliad*, vi.: "with a goad he punch'd each furious dame." *Deadly* is found only in the 1st quarto.

133. *Fulsome*. "Rich, cloyingly sweet" (Clarke), as malmsey is. Steevens says that S. "seems to have forgot himself," as Clarence was killed before being thrown into the malmsey-butt. But see i. 4. 263 above, which implies that the murderers trusted to the drowning to complete their work.

136. *Fall*. Let fall. See on i. 3. 353 above, and cf. iv. 2. 65.

144. *Let fall thy lance*. To fill the measure, Capell gave "hurtless lance," and the Coll. MS. has "pointless lance."

147. *The Ghost of Hastings appears.* In the 1st and 2d quartos the ghosts of the young princes come in before the ghost of Hastings. The order in the later eds. is chronological throughout.

153. *Lead.* The reading of the 1st quarto; "laid" in all the other early eds.

157. *Annoy.* Cf. *V. and A.* 497: "death's annoy;" *Id.* 599: "worse than Tantalus' is her annoy," etc.

174. *I died for hope,* etc. "I died for the hope of lending you aid ere I could lend you aid" (Clarke). The ellipsis is not unlike others in *S.* Cf. *Gr.* 382 fol. Hammer gave "forsook," Steevens conjectured "forholpe" (=unhelped, deserted), and Tyrwhitt "foredone" (see *M. A. D.* p. 188). D. remarks: "However we are to understand it, the following passage, in Greene's *James the Fourth*, seems to determine that it is right:

"War will then cease when dead ones are reviv'd;
Some then will yield when I am dead for hope."

W., after quoting D., says: "In my opinion, the passage has been misunderstood only because explanation has been sought too remotely. Does it not clearly mean, both here and in the passage from Greene, I died to hope?—*to* and *for*, as the sign of the dative, having been used almost interchangeably. (See, for instance, in Richard's next speech, 'no pity *to* myself.') Buckingham (as we learn from Hall's *Chronicle*), without pay or provisions for his soldiers, retarded by deluges of rain, which laid the country waste and made it impassable, was abandoned by his partisans, betrayed by an old servant, and put to death in an obscure country town: before he could approach Richmond; and so he was dead to hope ere he could lend Richmond aid. An examination of the context in Greene's play and of the situation of the speaker—King James—justifies a similar interpretation of that passage. The king sees that when his case becomes hopeless, then war will cease."

181. *The lights burn blue.* According to ancient superstition, an indication of the presence of a ghost. Steevens quotes Lyly, *Galathea*, 1592. "My mother would often tell me when the candle burnt blue, there was some ill spirit in the house."

For *now* all the early eds. except the 1st quarto have "not."

194. *Several.* Separate. See on 25 above.

196. *High'st.* For the contraction, see on iii. 4. 103 above.

201. *There is no creature,* etc. See p. 32 above.

205-207. *Methought,* etc. Johnson suspected that these lines are misplaced, but was in doubt where they belong. Mason proposed to insert them after 213. W. would put them either after 179 or after 213. The former would be the best place, if any change were called for; but we agree with Clarke that they are probably where S. meant them to be. "giving emphasis to the vision just beheld, marking vividly its impression on the mind of the speaker, and giving reason for the previous words, 'I myself find in myself no pity to myself.'"

It is barely possible, however, that there has been an interpolation here. W. remarks: "Ritson suggested, with much reason, in my judgment—for I had reached the same conclusion before I knew that he had preceded me in it—that the twenty-two lines, from 'What do I fear myself?'

etc., to 'Find in myself,' etc., inclusive, are not Shakespeare's; in which case the last three lines quite surely are not transposed, but should follow immediately after the first five. The situation is one which a 'star' actor could not patiently see wasted without an effective scene for him; and Burbadge might have had these twenty-two lines added to his part; though why not by Shakespeare himself it is difficult to conjecture. But the lines are quite surely very much inferior to the rest of the play, and —what is of more consequence— not in the style in which Shakespeare wrote at any period of his life."

211. *Done salutation*. Cf. *J. C.* iv. 2. 5: "To do you salutation from my master."

213-215. *O Ratcliff. . . my lord*. These lines are omitted in the folios.

216. *Shadows*. Mason cited this as evidence that lines 205-207 were addressed to Ratcliff; but *shadows* more naturally refers to Richard's fears lest his friends should not prove true; or, as Mason himself admits, we may "suppose that the idea of shadows is included in what Richard calls a *fearful dream*."

220. *In proof*. That is, in armour that has been *proved*, or tested. Cf. *Macb.* i. 2. 54: "lapp'd in proof;" and see *Rich. II.* p. 162.

225. *Cry mercy*. "I cry you mercy." See on i. 3. 235 above.

229. *In*. Into. See on i. 2. 261 above.

232. *Cried on*. Cried out, gave the cry of. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 375: "cries on havoc;" *Oth.* v. 1. 48: "cries on murder," etc. See *Ham.* p. 276.

239. *Leisure*. See on 98 above.

244. *Richard except*. The *except* may be either the preposition transposed (Gr. 203), as Schmidt makes it, or the participle contracted (Gr. 342).

251. *Foil*. Alluding to the *foil* or leaf of metal placed behind a transparent gem to set it off. A poor or imperfect stone would of course gain most by such a background. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 266:

"I'll be your foil, Laertes; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall, like a star i' the darkest night,
Stick fiery off indeed."

J. H. quotes Drayton, *Heroic. Epist.*:

"With a deceitful foil to lay a ground,
To make a glass to seem a diamond."

255. *Ward*. Guard, protect. Cf. *T. and C.* i. 2. 292: "if I cannot ward what I would not have hit;" and *T. A.* iii. 1. 195:

"Tell him it was a hand that warded him
From thousand dangers."

256. *Sweat*. The reading of the 1st and 2d quartos; "sweare" in the other early eds.

260. *In safeguard of*. In defence of; as in 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 2. 18: "And doves will peck in safeguard of their brood," etc.

263. *Quit*. Requite. See on iv. 4. 20 above.

266. *The ransom*, etc. "The *fine* paid by me in atonement for my rashness shall be my dead corse" (Johnson).

268. *The guin*. For the redundant use of the noun, see Gr. 417.

270. *Boldly*. St. reads "bold." See on iii. 4. 48 above.

276. *Tell the clock*. "Count the clock" (J. C. ii. 1. 192). Cf. *Temp.* ii.

1. 289 : "They'll tell the clock to any business that
We say befits the hour."

See also *Ham.* p. 238.

280. *Brav'd*. Made *brave* or bright. Cf. *Sonn.* 12. 2 :

"When I do count the clock that tells the time,
And see the brave day sunk in hideous night," etc.

For the verb, cf. the quibble in *T. of S.* iv. 3. 125, where Grunio says to the tailor : "Face not me : thou hast braved many men ; brave not me ; I will neither be faced nor braved."

282. *Will not be seen*. "Refuses to be seen" (J. II.).

289. *Vaunts*. Exults, makes a bold show. For the intransitive use, cf. *Sonn.* 15. 7 and 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 3. 43.

290. *Bustle, bustle*. Cf. i. 1. 152 above.

293. *My battle shall be ordered*. My army shall be arranged. See on i. 3. 130 above.

294. *Foreward*. Vanguard ; used by S. only here (cf. "the two forwards," p. 179 above). *Van* he has only in *A. and C.* iv. 6. 9, and *vanguard* not at all. For *varward*, his word elsewhere, see *Hen. V.* p. 178.

The words *out all* are found only in the 1st quarto.

300. *Puissance*. Often used in this concrete sense ; as in *K. John*, iii. 1. 339 : "go, draw our puissance together," etc. For the varying pronunciation of the word, see *K. John*, p. 158.

301. *Chiefest*. A common superlative in S. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 8. 43, *K. John*, ii. 1. 39, *Cor.* ii. 2. 88, v. 6. 150, *Ham.* i. 2. 117, etc.

302. *This, and Saint George to boot!* "That is, this is the order of battle which promises success ; and over and above this is the protection of our patron saint" (Johnson). But perhaps *to boot*=to help, as Hawkins and Malone explain it. Schmidt also thinks this may be the meaning ; as in *W. T.* i. 2. 80 : "Grace to boot !" which is evidently=God be gracious to us ! God help us !

304. *This found I*, etc. See p. 180 above.

306. *Dickon*. Dick. It is the name of one of the characters in *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, 1575. A spot on Bosworth Field is still known as "Dickon's Nook."

For *bought and sold*=betrayed, see *K. John*, p. 176.

313. *Let us to't pell-mell*, etc. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 406 :

"Why then defy each other, and pell-mell
Make work upon ourselves, for heaven or hell."

315. *Inferr'd*. See on iii. 5. 74 above.

317. *Sort*. Company. Cf. *Rich. II.* iv. 1. 246 : "a sort of traitors ;" and see our ed. p. 205.

321. *You to*. The 1st quarto has "to you."

323. *Restrain*. "Withhold them from you and keep them to themselves" (Schmidt). Cf. *Cor.* v. 3. 167 :

"That thou restrain'st from me the duty which
To a mother's part belongs ;"

and *T. of A.* v. 1. 151: "restraining aid to Timon." Warb. conjectured "distrain," which is also in the Coll. MS.

325. *Mother's.* S. here follows Holinshed, who gives by mistake "moothers" for "brothers." Hall, from whom Holinshed copied, gives it correctly (Farmer). Douce adds that in the *first* ed. of Holinshed the word is "brothers," showing that S. used the second ed., in which the error occurs. While Richmond was at the court of Bretagne, he was maintained by the Duke of Burgundy, brother-in-law to Richard.

326. *Milk-sop.* The *Mirroure for Magistrates* calls him "A weake Welch milksop" (Steevens).

329. *Overweening.* Presumptuous. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 182.

335. *Bobb'd.* Drubbed; as in *T. and C.* ii. 1. 76: "I have bobbed his brain more than he has beat my bones."

336. *Record.* For the accent, see on iii. 1. 72 above.

338. *Fight.* The folios, and some of the later quartos, misprint "Right," and "boldly" for *bold*.

341. *Staves.* Lances. See on 65 above.

343. *Deny.* Refuse. See *R. and J.* p. 159.

345. *The marsh.* There was a large marsh in Bosworth plain between the two armies, which Richmond passed, and arranged his forces so that it protected his right wing. He thus also compelled the enemy to fight with the sun in their faces, a great disadvantage when bows and arrows were in use (Malone). See p. 179 above.

350. *Spleen.* Fire, ardour. Cf. *A. John*, ii. 1. 68: "With ladies' faces and fierce dragons' spleens," etc.

351. *Helms.* The reading of 1st, 2d, 4th, and 8th quartos; "helpes" or "helps" in the other early eds.

SCENE IV.—2. *Enacts.* Performs; as in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 1. 122, iii. 1. 116, etc. *Than a man*=than a mere man could.

3. *Daring an opposite.* Daring to oppose himself. For *opposite*=opponent, see *T. N.* p. 145.

12. *Five have I slain*, etc. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 25 fol.

V. remarks: "The poet had here more than mere dramatic effect to excuse his making the tyrant fall by Richmond's hand. It is stated by the chroniclers that Richard was determined to engage with Richmond, if possible, in single combat. For this purpose he rode furiously to that quarter of the field where the Earl was; attacked his standard-bearer (Sir William Brandon), and killed him; then assaulted Sir John Cheney, whom he overthrew. Having thus cleared his way to his antagonist, he engaged in single combat with him, and probably would have been victorious; but at that instant Sir William Stanley joined Richmond's army, and the royal forces fled with great precipitation. Richard was soon afterwards overpowered by numbers, and fell fighting bravely to the last moment."

14. *And exeunt, fighting.* "The quartos, as well as the folio, have the direction, '*they fight, Richard is slain.*' But they, Richard and Richmond, must go out fighting, else Stanley could not afterwards enter with the latter (as he is directed to do in all the old editions), bearing the crown, and say, 'Lo, here this long-usurped royalty. . . have I pluck'd off.' The truth

is, that the entrances and exits are very carelessly noted in our old dramatic literature. Mr. Dyce here marks a new scene—Scene V. But, although it seems improbable that Richmond, Stanley, and the others should return, after Richard was slain, to the very place where the latter cried, ‘A horse! a horse!’ yet, dramatically, nothing is gained by the change, and as far as reference to the text is concerned, much is lost” (W.). The Camb. editors, on the other hand, retain the old stage-direction, “because it is probable from Derby’s speech, ‘From the dead temples of *this* bloody wretch,’ that Richard’s body is lying where it fell, in view of the audience.”

16. *Acquit.* Acquitted; as in *M. II.* i. 3. 27: “I am glad I am so acquit of this tinder-box.” Gr. 342.

20. *Enjoy it.* These words are found only in the 1st and 2d quartos.

21. *Say amen to all.* Say so be it to all, grant that it may come to pass.

23. *Leicester.* Bosworth Field is fourteen miles from Leicester, where Richard spent the night before the battle. The old Blue Boar Inn at which he slept, and which K. says is still standing, was torn down in 1836.



THE BLUE BOAR INN, LEICESTER.

31. *Ta'en the sacrament.* Taken an oath. See on i. 4. 197 above.
 40. *All this divided,* etc. W. puts a period after *Lancaster*; but as Mr. Robson (quoted by D.) remarks, the preceding lines give the *consequence*, not the *cause*, of the division. It must be admitted, however, that the repetition in the next line is awkward. H. (school ed.) assumes that line 41 has been accidentally transposed, and puts it after 43—an extremely plausible emendation.
 46. *Smooth-fac'd.* Cf. *L. L. L.* v. 2. 838, and *K. John*, ii. 1. 573.
 48. *Abate.* Blunt (Schmidt.). Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* p. 150. Steevens made it=subdue; as in *Cor.* iii. 3. 132: "most Abated captives." D. quotes the novel of *Pericles*, 1608: "Absence abates that edge that Presence whets;" and St. cites Florio's definition of *spontare*: "to abate the edge or point of any thing or weapon, to blunt, to unpoint." Coll. adopts the "rebate" (cf. *M. for M.* i. 4. 60) of the Coll. MS.
 49. *Reduce.* Bring back; its etymological sense (Latin *reduco*). Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 63: "Which to reduce into our former favour," etc.

ADDENDA.

THE TRUE TRAGEDIE OF RICHARD THE THIRD (p. 12).—Collier gives the following interesting account of this old play:

"The piece, as a literary composition, deserves little remark; but as a drama it possesses several peculiar features. It is in some respects unlike any relic of the kind, and was evidently written several years before it came from Creede's press. It opens with a singular dialogue between Truth and Poetry:

Poetrie. Truth, well met.
Truth. Thanks, Poetrie: what makes thou upon a stage?
Poet. Shadowes.
Truth. Then, will I adde bodies to the shadowes.
 Therefore depart, and give Truth leave
 To show her pageant.
Poet. Why, will Truth be a Player?
Truth. No: but Tragedia like for to present
 A Tragedie in England done but late,
 That will revive the hearts of drooping mindes.
Poet. Whereof?
Truth. Marry, thus."

"Hence Truth proceeds with a sort of argument of the play; but before the Induction begins, the ghost of George, Duke of Clarence, had passed over the stage, delivering two lines as he went, which we give precisely as in the original copy now before us:

*"Cresse cruor sanguinis, satietur sanguine cresse,
 Quod spero scitio. O scitio, scitio, vendicta!"*

"The drama itself opens with a scene representing the death of Edward IV., and the whole story is thenceforward most inartificially and clumsily conducted, with a total disregard of dates, facts, and places, by characters imperfectly drawn and ill sustained. Shore's wife plays a conspicuous part; and the tragedy does not finish with the battle of Bos-

worth Field, but is carried on subsequently, although the plot is clearly at an end. The conclusion is as remarkable as the commencement. After the death of Richard, Report (a personification like some of those in the old Moralities) enters, and holds a dialogue with a Page, to inform the audience of certain matters not exhibited; and after a long scene between Richmond, the Queen-mother, Princess Elizabeth, etc., two Messengers enter, and, mixing with the personages of the play, detail the succession of events and of monarchs from the death of Richard until the accession of Elizabeth. The Queen-mother then comes forward, and pronounces a panegyric upon Elizabeth, ending thus :

‘ For which, if ere her life be tane away,
God grant her soule may live in heaven for aye;
For if her Graces dayes be brought to end,
Your hope is gone on whom did peace depend.’

“As in this epilogue no allusion is made to the Spanish Armada, though other public events of less prominence are touched upon, we may infer that the drama was written before 1588.

“The style in which it is composed deserves observation; it is partly in prose, partly in heavy blank-verse (such as was penned before Marlowe had introduced his improvements, and Shakespeare had adopted and advanced them), partly in ten-syllable rhyming couplets and stanzas, and partly in the long fourteen-syllable metre, which seems to have been popular even before prose was employed upon our stage. In every point of view it may be asserted that few more curious dramatic relics exist in our language. It is the most ancient printed specimen of composition for a public theatre of which the subject was derived from English history.

“Boswell asserts that the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third* had ‘evidently been used and read by Shakespeare;’ but we cannot trace any resemblances, but such as were probably purely accidental, and are merely trivial. Two persons could hardly take up the same period of our annals, as the groundwork of a drama, without some coincidences; but there is no point, either in the conduct of the plot or in the language in which it is clothed, where our great dramatist does not show his measureless superiority. The portion of the story in which the two plays make the nearest approach to each other is just before the murder of the princes, where Richard strangely takes a page into his confidence respecting the fittest agent for the purpose.

“In the *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn*, it is shown that Henslowe’s company, subsequent to 1599, was either in possession of a play upon the story of Richard III., or that some of the poets he employed were engaged upon such a drama. From the sketch of five scenes, there inserted, we may judge that it was a distinct performance from the *True Tragedy of Richard the Third*. By an entry in Henslowe’s Diary, dated 22d June, 1602, we learn that Ben Jonson received 10*l.* in earnest of a play called *Richard Crookback*, and for certain additions he was to make to Kyd’s *Spanish Tragedy*. Considering the success of Shakespeare’s *Richard III.*, and the active contention, at certain periods, between the company to which Shakespeare belonged and that under the management of

Henslowe, it may be looked upon as singular that the latter should have been without a drama on that portion of English history until after 1599; and it is certainly not less singular that as late as 1602 Ben Jonson should have been occupied in writing a new play upon the subject. Possibly about that date Shakespeare's *Richard III.* had been revived with the additions; and hence the employment of Jonson on a rival drama, and the publication of the third edition of Shakespeare's tragedy after an interval of four years."

Verplanck, after quoting the above, remarks: "It may be added that, as the unhorsing of Richard is contrary to the old historical account, his well-known cry on his last battle-field, so popular on the stage, and which has been re-echoed by succeeding dramatists—'A horse! a horse! my kingdom for a horse!'—is to be traced to this rude old play, where it is thus given:

'The Battle enters, Richard wounded with his Page.

King. A horse, a horse, a fresh horse!

Page. Ah! fly, my lord, and save your life.

King. Fly, villain! Look I as though I would fly?—No! first 'shall,' etc.

"Possibly, too, the substitution of the ghost-scene, in place of Richard's dream of devils, related by Hall, might have been suggested by one of the lines in Richard's last speech before the battle, in the old play; and as this is the most elaborated speech it contains, it is here extracted:

'King. The hell of life that hangs upon the crown,
The daily cares, the nightly dreams,
The wretched crews, the treason of the foe,
And horror of my bloody practice past,
Strikes such a terror to my wounded conscience,
That, sleep I, wake I, or whatsoever I do,
Methinks their ghosts come gaping for revenge,
Whom I have slain in reaching for a crown.
Clarence complains and crieth for revenge;
My nephews' bloods, Revenge! revenge! doth cry;
The headless peers come pressing for revenge;
And every one cries, Let the tyrant die.
The sun by day shines hotly for revenge;
The moon by night eclipseth for revenge;
The stars are turn'd to comets for revenge;
The planets change their courses for revenge;
The birds sing not, but sorrow for revenge;
The silly lambs sit bleating for revenge;
The screeching raven sits croaking for revenge;
Whole herds of beasts come bellowing for revenge;
And all, yea, all the world, I think,
Cries for revenge, and nothing but revenge:
But to conclude, I have deserv'd revenge.
In company I dare not trust my friend;
Being alone, I dread the secret foe;
I doubt my food, lest poison lurk therein,
My bed is uncoth, rest refrains my head.
Then such a life I count far worse to be
Than thousand deaths unto a damned death!
How! was't death, I said? who dare attempt my death!
Nay, who dare so much as once to think my death?
Though enemies there be that would my body kill,
Yet shall they leave a never-dying mind.
But you, villains, rebels, traitors as you are,

How came the foe in, pressing so near?
 Where, where slept the garrison that should 'a beat them back?
 Where was our friends to intercept the foe?
 All gone, quite fled, his loyalty quite laid a-bed.
 Then vengeance, mischief, horror with mischance,
 Wild-fire, with whirlwinds, light upon your heads,
 That thus betray'd your prince by your untruth!

"To such a performance it is evident Shakespeare's Richard could have owed little beyond such straggling hints. Knight justly remarks: 'There is not a trace in the elder play of the *character* of Shakespeare's Richard: in that play he is a coarse ruffian only—an unintellectual villain. The author has not even had the skill to copy the dramatic narrative of Sir Thomas More in the scene of the arrest of Hastings. It is sufficient for him to make Richard display the brute force of the tyrant. The affected complacency, the mock passion, the bitter sarcasm of the Richard of the historian were left for Shakespeare to imitate and improve.'"

THE POLITICS OF THE PLAY.—Mr. Richard Simpson, in his paper on "The Politics of Shakspeare's Historical Plays," read before the New Shakspeare Society, October 9, 1874 (published in the *Transactions* of the Society for 1874, pp. 396-441), has the following remarks on *Richard III.*:

"The drama of the fall of the house of Lancaster is completed by the play of *Richard III.* The references in this play to the three parts of *Henry VI.* are so many as to make it impossible to deny the serial character and unity of the whole tetralogy, whatever questions may be raised as to the authorship of parts of it. The whole exhibits the fate of virtuous weakness in the face of unscrupulous strength, and concludes with the fate of this strength in the face of Providence. Henry VI. perishes by natural causes. The forces which destroy Richard III. are wholly supernatural. Three women are introduced whose curses are inevitable, like those of the Eumenides. Ghosts prophesy the event of a battle. Men's imprecations on themselves are literally fulfilled. Their destiny is made more to depend on their words than their actions; it is removed out of their hands, and placed in those of some unearthly power which hears prayer and judges the earth. As if the lesson of the poet was that there is human remedy where there are ordinary human motives, but that for power joined with Machiavellian policy the only remedy is patience dependent on Providence.

"Richard III., like King John, commits his last and unpardonable offence when he slays the right heir. But the poet treats the offences differently: he calls the barons who opposed John rebels; his moral judgment seems to approve those who placed the first Tudor on the throne. The two cases were placed on equal footing by the opposition writers. 'What disgrace or shame was it,' asks Cardinal Allen, 'for all the chief lords of our country to revolt from King John and to deny him aid, until he returned to the See Apostolic? . . . or for the English nobility, and specially for the renowned Stanley [he is defending Sir William Stanley], to revolt from King Richard the tyrant, and to yield himself and

his charge to Henry VII.?' The difference seems to be, that John's barons would have sold England to the French King. Stanley, in spite of the Breton auxiliaries of the Tudor, preserved the crown to a native dynasty. It is to be noted, too, that as the poet places his loudest denunciations of Papal usurpations in the mouth of John, who was just about to become the Pope's 'man,' so does he put his most solemn warning against traitors in the mouth of the successful rebel. But treason in his mind is not against the crowned head, it is against the country:

'Abate the edge of traitors, gracious Lord,
That would reduce these bloody times again, . . .
That would with treason wound this fair land's peace.'

"In the composition of this play the dangers of a disputed succession were before Shakspere's eyes. The third scene of the second act exhibits the evils incident on the decease of a prince when the succession is doubtful or belongs to a child.

"In *Richard III.* also the poet gave what he long left as a final picture of the absolutism of the crown, as it had been developed by the civil wars. By the extinction of the old baronage it had lost the counterpoise which balanced it. Edward IV. surrounded himself with new peers, relations of his wife, through whom he governed. Richard III. cut all these off, destroyed what remained of the older nobles, and declared his intention of doing every thing for himself, and using nothing but unrespective boys for his ministers. He issues his commands without pretence of legality. His merits as a legislator are entirely put out of sight by the poet. He makes himself, to use Raleigh's words, 'not only an absolute monarch like unto the sovereigns of England and France, but a Turk to tread under his feet all natural and fundamental laws.' Absolutism was, to the eyes of politicians of those days, a legal state of things. Tyranny was only the vicious personal aberration of the rightful absolute prince. Raleigh similarly lamented the cessation of villenage: 'Since slaves were made free, which were of great use and service, there are grown up a rabble of rogues, cutpurses, and other like trades, *slaves in nature though not in law.*'"

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is summed up by Mr. P. A. Daniel (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 336) as follows:

"Time of this play eleven days represented on the stage; with intervals. Total *dramatic* time within one month (?).

Day 1. Act I. sc. i. and ii.

*Interval.**

" 2. Act I. sc. iii. and iv. Act II. sc. i. and ii.

" 3. Act II. sc. iii.

Interval; for the journey to Ludlow.

" 4. Act II. sc. iv.

" 5. Act III. sc. i.

" 6. Act III. sc. ii.-vii.

* "For the funeral and the subsequent marriage of Richard with the Lady Anne. The interval, however, must be short. Besides Richard's 'Clarence hath not another day to live' of sc. i., note also the reference in I. iii. 91 to Hastings' *late* imprisonment."

Day 7. Act IV. sc. i.

" 8. Act IV. sc. ii.*-v.

Interval. Richard's march to Salisbury.

" 9. Act V. sc. i.

Interval. Richard's march from Salisbury to Leicester.

" 10. Act V. sc. ii.† and first half of sc. iii.

" 11. Act V. second half of sc. iii. and sc. iv. and v.

Historic dates: The dead body of Henry VI. exposed to public view in St. Paul's, 22d May, 1471. Marriage of Richard with Anne, 1472. Death of Clarence, beginning of 1478. Death of Edward IV., 9th April,

* "The early hour at which this scene closes ('upon the stroke of ten'), and the fact that it is after the coronation—for Anne is not present, and Stanley's business is to report the flight of Dorset—suggest the commencement of a new day with this scene; but as Dorset's flight could not be long concealed from Richard, we can scarcely imagine the time to be later than the morrow of Act IV. sc. i."

With regard to the next scene (iv. 3) Mr. Daniel asks: "The time of this scene? Well, just before supper-time, about five or six o'clock p.m. On the same day as the preceding scene? It should be if Tyrrel kept his promise to a king not prone to let his purpose cool. Then the young princes were abed early in the afternoon. Not *impossible*; but the reader must decide for himself on the probabilities of the case. I take it to be the same day, notwithstanding the astounding celerity of the march of events of which we gain intelligence when Tyrrel goes off to meditate, between this and after-supper time, how the King may do him good. We learn that between this time and ten in the morning Richard has pent up the son of Clarence close: that he has matched the daughter (a mere child on the morning of yesterday) in a mean marriage; that 'Anne, my wife, hath bid the world good night,' and that being now free, he is about to go, 'a jolly thriving wooer,' to young Elizabeth, and so prevent the aims of Breton Richmond in that quarter! And this is not all; for Catesby comes in with the intelligence that Ely has fled to Richmond, and that Buckingham—here at ten this morning—is in the field, back'd with the hardy Welshmen, and still his power increaseth!

Richard ends the scene, determining to make instant preparations to put down Buckingham's rebellion. Does he wait for supper? I think not. If Buckingham can fly from London to Brecknock (150 miles), levy an army there, and let the news of his proceedings fly back to London all in the course of a few hours, Richard may surely muster up his men in ten minutes. He does so.

I need hardly say that it is Tyrrel's business which forces sc. ii. and iii. of Act IV. into one day; if we could throw him over, or suppose him to have taken a week or a month in which to fulfil his murderous engagement, so much time as we allow him might be placed as an *interval* between these two scenes; but the dramatist fixes *his* time, and in our reckoning I presume we are bound to accept the definite before the indefinite. Scenes ii. and iii. being thus brought together, scenes iv. and v. join them as a matter of course."

† "Richmond hears that Richard now lies near Leicester, 'one day's march' from Tamworth, and thither he proceeds to join battle with him. Here, as the author gives us two definite points, with the time necessary for traversing the space between them, a little digression may be allowable, with the view of ascertaining the lapse of time—if any—supposed by the plot of the drama between our Days 8 and 10. From Tamworth to Leicester is 'one day's march'; the distance on the map, *in a straight line*, is 24 miles. Calculated at this rate, Richmond has marched from Milford to Tamworth—160 miles—six to seven days. Richard has marched from London to Salisbury, and from Salisbury to Leicester—100 miles—seven to eight days. Are we to distribute this time between the two last intervals that I have doubtfully marked, or are we to go to history, where we find that Richmond landed at Milford Haven on the 7th August, 1485, and fought the battle of Bosworth Field on the 22d of the same month? Or are we to be guided by the instances of the annihilation of time and space which this Play elsewhere affords us? It seems a fruitless inquiry, but it at any rate leads to the conclusion that the author himself actually, if not designedly, put aside all such considerations when constructing the plots of his dramas."

1483. Rivers and Grey arrested, 30th April, 1483. Hastings executed, 13th June, 1483. Rivers, Grey, Vaughan, and Hawes executed, 15th June, 1483. Buckingham harangues the citizens in Guildhall, 24th June, 1483. Lord Mayor and citizens offer Richard the crown, 25th June; he is declared King at Westminster Hall, 26th June; and crowned, 6th July, 1483. Buckingham executed, October, 1483. Death of Queen Anne, 16th March, 1485. Henry VII. lands at Milford Haven, 7th August, 1485. Battle of Bosworth Field, 22d August, 1485."

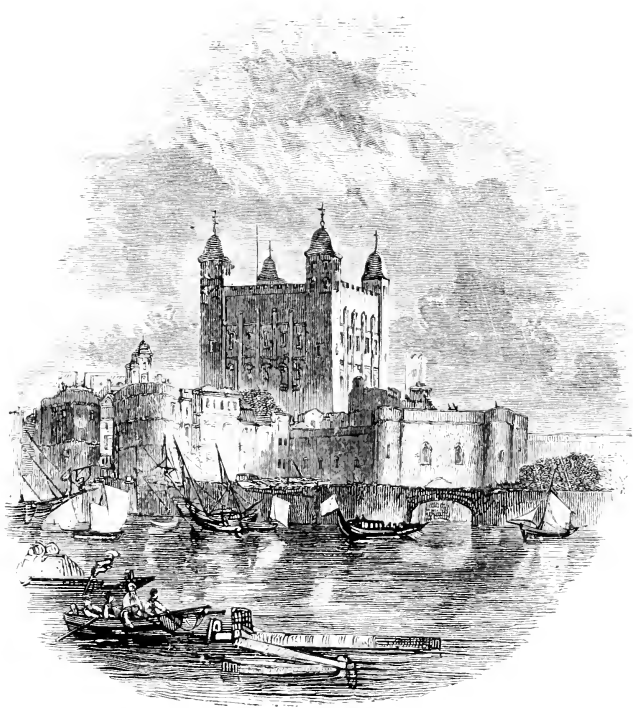
THE EARLY TEXTS.—In the present edition (see p. 11) we have followed the folio, except where the quarto has clearly the better reading. According to Mr. Spedding (see p. 11, foot-note) there are about 1300 variations in the two texts. In act i., out of 1062 lines in the quarto, "a little more than 300" have been altered in the folio; in act ii. 161 lines out of 414; in act iii. 411 out of 1028; in act iv. 321 out of 848; and in act v., which appears to have been revised less minutely, 89 out of 458. The folio also contains 193 lines (inserted in 45 different places) which are not in the quarto; while, on the other hand, the quarto has a number of lines, and in one instance a passage of 17 lines, omitted in the folio. The more important of these variations are mentioned in the Notes, with a sufficient number of the others to show how trivial they are. The difference is often too slight to hang an argument upon; wherefore the critics, as their wont is, have disputed over it all the more vehemently.

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

- King Edward*: ii. 1(64). Whole no. 64.
Prince Edward: iii. 1(43); v. 3(8). Whole no. 51.
Duke of York: ii. 4(16); iii. 1(23); v. 3(8). Whole no. 47.
Clarence: i. 1(22), 4(142); v. 3(10). Whole no. 174.
Gloster (Richard III.): i. 1(125), 2(154), 3(125); ii. 1(56), 4(32), 5(69), 7(73); iv. 2(83), 3(26), 4(198); v. 3(154), 4(6). Whole no. 1161.
Boy (Son of Clarence): ii. 2(21). Whole no. 21.
Richmond: v. 2(19), 3(85), 5(32). Whole no. 136.
Cardinal: iii. 1(9). Whole no. 9.
Archbishop: ii. 4(12). Whole no. 12.
Bishop of Ely: iii. 4(7). Whole no. 7.
Buckingham: i. 3(12); ii. 1(12), 2(24); iii. 1(58), 2(7), 4(12), 5(27), 7(156); iv. 2(29); v. 1(27), 3(10). Whole no. 374.
Norfolk: v. 3(10). Whole no. 10.
Surrey: v. 3(1). Whole no. 1.
Rivers: i. 3(18); ii. 1(4), 2(12); iii. 3(17); v. 3(4). Whole no. 55.
Dorset: i. 3(3); ii. 1(4), 2(7); iv. 1(1). Whole no. 15.
Grey: i. 3(6); iii. 3(4); v. 3(3). Whole no. 13.
Oxford: v. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
Hastings: i. 1(10), 3(5); ii. 1(3), 2(1); iii. 1(6), 2(70), 4(49); v. 3(5). Whole no. 149.

- Stanley*: i. 3(8); ii. 1(5); iii. 2(13), 4(8); iv. 1(11), 2(3), 4(17), 5(12); v. 3(21), 5(9). Whole no. 107.
- Lovel*: iii. 4(1), 5(2). Whole no. 3.
- Vaughan*: iii. 3(1); v. 3(4). Whole no. 5.
- Ratcliff*: iii. 3(3), 4(2); iv. 4(10); v. 3(15). Whole no. 30.
- Catesby*: i. 3(2); iii. 1(5), 2(16), 7(14); iv. 2(2), 3(4), 4(8); v. 3(4), 4(7). Whole no. 62.
- Tyrrel*: iv. 2(8), 3(29). Whole no. 37.
- Blount*: v. 2(2), 3(6). Whole no. 8.
- Herbert*: v. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
- Brakenbury*: i. 1(8), 4(25); iv. 1(6). Whole no. 39.
- Urswick*: iv. 5(8). Whole no. 8.
- Priest*: iii. 2(1). Whole no. 1.
- Mayor*: iii. 1(1), 5(11), 7(5). Whole no. 17.
- Sheriff*: v. 1(2). Whole no. 2.
- Gentleman*: i. 2(2). Whole no. 2.
- 1st Murderer*: i. 3(7), 4(59). Whole no. 66.
- 2d Murderer*: i. 4(69). Whole no. 69.
- 1st Citizen*: ii. 3(8). Whole no. 8.
- 2d Citizen*: ii. 3(13). Whole no. 13.
- 3d Citizen*: ii. 3(28). Whole no. 28.
- Pursuivant*: iii. 2(3). Whole no. 3.
- Scrivener*: iii. 6(14). Whole no. 14.
- 1st Messenger*: ii. 4(9); iii. 2(15); iv. 4(5); v. 3(1). Whole no. 30.
- 2d Messenger*: iv. 4(3). Whole no. 3.
- 3d Messenger*: iv. 4(7). Whole no. 7.
- 4th Messenger*: iv. 4(10). Whole no. 10.
- Ghost of Henry VI.*: v. 3(9). Whole no. 9.
- Ghost of Prince Edward V.*: v. 3(8). Whole no. 8.
- Page*: iv. 2(6). Whole no. 6.
- Lords*: v. 3(3). Whole no. 3.
- "*Another*": iii. 7(1). Whole no. 1.
- Queen Elizabeth*: i. 3(50); ii. 1(7), 2(21), 4(15); iv. 1(32), 4(149). Whole no. 274.
- Queen Margaret*: i. 3(124); iv. 4(94). Whole no. 218.
- Duchess of York*: ii. 2(44), 4(26); iv. 1(16), 4(54). Whole no. 140.
- Lady Anne*: i. 2(118); iv. 1(39); v. 3(8). Whole no. 165.
- Girl (Daughter of Clarence)*: ii. 2(9). Whole no. 9.

In the above enumeration, parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total in the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(162), 2(263), 3(356), 4(290); ii. 1(140), 2(154), 3(49), 4(73); iii. 1(200), 2(124), 3(25), 4(109), 5(109), 6(14), 7(247); iv. 1(104), 2(126), 3(57), 4(540), 5(20); v. 1(29), 2(24), 3(351), 4(13); 5(41). Whole number in the play, 3620.



THE TOWER OF LONDON

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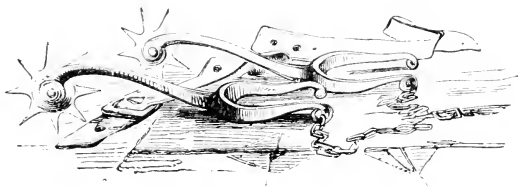
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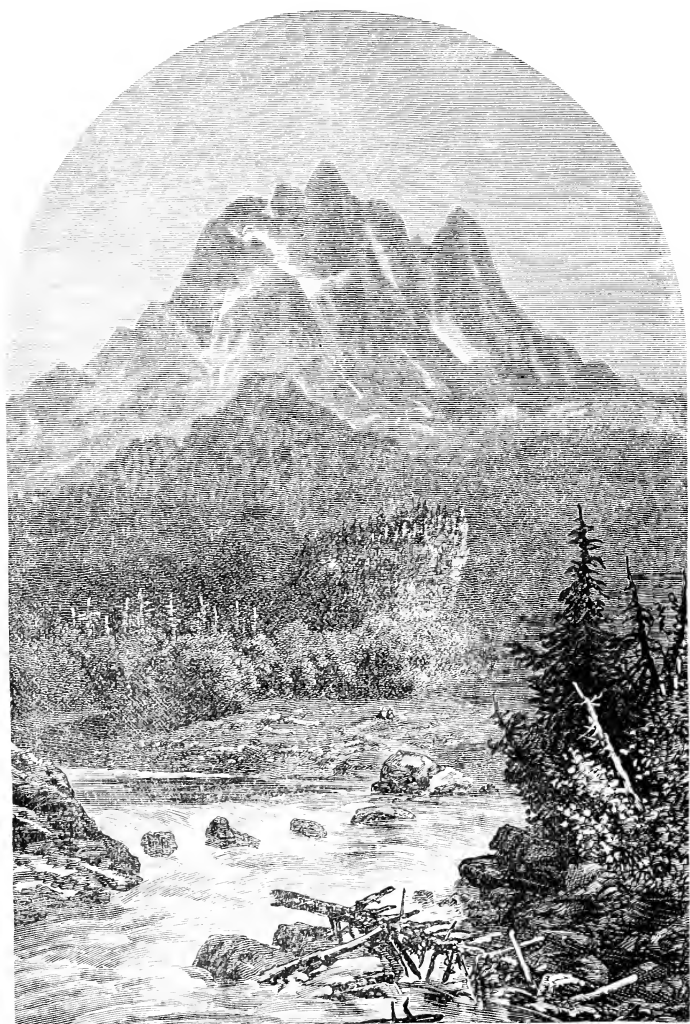
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PIC DU MIDI D' OSSAU, NAVARRE.



SHAKESPEARE'S COMEDY
OF
LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST





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A VIEW IN NAVARRE.



SPANISH GENTLEMAN AND FRENCH LADY OF 16TH CENTURY.

INTRODUCTION

TO

LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.

I. THE HISTORY OF THE PLAY.

THE earliest edition of *Love's Labour's Lost* (or *Love's Labours Lost*, as Mr. Furnivall believes we should write it) that has come down to us is a quarto published in 1598, with the following title-page (as given in the Camb. ed.):

A | Pleasant | Conceited Comedie | called, | Loues labors
lost. | As it was presented before her Highnes | this last
Christmas. | Newly corrected and augmented | By W. Shake-

sperre. | Imprinted at London by *W. W.* | for *Cutbert Burby.* | 1598.

No entry of the play upon the Stationers' Registers appears before January 22, 1606-7, when it was transferred by Burby to N. Ling, who may have brought out a new edition, though no copy of it or reference to it is now known. A second quarto, published in 1631, "by W. S. for *John Smethwicke*" (to whom Ling assigned the copyright in 1607) is apparently reprinted from the folio of 1623.

The earliest mention of the play that has been discovered is in the following lines from a poem entitled *Alba, or the Months Mind of a Melancholy Lover*, by "R. T. Gentleman" (Robert Tofte), published by Burby in 1598:

"Love's Labour Lost I once did see, a Play
Y-cleped so, so called to my paine.
Which I to heare to my small Ioy did stay,
Giving attendance on my froward Dame :
My misgiving minde presaging to me ill,
Yet was I drawne to see it 'gainst my will,
* * * * *
Each Actor plaid in cunning wise his part,
But chiefly Those entrapt in Cupids snare ;
Yet All was fained, 't was not from the hart,
They seemde to grieve, but yet they felt no care :
'T was I that Griefe (indeed) did beare in brest,
The others did but make a show in Iest."

It is included in Meres's list, printed in the same year (see *M. N. D.* p. 9, or *C. of E.* p. 102).*

The quarto of 1598 professes to be "newly corrected and augmented," and there can be little doubt that it is the revised form of a play written some years before, and not improbably Shakespeare's first play. Drake, Delius, and Fleay date it in 1591, Stoke in 1591-2, Chalmers in 1592, and

* On the play of "*Loue labours wonne*," which Meres associates with it, see *A. W.* p. 9 fol.

Malone in 1594. Furnivall is inclined to make the date 1588-9,* and White "probably not later than 1588."

Among the marks of an early style (cf. Stokes, *Chron. Order of Shakespeare's Plays*, p. 28) may be mentioned: the introduction of well-known old characters (besides "the Nine Worthies," we have what Biron, in v. 2. 540, calls "the pedant, the braggart, the hedge priest, the fool, and the boy"†); the observance of the "unities;" the abundance of rhyme, the doggerel, the sonnets‡ (occasionally as speeches); the alliteration, or "affecting the letter," as Holofernes calls it; the quibbles, antitheses, repartees, "the sparkles of wit, like a blaze of fireworks" (Schlegel); the proverbial expressions; the peculiar and pedantic grammatical constructions; the words used in their native forms; the display of learning; the pairs of characters; the disguising and changing of persons; the chorus-like, alternate answers; the strained dialogue, etc. It is "a play of conversation and situation" (Furnivall), in which "depth of characterization is subordinate to elegance and sprightliness of dialogue" (Staunton). There is a want of reality about it all; even the occasion—a princess acting as an ambassadress—is unnatural.

The play is poorly printed in both the quarto and the folio, and the repetition of sundry typographical errors proves that the latter was set up from a copy of the former. There are, however, variations in the two texts which indi-

* He says: "I have no hesitation in picking out this as Shakspeare's earliest play. The reason that has induced some critics to put it later is, I believe, that it is much more carefully worked-at and polished than some of the other early plays." This he ascribes to the revision of the play; and he refers to some striking evidences of the correction, which will be found in our *Notes* below.

† In the prefixes and stage-directions of the folio, Armado is often "the braggart," Holofernes "the pedant," Nathaniel "the curate," Costard "the clown," and Moth "the boy" or "page."

‡ Some of these sonnets were printed by Jaggard in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, 1599. For others, cf. *Sonn.* 127, 137.

cate that the editors of the folio were occasionally indebted to some other authority than the quarto.

II. THE SOURCES OF THE PLOT.

The plot, so far as we know, was original with Shakespeare. Dowden remarks: "The play is precisely such a one as a clever young man might imagine, who had come lately from the country—with its 'daisies pied and violets blue,' its 'merry larks,' its maidens who 'bleach their summer smocks,' its pompous parish schoolmaster, and its dull constable (a great public official in his own eyes)—to the town, where he was surrounded by more brilliant unrealities, and affectations of dress, of manner, of language, and of ideas. *Love's Labour's Lost* is a dramatic plea on behalf of nature and of common-sense against all that is unreal and affected." But, as White says, "that the play is founded upon some older work, its undramatic character, its needless fulness of detail, its air of artificial romance, and the attribution of particular personal traits—such as black eyes and a dark complexion to one, great size to another, and a face pitted with the small-pox to another of the ladies, and the merely incidental hints that one of the king's friends is an officer in the army and extremely youthful—seem unmistakable evidence; and that the story is of French origin is as clearly shown by the nationality of the titles, the Gallicism of calling a love-letter a *capon*, the appearance of the strong French negative *point* twice, and the use of *seigneur* instead of *signior*." Rev. Joseph Hunter, in his *New Illustrations* (vol. i. p. 256), suggests that the poet may have got a hint from Monstrelet's *Chronicles*, according to which Charles, King of Navarre, surrendered to the King of France, the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and other lordships for the Duchy of Nemours and a promise of 200,000 gold crowns. Sundry passages which appear to have been borrowed or imitated from other writers will be pointed out in the *Notes*.

III. CRITICAL COMMENTS ON THE PLAY.

[From Schlegel's "*Dramatic Literature*."*]

Love's Labour's Lost is numbered among the pieces of his youth. It is a humorsome display of frolic; a whole cornucopia of the most vivacious jokes is emptied into it. Youth is certainly perceivable in the lavish superfluity of labour in the execution: the unbroken succession of plays on words, and sallies of every description, hardly leave the spectator time to breathe; the sparkles of wit fly about in such profusion that they resemble a blaze of fireworks; while the dialogue, for the most part, is in the same hurried style in which the passing masks at a carnival attempt to banter each other. The young king of Navarre, with three of his courtiers, has made a vow to pass three years in rigid retirement, and devote them to the study of wisdom; for that purpose he has banished all female society from his court, and imposed a penalty on the intercourse with women. But scarcely has he, in a pompous harangue, worthy of the most heroic achievements, announced this determination, when the daughter of the King of France appears at his court, in the name of her old and bedridden father, to demand the restitution of a province which he held in pledge. Compelled to give her audience, he falls immediately in love with her. Matters fare no better with his companions, who on their parts renew an old acquaintance with the princess's attendants. Each, in heart, is already false to his vow, without knowing that the wish is shared by his associates; they overhear one another, as they in turn confide their sorrows in a love-ditty to the solitary forest: every one jeers and confounds the one who follows him. Biron, who from the beginning was the most satirical among them, at last steps forth, and rallies the king and the two others, till the discov-

* *Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature*, by A. W. Schlegel; Black's translation, revised by Morrison (London, 1846), p. 383 fol.

ery of a love-letter forces him also to hang down his head. He extricates himself and his companions from their dilemma by ridiculing the folly of the broken vow, and, after a noble eulogy on women, invites them to swear new allegiance to the colours of love. This scene is inimitable, and the crowning beauty of the whole. The manner in which they afterwards prosecute their love-suits in masks and disguise, and in which they are tricked and laughed at by the ladies, who are also masked and disguised, is, perhaps, spun out too long. It may be thought, too, that the poet, when he suddenly announces the death of the King of France, and makes the princess postpone her answer to the prince's serious advances till the expiration of the period of her mourning, and impose, besides, a heavy penance on him for his levity, drops the proper comic tone. But the tone of raillery, which prevails throughout the piece, made it hardly possible to bring about a more satisfactory conclusion: after such extravagance, the characters could not return to sobriety, except under the presence of some foreign influence. The grotesque figures of Don Armado, a pompous fantastic Spaniard, a couple of pedants, and a clown, who between whiles contribute to the entertainment, are the creation of a whimsical imagination, and well adapted as foils for the wit of so vivacious a society.

[*From Coleridge's "Notes and Lectures upon Shakspeare."* *]

The characters in this play are either impersonated out of Shakspeare's own multiformity by imaginative self-position, or out of such as a country town and schoolboy's observation might supply—the curate, the schoolmaster, the Armado (who even in my time was not extinct in the cheaper inns of North Wales), and so on. The satire is chiefly on follies of words. Biron and Rosaline are evidently the pre-existent state of Benedict and Beatrice, and so, perhaps,

* Coleridge's Works (Harper's edition), vol. iv. p. 79 fol.

is Boyet of Lafeu, and Costard of the Tapster in *Measure for Measure*; and the frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully illustrated aphorisms, are all as they ought to be in a poet's youth. True genius begins by generalizing and condensing; it ends in realizing and expanding. It first collects the seeds.

Yet if this juvenile drama had been the only one extant of our Shakspeare, and we possessed the tradition only of his riper works, or accounts of them in writers who had not even mentioned this play, how many of Shakspeare's characteristic features might we not still have discovered in *Love's Labour's Lost*, though as in a portrait taken of him in his boyhood!

I can never sufficiently admire the wonderful activity of thought throughout the whole of the first scene of the play, rendered natural, as it is, by the choice of the characters, and the whimsical determination on which the drama is founded. A whimsical determination certainly; yet not altogether so very improbable to those who are conversant in the history of the Middle Ages, with their Courts of Love, and all that lighter drapery of chivalry, which engaged even mighty kings with a sort of serio-comic interest, and may well be supposed to have occupied more completely the smaller princes, at a time when the noble's or prince's court contained the only theatre of the domain or principality. This sort of story, too, was admirably suited to Shakspeare's times, when the English court was still the foster-mother of the state and the muses; and when, in consequence, the courtiers, and men of rank and fashion, affected a display of wit, point, and sententious observation that would be deemed intolerable at present, but in which a hundred years of controversy, involving every great political, and every dear domestic, interest, had trained all but the lowest classes to participate. Add to this the very style of the sermons of

the time, and the eagerness of the Protestants to distinguish themselves by long and frequent preaching, it will be found that, from the reign of Henry VIII. to the abdication of James II., no country ever received such a national education as England.

Hence the comic matter chosen in the first instance is a ridiculous imitation or apery of this constant striving after logical precision, and subtle opposition of thoughts, together with a making the most of every conception or image, by expressing it under the least expected property belonging to it, and this, again, rendered specially absurd by being applied to the most current subjects and occurrences. The phrases and modes of combination in argument were caught by the most ignorant from the custom of the age, and their ridiculous misapplication of them is most amusingly exhibited in Costard; whilst examples suited only to the gravest propositions and impersonations, or apostrophes to abstract thoughts impersonated, which are in fact the natural language only of the most vehement agitations of the mind, are adopted by the coxcomby of Armado as mere artifices of ornament.

The same kind of intellectual action is exhibited in a more serious and elevated strain in many other parts of this play. Biron's speech at the end of the fourth act is an excellent specimen of it. It is logic clothed in rhetoric; but observe how Shakspeare, in his twofold being of poet and philosopher, avails himself of it to convey profound truths in the most lively images—the whole remaining faithful to the character supposed to utter the lines, and the expressions themselves constituting a further development of that character.

[Here Coleridge quotes the 42 lines from "Other slow arts entirely keep the brain" to the end of the speech.]

This is quite a study: sometimes you see this youthful god of poetry connecting disparate thoughts purely by means of

resemblances in the words expressing them—a thing in character in lighter comedy, especially of that kind in which Shakspeare delights, namely, the purposed display of wit, though sometimes, too, disfiguring his graver scenes; but more often you may see him doubling the natural connection or order of logical consequence in the thoughts by the introduction of an artificial and sought-for resemblance in the words, as, for instance, in the third line of the play—

“And then grace us in the disgrace of death;”

this being a figure often having its force and propriety, as justified by the law of passion, which, inducing in the mind an unusual activity, seeks for means to waste its superfluity—when in the highest degree—in lyric repetitions and sublime tautology (*at her feet he bowed, he fell, he lay down; at her feet he bowed, he fell; where he bowed, there he fell down dead*); and, in lower degrees, in making the words themselves the subjects and materials of that surplus action, and for the same cause that agitates our limbs, and forces our very gestures into a tempest in states of high excitement.

The mere style of narration in *Love's Labour's Lost*, like that of Ægeon in the first scene of the *Comedy of Errors*, and of the Captain in the second scene of *Macbeth*, seems imitated with its defects and its beauties from Sir Philip Sidney; whose *Arcadia*, though not then published, was already well known in manuscript copies, and could hardly have escaped the notice and admiration of Shakspeare as the friend and client of the Earl of Southampton. The chief defect consists in the parentheses and parenthetical thoughts and descriptions, suited neither to the passion of the speaker nor the purpose of the person to whom the information is to be given, but manifestly betraying the author himself—not by way of continuous under-song, but—palpably, and so as to show themselves addressed to the general reader. However, it is not unimportant to notice how strong a pre-

sumption the diction and allusions of this play afford, that, though Shakspeare's acquirements in the dead languages might not be such as we suppose in a learned education, his habits had, nevertheless, been scholastic, and those of a student. For a young author's first work almost always bespeaks his recent pursuits; and his first observations of life are either drawn from the immediate employments of his youth, and from the characters and images most deeply impressed on his mind in the situations in which those employments had placed him, or else they are fixed on such objects and occurrences in the world as are easily connected with, and seem to bear upon, his studies and the hitherto exclusive subjects of his meditation. Just as Ben Jonson, who applied himself to the drama, after having served in Flanders, fills his earliest plays with true or pretended soldiers—the wrongs and neglects of the former, and the absurd boasts and knavery of their counterfeits. So Lessing's first comedies are placed in the universities, and consist of events and characters conceivable in an academic life.

I will only further remark the sweet and tempered gravity with which Shakspeare in the end draws the only fitting moral which such a drama afforded. Here Rosaline rises up to the full height of Beatrice.

[From Hazlitt's "*Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*."*]

If we were to part with any of the author's comedies, it should be this. Yet we should be loath to part with Don Adriano de Armado, that mighty potentate of nonsense; or his page, that handful of wit; with Nathaniel the curate, or Holofernes the schoolmaster, and their dispute after dinner, on "the golden cadences of poetry;" with Costard the clown, or Dull the constable. Biron is too accomplished a character to be lost to the world, and yet he could not appear with-

* *Characters of Shakspeare's Plays*, by William Hazlitt, edited by W Carew Hazlitt, (London, 1869), p. 206 fol.

out his fellow-courtiers and the King; and if we were to leave out the ladies, the gentlemen would have no mistresses. So that we believe we must let the whole play stand as it is, and we shall hardly venture to "set a mark of reprobation on it." Still we have some objections to the style, which we think savours more of the pedantic spirit of Shakespear's time than of his own genius—more of controversial divinity, and the logic of Peter Lombard, than of the inspiration of the muse. It transports us quite as much to the manners of the court, and the quirks of courts of law, as to the scenes of nature, or the fairy-land of his own imagination.

Shakespear has set himself to imitate the tone of polite conversation then prevailing among the fair, the witty, and the learned; and he has imitated it but too faithfully. It is as if the hand of Titian had been employed to give grace to the curls of a full-bottomed periwig, or Raphael had attempted to give expression to the tapestry figures in the House of Lords. Shakespear has put an excellent description of this fashionable jargon into the mouth of the critical Holofernes, "as too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, too peregrinate, as I may call it;" and nothing can be more marked than the difference when he breaks loose from the trammels he had imposed on himself, "as light as bird from brake," and speaks in his own person.

[From *Verplanck's "Shakespeare."* *]

There is a general concurrence of opinion, both traditional and critical, that this play was among Shakespear's earliest dramatic works. . . . Its general resemblance of style and thought to his other early works, and especially the "frequency of the rhymes, the sweetness as well as the smoothness of the metre, and the number of acute and fancifully

* *The Illustrated Shakespeare*, edited by G. C. Verplanck (New York, 1847), vol. ii. p. 5 of *L. L. L.*

illustrated aphorisms," all correspond with the idea of a youthful work; while, as in others of his early works, we also find in the personages the rudiments of characters, slightly sketched, to which he afterwards returned, and, without repeating himself, presented them again, in a varied and more individualized and living form. Thus, Biron contains within him the germs both of Benedick and of Jaques; of the one in his colloquial and mocking mood, and of the other in his graver moralities. Rosaline is (in Coleridge's phrase) "the pre-existent state of Beatrice;" though she is as yet a Beatrice of the imagination, drawn from books or report, rather than one painted from familiar acquaintance.

Both the characters and the dialogue are such as youthful talent might well invent, without much knowledge of real life, and would indeed be likely to invent, before the experience and observation of varied society. The comedy presents a picture, not of the true every-day life of the great or the beautiful, but exhibits groups of such brilliant personages as they might be supposed to appear in the artificial conversation, the elaborate and continual effort to surprise or dazzle by wit or elegance, which was the prevailing taste of the age, in its literature, its poetry, and even its pulpit; and in which the nobles and beauties of the day were accustomed to array themselves for exhibition, as in their state attire, for occasions of display. All this, when the leading idea was once caught, was quite within the reach of the young poet to imitate or surpass, with little or no personal knowledge of aristocratic—or what would now be termed fashionable—society. English literature, a century later, afforded a striking example of the success of a very young author in carrying to its perfection a similar affectation of artificial wit, and studied conversational brilliancy—I mean Congreve, whose comedies, the admiration of their own age, for their fertility of fantastically gay dialogue, bright conceits, and witty repartees, are still read for their abundance of

lively imagery and play of language, the "reciprocation of conceits and the clash of wit,"—although the personages of his scene, and all that they do and think, are wholly remote from the truth, the feeling, and the manners of real life. These productions, so remarkable in their way, were written before Congreve's twenty-fifth year; and his first and most brilliant comedy (*The Old Bachelor*) was acted when he was yet a minor. His talent, thus early ripe, did not afterwards expand or refine itself into the nobler power of teaching "the morals of the heart," nor even into the delightful gift of embodying the passing scenes of real life in graphic and durable pictures. But his writings afford a memorable proof how soon the graces and brilliant effects of mere intellect can be acquired, while those works of genius which require the co-operation and the knowledge of man's moral nature are of slower and later growth.

This comedy, then, marks the transition of Shakespeare's mind through the Congreve character of invention and dialogue; that of lively and artificial brilliancy—a region in which he did not long loiter—

"But stoop'd to truth, and moraliz'd his song."

These remarks apply to the general contexture of the comedy, and the greater part of the dialogue. But it must not be overlooked that the whole is not the work of a mere boy. It had been played before Queen Elizabeth, according to the title-page of the edition of 1598, "this last Christmas," and, as it then shortly after appeared "newly corrected and augmented," it is probable that the author had followed the fashion of his times, when (according to Mr. Collier) "it was common for dramatists to revise and improve their plays, when they were selected for exhibition at court." It does not imply any great presumption of criticism, or demand peculiar delicacy of discrimination, to separate many of these acknowledged additions from the lighter and less valuable

materials in which they are inserted. Rosaline's character of Biron in the second act, and her dialogue with him at the winding up of the drama, and Biron's speeches in the first and at the end of the fourth act, are among the passages which appropriate themselves at once to the period of the composition of the *Midsummer-Night's Dream* or the *Merchant of Venice*, not less in the mood of thought than in the peculiar poetic style and melody.

The story itself is but slight, the incidents few, and the higher characters, though varied, are but sketchily drawn—at least, taking the author's own maturer style of execution in that way as the standard. There was, therefore, no very great effort of original invention in either respect ; but whatever there is, either of plot or character, belongs to the author alone : for the diligence of the critics and antiquarians (Steevens, Skottowe, Collier, etc.) who have been most successful in tracing out the rough materials of romance, tradition, or history used by Shakespeare for the construction of his dramas, has entirely failed in discovering any thing of the kind in any older author, native or foreign, to which he could have been indebted on this occasion. It is well worthy of remark that Shakespeare, in his earlier works, bestowed more of the labour of invention upon his plot and incidents than he generally did afterwards, when he usually selected known personages, to whom and to the outline of whose story the popular mind was already somewhat familiar—thus, probably quite unconsciously, adopting from his own experience the usage of the great Greek dramatists. It may be that the impress of reality, which the circumstance of familiar names and events lends to the drama, more than compensated for any pleasure that mere novelty of incident could give either to the author or his audience. But, in his characters of broad humour, Shakespeare is here, as he always is, original and inventive. Although the Pedant and the Braggart are characters familiar to the old Italian stage, yet if the drama-

tist derived the general notion of such personages, as fitted for stage-effect, from any Italian source (for the presumption is but remote), still he assuredly painted them and their affectations from the life ; these being characters, as Coleridge justly observes, which "a country town and a school-boy's observation might supply."

All the personages of broader humour, in spite of their extravagances and droll absurdities, have still an air of truth, a solidity of effect, which at once indicates that, however heightened and exaggerated, still they came upon the stage from the real world, and not from the author's fancy ; and this solidity and reality tend to give a more unreal and shadowy tone to the other and more courtly and poetic personages of the comedy. Such a remark can apply only to Shakespeare's very early dramatic works. The other comic creations of the second stage of the poet's career—Launcelot Gobbo, or Falstaff—do not command the temporary illusion of the stage more than the nobler personages with whom they are contrasted. Juliet is as true and real as her Nurse.

[From Knight's "*Pictorial Shakspeare*,"*]

Charles Lamb was wont to call *Love's Labour's Lost* the Comedy of Leisure. 'T is certain that in the commonwealth of King Ferdinand of Navarre we have,

"all men idle, all ;
And women too."

The courtiers, in their pursuit of "that angel knowledge," waste their time in subtle contentions, how that angel is to be won ; the ladies from France spread their pavilions in the sunny park, and there keep up their round of jokes with their "wit's peddler," Boyet, "the nice ;" Armado listens to his page while he warbles "Concolinel ;" Jaquenetta, though she is "allowed for the dey," seems to have no dairy

* *Pictorial Edition of Shakspeare*, edited by Charles Knight (2d ed. London, 1867), vol. ii. of *Comedies*, p. 130 fol.

to look after; Costard acts as if he were neither ploughman nor swineherd, and born for no other work than to laugh forever at Moth, and, in the excess of his love for that "pathetical nit," to exclaim. "An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread;" the schoolmaster appears to be without scholars, the curate without a cure, the constable without watch and ward. There is, indeed, one parenthesis of real business connected with the progress of the action—the difference between France and Navarre, in the matter of Aquitaine. But the settlement of this business is deferred till "to-morrow"—the "packet of specialities" is not come; and whether Aquitaine goes back to France, or the hundred thousand crowns return to Navarre, we never learn. This matter, then, being postponed till a more fitting season, the whole set abandon themselves to what Dr. Johnson calls "strenuous idleness." The king and his courtiers forswear their studies, and every man becomes a lover and a sonneteer; the refined traveller of Spain resigns himself to his passion for the dairy-maid; the schoolmaster and the curate talk learnedly after dinner; and, at last, the king, the nobles, the priest, the pedant, the braggart, the page, and the clown join in one dance of mummery, in which they all laugh, and are laughed at. But still all this idleness is too energetic to warrant us in calling this the Comedy of Leisure. Let us try again. Is it not the Comedy of Affectations?

Molière, in his *Précieuses Ridicules*, has admirably hit off *one* affectation that had found its way into the private life of his own times. The ladies aspired to be wooed after the fashion of the Grand Cyrus. Madelon will be called Polixène, and Cathos Aminte. They dismiss their plain honest lovers, because marriage ought to be at the end of the romance, and not at the beginning. They dote upon Mascarrille (the disguised lackey) when he assures them "*Les gens de qualité savent tout sans avoir jamais rien appris.*"

They are in ecstasies at every thing. Madelon is "furieusement pour les portraits;" Cathos loves "terriblement les énigmes." Even Mascarille's ribbon is "furieusement bien choisi;" his gloves "sentent terriblement bons;" and his feathers are "effroyablement belles." But in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, Molière, as we have said, dealt with one affectation; in *Love's Labour's Lost* Shakspeare presents us almost every variety of affectation that is founded upon a misdirection of intellectual activity. We have here many of the forms in which cleverness is exhibited as opposed to wisdom, and false refinement as opposed to simplicity. The affected characters, even the most fantastical, are not fools; but, at the same time, the natural characters, who, in this play, are chiefly the women, have their intellectual foibles. All the modes of affectation are developed in one continued stream of fun and drollery; every one is laughing at the folly of the other, and the laugh grows louder and louder as the more natural characters, one by one, trip up the heels of the more affected. The most affected at last join in the laugh with the most natural; and the whole comes down to "plain kersey yea and nay"—from the syntax of Holofernes, and the "fire-new words" of Armado, to "greasy Joan" and "roasted crabs."

[From Dowden's "*Shakspeare*." *]

Love's Labour's Lost, if we do not assign that place to *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*, is the first independent, wholly original work of Shakspeare. Mr. Charles Knight named it "The Comedy of Affectations," and that title aptly interprets one intention of the play. It is a satirical extravaganza embodying Shakspeare's criticism upon contemporary fashions and foibles in speech, in manners, and in literature. This probably, more than any other of the plays

* *Shakspeare: a Critical Study of his Mind and Art*, by Edward Dowden (2d ed. London, 1876), p. 62 fol.

of Shakspeare, suffers through lapse of time. Fantastical speech, pedantic learning, extravagant love-hyperbole, frigid fervours in poetry—against each of these, with the brightness and vivacity of youth, confident in the success of its cause, Shakspeare directs the light artillery of his wit. Being young and clever, he is absolutely devoid of respect for nonsense, whether it be dainty, affected nonsense, or grave, unconscious nonsense.

But, over and above this, there is a serious intention in the play. It is a protest against youthful schemes of shaping life according to notions rather than according to reality, a protest against idealizing away the facts of life. The play is chiefly interesting as containing Shakspeare's confession of faith with respect to the true principles of self-culture. The King of Navarre and his young lords had resolved, for a definite period of time, to circumscribe their beings and their lives with a little code of rules. They had designed to enclose a little favoured park in which ideas should rule to the exclusion of the blind and rude forces of nature. They were pleased to rearrange human character and human life, so that it might accord with their idealistic scheme of self-development. The court was to be a little Academe; no woman was to be looked at for the space of three years; food and sleep were to be placed under precise regulation. And the result is—what? That human nature refuses to be dealt with in this fashion of arbitrary selection and rejection. The youthful idealists had supposed that they would form a little group of select and refined ascetics of knowledge and culture; it was quickly proved that they were men. The play is Shakspeare's declaration in favour of the fact as it is. Here, he says, we are with such and such appetites and passions. Let us, in any scheme of self-development, get *that* fact acknowledged at all events; otherwise we shall quickly enough betray ourselves as arrant fools, fit to be flouted by women, and needing to learn from them a portion of their directness, practicality, and good-sense.

And yet the Princess and Rosaline and Maria have not the entire advantage on their side. It is well to be practical, but to be practical, and also to have a capacity for ideas, is better. Berowne, the exponent of Shakspeare's own thought, who entered into the youthful, idealistic project of his friends, with a satisfactory assurance that the time would come when the entire dream-structure would tumble ridiculously about the ears of them all—Berowne is yet a larger nature than the Princess or Rosaline. *His* good-sense is the good-sense of a thinker and of a man of action. When he is most flouted and bemocked, we yet acknowledge him victorious and the master; and Rosaline will confess the fact by-and-by.

In the midst of merriment and nonsense comes a sudden and grievous incursion of fact full of pain. The father of the Princess is dead. All the world is not mirth—"this side is Hiems, Winter; this Ver, the Spring." The lovers must part—"Jack hath not his Jill;" and to engrave the lesson deeply, which each heart needs, the King and two of his companions are dismissed for a twelvemonth to learn the difference between reality and unreality; while Berowne, who has known the mirth of the world, must also make acquaintance with its sorrow, must visit the speechless sick and try to win "the pained impotent to smile."

Let us get hold of the realities of human nature and human life, Shakspeare would say, and let us found upon these realities, and not upon the mist or the air, our schemes of individual and social advancement. Not that Shakspeare is hostile to culture; but he knows that a perfect education must include the culture, through actual experience, of the senses and of the affections.

[From Charles Cowden-Clarke's "*Shakespeare-Characters*."*]

Charles Armitage Brown, in his clever volume upon the *Autobiographical Poems of Shakspeare*, pronounces that our

* From the unpublished "Second Series" of the *Shakespeare-Characters* (see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 18), through the kindness of Mrs. Mary Cowden-Clarke.

poet's purpose in constructing the comedy of *Love's Labour's Lost* was to satirize the fantastic gallantry of his age, and he adds: "As such, it must have been understood in his day, and keenly so; and it is our business to understand it in the same way, or confine ourselves to those passages of elegant language and eloquence which he has brought forward as contrasts to the rest." It is probable that this may have been Shakespeare's intention; and if so, he has performed his task in the pure spirit of his own gentle nature, for a more meek and unoffending satire never was penned. The whole play is like one of the high-flown romances of that age dramatized; Sir Philip Sidney might have written it. It is a play consisting almost solely of conversation; for the plot (if plot it can be called where plot is none, but a mere peg whereon to hang the dialogue) consists simply in a young king of Navarre and his three attendant lords and fellow-scholars entering into a compact for three years, under severe penalty, to live a life of seclusion, and to talk with no woman during that term. A princess of France, however, with her three lady attendants, comes on an embassy from her father to demand an interview with the king; and the consequence is, that all the gentlemen, one after the other, break their compact, and fall fathoms deep in love with the fair missionaries. . . .

The play I have uniformly found to be a favourite with scholarly men: not so much, as it should seem, for the choice language in the serious love-scenes, as for the solemn humour in the Spaniard, and the broad caricature in the pedagogue; both of which, though really amusing, clearly betray the stamp of youth in the invention, as well as in their lineaments of character. The earnestness in the tone of gallantry put into the mouth of the young lord Biron (who, by the way, is an elegant, and, in every sense, a perfect squire of dames) is another corroboration of the play having been an early production of Shakespeare's; and lastly, a great portion

of the dialogue being written in doggerel verse, and much of it even in alternate rhymes, and which we find only in his acknowledged early plays, and rarely in those that are proved to be the production of his latter years, all confirm the belief as to its date.

There is little or no variety in the principal characters; hence, there is no ground for critical disquisition, or for notice of intellectual discrimination. The King, Ferdinand, has nothing regal in his deportment, but is really a social companion to Dumain, Longaville, and Biron, who call themselves his attendants; and they are all like birds of one nest, only Biron is the strongest in song,—and a happy brood of Arcadians they all are.

The princess, too, and her attendants are of the like class, and worthy to be mated with beings who led a life of unoffending gayety and mirth, and who might have brought back the golden age, when their first parents held the fee-simple of Eden. . . .

The whole company—Holofernes and all—vie with each other in

“Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-pil’d hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical.”

The youngster, Moth, with that clear-sightedness with which quick children perceive the foibles of their elders, says of them, that “they have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.” The shrewd young rogue—“that handful of wit,” as Costard calls him—has “purchased his little experience by his penny of observation.” He is of the fresh age to relish a joke, and with the best effect to fan the flame of his master’s affectation and conceit; and which would come with weaker effect from an elder hand. It is noticeable that Shakespeare has frequently brought grave and mirthful characters into juxtaposition, as if willing (and from preference) to show the latter in advantageous comparison

with the staid virtue : witness Jaques and the other foresters ; Antonio and Gratiano ; Malvolio and Maria. So here the grave pomposity of Don Adriano de Armado is amusingly brought in contrasted combination with his whipper-snapper little page. The Don is a Spaniard, with all the gravity of his nation, and all the tardiness and deliberation of his race. The non-dispatch in the Spanish character has been proverbial for centuries. Bacon, in one of his Essays, quotes a common saying of the time to that effect: "*Mi venga la muerte de Spagna*" (May my death come from Spain). Armado has also all the fashionable gravity of a courtier, attached to a monarch who patronizes studiousness ; and all the fantastic solemnity of an affectation that chooses to fancy itself sublimely enamoured of a damsel of low degree. Jaquenetta is another *Dulcinea del Toboso*. The Hidalgo is fathoms deep in love, as the Knight of la Mancha adores his peasant wench, exalting her into the beacon, the cynosure of all his cogitations. Against the high-flown fantasies and didactic flourishes of Armado, the snapping, lap-dog repar-tees of his page come with as agreeable as whimsical effect ; of which their opening colloquy (the second scene of the first act) is a choice specimen.

Sir Nathaniel the curate, and Holofernes the school-master, furnish a signal proof of the foolery of pedantry. But they are not altogether so much natural fools as voluntary fools ; or, at any rate, fools of their own making. They are not born fools, but bred fools. They are blockheads of learning,—dolts of erudition,—oafs of knowledge,—the fools of pedantry. Quaint old Montaigne, talking of pedantic acquisition, asks naïvely: "What is the use of having our paunch full of meat, if it do not digest, and become part of us, and augment and strengthen us?" and he maintains that "time lost in pedantic study is worse than time idled away playing at ball ; for that, at least, animates the body, whereas, in the other case, all that his Latin and Greek has done for a lad is to render him more silly and presumptuous than he

was before he left home." So with our two quacks of learning; they are intensely vain of their hoard of useless rubbish. They pride themselves, and in no stinted terms, upon the conscious possession of it; they lose no opportunity of heaping additions to its store, and neglect no occasion of displaying its extent. They laud themselves; they begaun each other; and they disdain everybody besides. Holofernes exclaims of Dull the constable: "Twice-sod simplicity, *bis coctus*! O thou monster ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!" And Sir Nathaniel rejoins complacently: "Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book; he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink; his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts; and such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be (which we of taste and feeling are) for those parts that do fructify in us more than he."

Delectable fructification truly, if these be the fruits of book-learning! This is the very quintessence of conceit and complacency.

That is a rich bout at nonsense-fun where the two owls are indulging their pedantical rodomontade: Holofernes spouting like a conduit; Sir Nathaniel dotingly aping him, and even noting down some of his favourite flourishes, that he may, upon occasion, sport them himself; while three more oddities arrive upon the scene, heaping up the absurdity. The Spanish solemnity of Don Armado, the childish pertness of little Moth, and the boorish humour of Costard come into ludicrous conjunction with the learned foolery of the two others; while the whole is crowned by the dense fog of goodman Dull's obtuseness, who has neither "spoken" nor "understood" one "word all this while," but who thinks he might "make one in a dance or so," or perchance "play on the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay."

There is an exuberance, an extravagance in Shakespeare's fun which is infectious. We laugh in spite of ourselves, as

it were ; stung by that keen sense of the ludicrous, which has evidently smitten and inspired the writer. We feel, in reading Shakespeare's drollery, that he himself had a relish for it ; that he enjoyed a frolic of words ; that he loved a bout of jesting ; that he revelled in a spell of waggy and nonsense : " Most nonsense, best sense," as beloved Charles Lamb said. One of the poet's critics has well said that " in no one point, perhaps, does he exaggerate but in laughter." There is a hearty, outpouring, overflowing flood in Shakespeare's laughter, which, like laughter with an intimate friend, is at once irresistible in sympathy, and deliciously wholesome in its freedom and light-hearted abandonment. We are the better for such laughter ; we are the better for an explosive, unrestrained shout with a friend, or with such a friend-book as Shakespeare's, such a friend-writer as Shakespeare himself. After we have steeped our souls in his profound truths, and saturated our minds with his sublime wisdom, we may recreate our spirits with his humorous pictures, and refresh our hearts with his cordial, genial images. We may learn from him, gravely, studiously, profitably ; and we may, after, laugh with him, gayly, mirthfully, joyously, even to the very tip-top of hilarious, tear-provoking laughter ; and still with profit to ourselves. For few things have we more cause to be grateful than for a true and genuine source of true and genuine laughter. Laughter beautifies the human face, it irradiates the countenance, it lights up the eyes in lustrous sparkles, it dimples the mouth, it moulds plainest features into comeliness and grace. It cheers and sweetens the temper, it invigorates and animates the frame. It diminishes ills, it lightens care, it softens trouble. It casts petty annoyances into shade and oblivion ; it destroys wrath, and kills vexation. For such benefits as these, among a legion of others, have we to thank Shakespeare ; since the laughter that he furnishes—like all else that his pages supply—is matchless of its kind.

LOVE'S LABOUR 'S LOST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

FERDINAND, King of Navarre.

BIRON,

LONGAVILLE, } lords attending on the King.

DUMAIN,

BOYET, } lords attending on the Princess of
MERCADÉ, } France.

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO, a fantastical Span-
iard.

SIR NATHANIEL, a curate.

HOLOFERNES, a schoolmaster.

DULL, a constable.

COSTARD, a clown.

MOTH, page to Armado.

A Forester.

THE PRINCESS OF FRANCE.

ROSALINE,

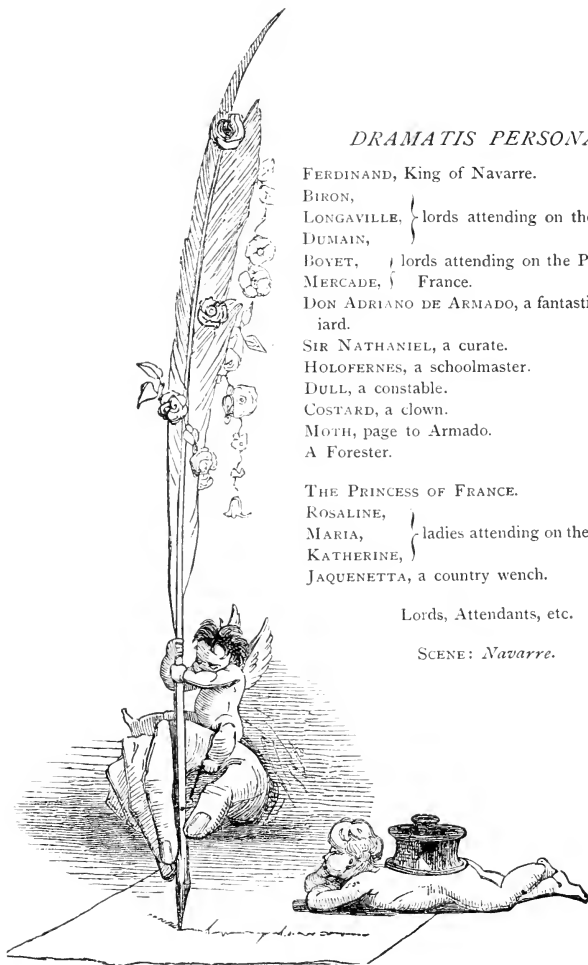
MARIA, } ladies attending on the Princess.

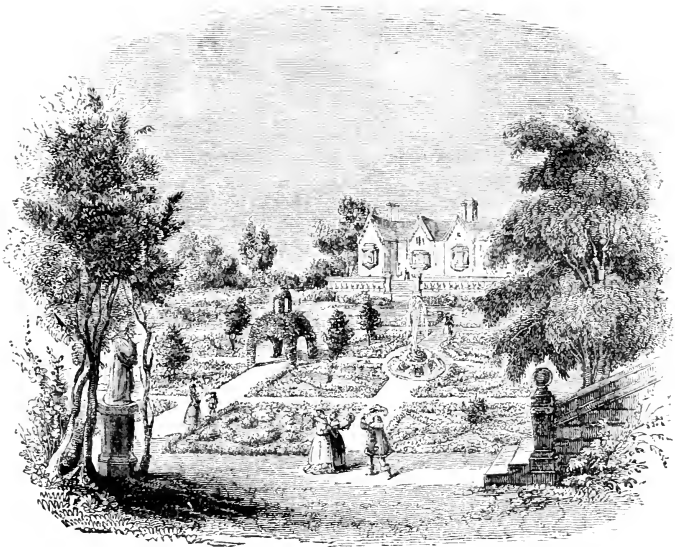
KATHERINE,

JAQUENETTA, a country wench.

Lords, Attendants, etc.

SCENE: *Navarre.*





Thy curious-knotted garden (i. 1. 237).

ACT I.

SCENE I. *The King of Navarre's Park.*

Enter FERDINAND, *King of NAVARRE*, BIRON, LONGAVILLE,
and DUMAIN.

King. Let fame, that all hunt after in their lives,
Live register'd upon our brazen tombs,
And then grace us in the disgrace of death;
When, spite of cormorant devouring Time,
The endeavour of this present breath may buy
That honour which shall bate his scythe's keen edge
And make us heirs of all eternity.
Therefore, brave conquerors,—for so you are,
That war against your own affections

And the huge army of the world's desires,—
Our late edict shall strongly stand in force. 10
Navarre shall be the wonder of the world ;
Our court shall be a little Academe,
Still and contemplative in living art.
You three, Biron, Dumain, and Longaville,
Have sworn for three years' term to live with me
My fellow-scholars, and to keep those statutes
That are recorded in this schedule here.
Your oaths are pass'd ; and now subscribe your names,
That his own hand may strike his honour down 20
That violates the smallest branch herein.
If you are arm'd to do as sworn to do,
Subscribe to your deep oaths, and keep it too.

Longaville. I am resolv'd ; 't is but a three years' fast :
The mind shall banquet, though the body pine.
Fat paunches have lean pates, and dainty bits
Make rich the ribs, but bankrupt quite the wits.

Dumain. My loving lord, Dumain is mortified ;
The grosser manner of these world's delights
He throws upon the gross world's baser slaves. 30
To love, to wealth, to pomp, I pine and die,
With all these living in philosophy.

Biron. I can but say their protestation over ;
So much, dear liege, I have already sworn,
That is, to live and study here three years.
But there are other strict observances ;
As, not to see a woman in that term,
Which I hope well is not enrolled there ;
And one day in a week to touch no food,
And but one meal on every day beside, 40
The which I hope is not enrolled there ;
And then, to sleep but three hours in the night,
And not be seen to wink of all the day—
When I was wont to think no harm all night,

And make a dark night too of half the day,—
Which I hope well is not enrolled there.
O, these are barren tasks, too hard to keep,
Not to see ladies, study, fast, not sleep!

King. Your oath is pass'd to pass away from these.

Biron. Let me say no, my liege, an if you please; 50
I only swore to study with your grace,
And stay here in your court for three years' space.

Longaville. You swore to that, Biron, and to the rest.

Biron. By yea and nay, sir, then I swore in jest.
What is the end of study? let me know.

King. Why, that to know which else we should not
know.

Biron. Things hid and barr'd, you mean, from common
sense?

King. Ay, that is study's godlike recompense.

Biron. Come on, then; I will swear to study so
To know the thing I am forbid to know: 60

As thus,—to study where I well may dine,
When I to feast expressly am forbid;

Or study where to meet some mistress fine,

When mistresses from common sense are hid;

Or, having sworn too hard a keeping oath,

Study to break it and not break my troth.

If study's gain be thus, and this be so,

Study knows that which yet it doth not know.

Swear me to this, and I will ne'er say no.

King. These be the stops that hinder study quite, 70
And train our intellects to vain delight.

Biron. Why, all delights are vain; and that most vain
Which with pain purchas'd doth inherit pain:

As, painfully to pore upon a book

To seek the light of truth, while truth the while

Doth falsely blind the eyesight of his look.

Light seeking light doth light of light beguile;

So, ere you find where light in darkness lies,
Your light grows dark by losing of your eyes.
Study me how to please the eye indeed

80

By fixing it upon a fairer eye,
Who dazzling so, that eye shall be his heed,
And give him light that it was blinded by.
Study is like the heaven's glorious sun,

That will not be deep-search'd with saucy looks ;
Small have continual plodders ever won,
Save base authority from others' books.

These earthly godfathers of heaven's lights,

That give a name to every fixed star,
Have no more profit of their shining nights

90

Than those that walk and wot not what they are.
Too much to know is to know nought but fame ;
And every godfather can give a name.

King. How well he 's read, to reason against reading !

Dumain. Proceeded well, to stop all good proceeding !

Longaville. He weeds the corn and still lets grow the
weeding.

Biron. The spring is near when green geese are a-breeding.

Dumain. How follows that ?

Biron.

Fit in his place and time.

Dumain. In reason nothing.

Biron.

Something then in rhyme.

King. Biron is like an envious sneaping frost

100

That bites the first-born infants of the spring.

Biron. Well, say I am ; why should proud summer boast
Before the birds have any cause to sing ?

Why should I joy in an abortive birth ?

At Christmas I no more desire a rose
Than wish a snow in May's new-fangled mirth,
But like of each thing that in season grows.

So you, to study now it is too late,
Climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate.

King. Well, sit you out : go home, Biron ; adieu ! 110

Biron. No, my good lord ; I have sworn to stay with you :
And though I have for barbarism spoke more
Than for that angel knowledge you can say,
Yet confident I'll keep what I have sworn,
And bide the penance of each three years' day.
Give me the paper : let me read the same ;
And to the strict'st decrees I'll write my name.

King. How well this yielding rescues thee from shame !

Biron. [Reads] '*Item, That no woman shall come within a
mile of my court :*' Hath this been proclaimed ? 120

Longaville. Four days ago.

Biron. Let's see the penalty. [Reads] '*On pain of losing
her tongue.*'—Who devised this penalty ?

Longaville. Marry, that did I.

Biron. Sweet lord, and why ?

Longaville. To fright them hence with that dread penalty.

Biron. A dangerous law against gentility !

[Reads] '*Item, If any man be seen to talk with a woman
within the term of three years, he shall endure such public shame
as the rest of the court can possibly devise.*' 130

This article, my liege, yourself must break ;

For well you know here comes in embassy
The French king's daughter with yourself to speak—

A maid of grace and complete majesty—
About surrender up of Aquitaine

To her decrepit, sick, and bedrid father :
Therefore this article is made in vain,

Or vainly comes the admired princess hither.

King. What say you, lords ? why, this was quite forgot.

Biron. So study evermore is overshot. 140
While it doth study to have what it would,
It doth forget to do the thing it should ;
And when it hath the thing it hunteth most,
'Tis won as towns with fire, so won, so lost.

King. We must of force dispense with this decree;
She must lie here on mere necessity.

Biron. Necessity will make us all forsworn
Three thousand times within this three years' space;
For every man with his affects is born,

Not by might master'd, but by special grace. 150
If I break faith, this word shall speak for me:
I am forsworn on mere necessity.—

So to the laws at large I write my name; [Subscribes.

And he that breaks them in the least degree
Stands in attainder of eternal shame.

Suggestions are to others as to me;
But I believe, although I seem so loath,
I am the last that will last keep his oath.
But is there no quick recreation granted?

King. Ay, that there is. Our court, you know, is haunted
With a refined traveller of Spain; 161

A man in all the world's new fashion planted,
That hath a mint of phrases in his brain;
One whom the music of his own vain tongue

Doth ravish like enchanting harmony;
A man of complements, whom right and wrong
Have chose as umpire of their mutiny.

This child of fancy, that Armado hight,
For interim to our studies shall relate
In high-born words the worth of many a knight 170

From tawny Spain lost in the world's debate.
How you delight, my lords, I know not, I,
But, I protest, I love to hear him lie,
And I will use him for my minstrelsy.

Biron. Armado is a most illustrious wight,
A man of fire-new words, fashion's own knight.

Longaville. Costard the swain and he shall be our sport;
And so to study, three years is but short.

Enter DULL with a letter, and COSTARD.

Dull. Which is the duke's own person?

Biron. This, fellow; what wouldst? 183

Dull. I myself reprehend his own person, for I am his grace's tharborough; but I would see his own person in flesh and blood.

Biron. This is he.

Dull. Signior Arme—Arme—commends you. There's villany abroad; this letter will tell you more.

Costard. Sir, the contempts thereof are as touching me.

King. A letter from the magnificent Armado.

Biron. How low soever the matter, I hope in God for high words. 190

Longaville. A high hope for a low having; God grant us patience!

Biron. To hear? or forbear laughing?

Longaville. To hear meekly, sir, and to laugh moderately; or to forbear both.

Biron. Well, sir, be it as the style shall give us cause to climb in the merriness.

Costard. The matter is to me, sir, as concerning Jaquenetta. The manner of it is, I was taken with the manner.

Biron. In what manner? 200

Costard. In manner and form following, sir; all those three: I was seen with her in the manor-house, sitting with her upon the form, and taken following her into the park; which, put together, is in manner and form following. Now, sir, for the manner,—it is the manner of a man to speak to a woman; for the form,—in some form.

Biron. For the following, sir?

Costard. As it shall follow in my correction; and God defend the right!

King. Will you hear this letter with attention? 210

Biron. As we would hear an oracle.

Costard. Such is the simplicity of man to hearken after the flesh.

King. [Reads] '*Great deputy, the welkin's vicegerent and sole dominator of Navarre, my soul's earth's god, and body's fostering patron.*'

Costard. Not a word of Costard yet.

King. [Reads] '*So it is,*'—

Costard. It may be so ; but if he say it is so, he is, in telling true, but so.

220

King. Peace !

Costard. Be to me, and every man that dares not fight !

King. No words !

Costard. Of other men's secrets, I beseech you.

King. [Reads] '*So it is, besieged with sable-coloured melancholy, I did commend the black-oppressing humour to the most wholesome physic of thy health-giving air, and, as I am a gentleman, betook myself to walk. The time when ? About the sixth hour ; when beasts most graze, birds best peck, and men sit down to that nourishment which is called supper : so much for the time when. Now for the ground which ; which, I mean, I walked upon : it is ycleped thy park. Then for the place where ; where, I mean, I did encounter that obscene and most preposterous event, that draweth from my snow-white pen the ebony-coloured ink, which here thou viewest, beholdest, surveyest, or seest : but to the place where ; it standeth north-north-east and by east from the west corner of thy curious-knotted garden : there did I see that low-spirited swain, that base minnow of thy mirth,*'—

Costard. Me.

240

King. [Reads] '*that unlettered small-knowing soul,*'—

Costard. Me.

King. [Reads] '*that shallow vassal,*'—

Costard. Still me.

King. [Reads] '*which, as I remember, hight Costard,*'—

Costard. O, me !

King. [Reads] '*sorted and consorted, contrary to thy established proclaimed edict and continent canon, with—with—O, with—but with this I passion to say wherewith,*'—

Costard. With a wench.

250

King. [Reads] '*with a child of our grandmother Eve, a female; or, for thy more sweet understanding, a woman. Him I, as my ever-esteemed duty pricks me on, have sent to thee, to receive the meed of punishment, by thy sweet grace's officer, Anthony Dull, a man of good repute, carriage, bearing, and estimation.*'

Dull. Me, an 't shall please you; I am Anthony Dull.

King. [Reads] '*For Jaquenetta,—so is the weaker vessel called which I apprehended with the aforesaid swain,—I keep her as a vessel of thy law's fury, and shall, at the least of thy sweet notice, bring her to trial. Thine, in all compliments of devoted and heart-burning heat of duty.*'

262

'DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.'

Biron. This is not so well as I looked for, but the best that ever I heard.

King. Ay, the best for the worst.—But, sirrah, what say you to this?

Costard. Sir, I confess the wench.

King. Did you hear the proclamation?

Costard. I do confess much of the hearing it, but little of the marking of it.

270

King. It was proclaimed a year's imprisonment, to be taken with a wench.

Costard. I was taken with none, sir; I was taken with a damosel.

King. Well, it was proclaimed damosel.

Costard. This was no damosel neither, sir; she was a virgin.

King. It is so varied too; for it was proclaimed virgin.

Costard. If it were, I deny her virginity; I was taken with a maid.

King. This maid will not serve your turn, sir.

280

Costard. This maid will serve my turn, sir.

King. Sir, I will pronounce your sentence: you shall fast a week with bran and water.

Costard. I had rather pray a month with mutton and porridge.

King. And Don Armado shall be your keeper.—
My Lord Biron, see him deliver'd o'er;—
And go we, lords, to put in practice that
Which each to other hath so strongly sworn.

[*Exeunt King, Longaville, and Dumain.*]

Biron. I'll lay my head to any good man's hat, 290

These oaths and laws will prove an idle scorn.—
Sirrah, come on.

Costard. I suffer for the truth, sir; for true it is, I was taken with Jaquenetta, and Jaquenetta is a true girl; and therefore welcome the sour cup of prosperity! Affliction may one day smile again; and till then, sit thee down, sorrow!
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *Another Part of the Park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Armado. Boy, what sign is it when a man of great spirit grows melancholy?

Moth. A great sign, sir, that he will look sad.

Armado. Why, sadness is one and the selfsame thing, dear imp.

Moth. No, no; O Lord, sir, no!

Armado. How canst thou part sadness and melancholy, my tender juvenal?

Moth. By a familiar demonstration of the working, my tough senior. 10

Armado. Why tough senior? why tough senior?

Moth. Why tender juvenal? why tender juvenal?

Armado. I spoke it, tender juvenal, as a congruent epitheton appertaining to thy young days, which we may nominate tender.

Moth. And I, tough senior, as an appertinent title to your old time, which we may name tough.

Armado. Pretty and apt.

Moth. How mean you, sir? I pretty, and my saying apt? or I apt, and my saying pretty? 20

Armado. Thou pretty, because little.

Moth. Little pretty, because little. Wherefore apt?

Armado. And therefore apt, because quick.

Moth. Speak you this in my praise, master?

Armado. In thy condign praise.

Moth. I will praise an eel with the same praise.

Armado. What, that an eel is ingenious?

Moth. That an eel is quick.

Armado. I do say thou art quick in answers; thou heatest my blood. 30

Moth. I am answered, sir.

Armado. I love not to be crossed.

Moth. [*Aside*] He speaks the mere contrary; crosses love not him.

Armado. I have promised to study three years with the duke.

Moth. You may do it in an hour, sir.

Armado. Impossible.

Moth. How many is one thrice told?

Armado. I am ill at reckoning; it fitteth the spirit of a tapster. 40

Moth. You are a gentleman and a gamester, sir.

Armado. I confess both; they are both the varnish of a complete man.

Moth. Then, I am sure, you know how much the gross sum of deuce-ace amounts to.

Armado. It doth amount to one more than two.

Moth. Which the base vulgar do call three.

Armado. True.

Moth. Why, sir, is this such a piece of study? Now here is three studied, ere you 'll thrice wink; and how easy it is

to put years to the word three, and study three years in two words, the dancing horse will tell you.

52

Armado. A most fine figure!

Moth. [*Aside*] To prove you a cipher.

Armado. I will hereupon confess I am in love; and as it is base for a soldier to love, so am I in love with a base wench. If drawing my sword against the humour of affection would deliver me from the reprobate thought of it, I would take desire prisoner, and ransom him to any French courtier for a new-devised courtesy. I think scorn to sigh; methinks I should outswear Cupid. Comfort me, boy. What great men have been in love?

62

Moth. Hercules, master.

Armado. Most sweet Hercules!—More authority, dear boy, name more; and, sweet my child, let them be men of good repute and carriage.

Moth. Samson, master: he was a man of good carriage, great carriage, for he carried the town-gates on his back like a porter; and he was in love.

69

Armado. O well-knit Samson! strong-jointed Samson! I do excel thee in my rapier as much as thou didst me in carrying gates. I am in love too.—Who was Samson's love, my dear Moth?

Moth. A woman, master.

Armado. Of what complexion?

Moth. Of all the four, or the three, or the two, or one of the four.

Armado. Tell me precisely of what complexion.

Moth. Of the sea-water green, sir.

Armado. Is that one of the four complexions?

80

Moth. As I have read, sir; and the best of them too.

Armado. Green indeed is the colour of lovers; but to have a love of that colour, methinks Samson had small reason for it. He surely affected her for her wit.

Moth. It was so, sir; for she had a green wit.

Armado. My love is most immaculate white and red.

Moth. Most maculate thoughts, master, are masked under such colours.

Armado. Define, define, well-educated infant.

Moth. My father's wit and my mother's tongue, assist me!

Armado. Sweet invocation of a child; most pretty and pathetic! 92

Moth. If she be made of white and red,

Her faults will ne'er be known,

For blushing cheeks by faults are bred

And fears by pale white shown;

Then if she fear, or be to blame,

By this you shall not know,

For still her cheeks possess the same

Which native she doth owe. 100

A dangerous rhyme, master, against the reason of white and red.

Armado. Is there not a ballad, boy, of the King and the Beggar?

Moth. The world was very guilty of such a ballad some three ages since, but I think now 't is not to be found; or, if it were, it would neither serve for the writing nor the tune.

Armado. I will have that subject newly writ o'er, that I may example my digression by some mighty precedent. Boy, I do love that country girl that I took in the park with the rational hind Costard; she deserves well. 111

Moth. [*Aside*] To be whipped,—and yet a better love than my master.

Armado. Sing, boy; my spirit grows heavy in love.

Moth. And that's great marvel, loving a light wench.

Armado. I say, sing.

Moth. Forbear till this company be past.

Enter DULL, COSTARD, and JAQUENETTA.

Dull. Sir, the duke's pleasure is, that you keep Costard

safe; and you must let him take no delight nor no penance, but he must fast three days a week. For this damsel, I must keep her at the park; she is allowed for the day-woman. Fare you well.

122

Armado. I do betray myself with blushing.—Maid!

Faquenetta. Man!

Armado. I will visit thee at the lodge.

Faquenetta. That 's hereby.

Armado. I know where it is situate.

Faquenetta. Lord, how wise you are!

Armado. I will tell thee wonders.

Faquenetta. With that face?

130

Armado. I love thee.

Faquenetta. So I heard you say.

Armado. And so, farewell.

Faquenetta. Fair weather after you!

Dull. Come, Jaquenetta, away!

[*Exeunt Dull and Faquenetta.*]

Armado. Villain, thou shalt fast for thy offences ere thou be pardoned.

Costard. Well, sir, I hope, when I do it, I shall do it on a full stomach.

Armado. Thou shalt be heavily punished.

140

Costard. I am more bound to you than your fellows, for they are but lightly rewarded.

Armado. Take away this villain; shut him up.

Moth. Come, you transgressing slave; away!

Costard. Let me not be pent up, sir; I will fast, being loose.

Moth. No, sir; that were fast and loose: thou shalt to prison.

Costard. Well, if ever I do see the merry days of desolation that I have seen, some shall see—

150

Moth. What shall some see?

Costard. Nay, nothing, Master Moth, but what they look

upon. It is not for prisoners to be too silent in their words ; and therefore I will say nothing. I thank God I have as little patience as another man, and therefore I can be quiet.

[*Excunt Moth and Costard.*]

Armado. I do affect the very ground, which is base, where her shoe, which is baser, guided by her foot, which is basest, doth tread. I shall be forsworn, which is a great argument of falsehood, if I love. And how can that be true love which is falsely attempted? Love is a familiar ; Love is a devil : there is no evil angel but Love. Yet was Samson so tempted, and he had an excellent strength ; yet was Solomon so seduced, and he had a very good wit. Cupid's butt-shaft is too hard for Hercules' club, and therefore too much odds for a Spaniard's rapier. The first and second cause will not serve my turn ; the passado he respects not, the duello he regards not : his disgrace is to be called boy, but his glory is to subdue men. Adieu, valour ! rust, rapier ! be still, drum ! for your manager is in love ; yea, he loveth. Assist me, some extemporal god of rhyme, for I am sure I shall turn sonnet. Devise, wit ! write, pen ! for I am for whole volumes in folio.

[*Exit.*]





ACT II.

SCENE I. *The Park. A Pavilion and Tents at a Distance.*

Enter the PRINCESS OF FRANCE, ROSALINE, MARIA, KATHERINE, BOYET, Lords, *and other* Attendants.

Boyet. Now, madam, summon up your dearest spirits.
 Consider who the king your father sends,
 To whom he sends, and what 's his embassy:
 Yourself, held precious in the world's esteem,
 To parley with the sole inheritor
 Of all perfections that a man may owe,
 Matchless Navarre; the plea of no less weight
 Than Aquitaine, a dowry for a queen.
 Be now as prodigal of all dear grace
 As Nature was in making graces dear
 When she did starve the general world beside
 And prodigally gave them all to you.

10

Princess. Good Lord Boyet, my beauty, though but mean,

Needs not the painted flourish of your praise ;
 Beauty is bought by judgment of the eye,
 Not utter'd by base sale of chapmen's tongues.

I am less proud to hear you tell my worth
 Than you much willing to be counted wise
 In spending your wit in the praise of mine.

But now to task the tasker: good Boyet, 20
 You are not ignorant, all-telling fame
 Doth noise abroad, Navarre hath made a vow,
 Till painful study shall outwear three years,
 No woman may approach his silent court.

Therefore to 's seemeth it a needful course,
 Before we enter his forbidden gates,
 To know his pleasure ; and in that behalf,
 Bold of your worthiness, we single you
 As our best-moving fair solicitor.

Tell him, the daughter of the King of France, 30
 On serious business, craving quick dispatch,
 Importunes personal conference with his grace.
 Haste, signify so much ; while we attend,
 Like humble-visag'd suitors, his high will.

Boyet. Proud of employment, willingly I go.

Princess. All pride is willing pride, and yours is so.—

[*Exit Boyet.*]

Who are the votaries, my loving lords,
 That are vow-fellows with this virtuous duke ?

1 *Lord.* Lord Longaville is one.

Princess.

Know you the man ?

Maria. I know him, madam ; at a marriage-feast, 40
 Between Lord Perigort and the beauteous heir
 Of Jaques Falconbridge, solemnized
 In Normandy, saw I this Longaville.

A man of sovereign parts he is esteem'd ;
 Well fitted in the arts, glorious in arms :
 Nothing becomes him ill that he would well.

The only soil of his fair virtue's gloss—
 If virtue's gloss will stain with any soil—
 Is a sharp wit match'd with too blunt a will ;
 Whose edge hath power to cut, whose will still wills 50
 It should none spare that come within his power.

Princess. Some merry mocking lord, belike ; is 't so ?

Maria. They say so most that most his humours know.

Princess. Such short-liv'd wits do wither as they grow.
 Who are the rest ?

Katherine. The young Dumain, a well-accomplish'd youth,
 Of all that virtue love for virtue lov'd ;
 Most power to do most harm, least knowing ill,
 For he hath wit to make an ill shape good,
 And shape to win grace though he had no wit. 60
 I saw him at the Duke Alençon's once ;
 And much too little of that good I saw
 Is my report to his great worthiness.

Rosaline. Another of these students at that time
 Was there with him, if I have heard a truth.
 Biron they call him ; but a merrier man,
 Within the limit of becoming mirth,
 I never spent an hour's talk withal.
 His eye begets occasion for his wit ;
 For every object that the one doth catch 70
 The other turns to a mirth-moving jest,
 Which his fair tongue, conceit's expositor,
 Delivers in such apt and gracious words
 That aged ears play truant at his tales
 And younger hearings are quite ravished,
 So sweet and voluble is his discourse.

Princess. God bless my ladies ! are they all in love,
 That every one her own hath garnished
 With such bedecking ornaments of praise ?

1 *Lord.* Here comes Boyet.

Re-enter BOYET.

Princess. Now, what admittance, lord?

80

Boyet. Navarre had notice of your fair approach,
And he and his competitors in oath
Were all address'd to meet you, gentle lady,
Before I came. Marry, thus much I have learnt:
He rather means to lodge you in the field,
Like one that comes here to besiege his court,
Than seek a dispensation for his oath,
To let you enter his unpeopled house.—
Here comes Navarre.

Enter KING, LONGAVILLE, DUMAIN, BIRON, and Attendants.

King. Fair princess, welcome to the court of Navarre. 90

Princess. Fair I give you back again, and welcome I have
not yet; the roof of this court is too high to be yours, and
welcome to the wide fields too base to be mine.

King. You shall be welcome, madam, to my court.

Princess. I will be welcome, then; conduct me thither.

King. Hear me, dear lady; I have sworn an oath.

Princess. Our Lady help my lord! he'll be forsworn.

King. Not for the world, fair madam, by my will.

Princess. Why, will shall break it; will and nothing else.

King. Your ladyship is ignorant what it is.

100

Princess. Were my lord so, his ignorance were wise,
Where now his knowledge must prove ignorance.

I hear your grace hath sworn out house-keeping;

'Tis deadly sin to keep that oath, my lord,

And sin to break it.

But pardon me, I am too sudden-bold;

To teach a teacher ill beseemeth me.

Vouchsafe to read the purpose of my coming,

And suddenly resolve me in my suit.

King. Madam, I will, if suddenly I may.

110

Princess. You will the sooner that I were away,
For you 'll prove perjur'd if you make me stay.

Biron. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Rosaline. Did not I dance with you in Brabant once?

Biron. I know you did.

Rosaline. How needless was it then to ask the question!

Biron. You must not be so quick.

Rosaline. 'T is long of you that spur me with such questions.

Biron. Your wit's too hot, it speeds too fast, 't will tire.

Rosaline. Not till it leave the rider in the mire.

120

Biron. What time o' day?

Rosaline. The hour that fools should ask.

Biron. Now fair befall your mask!

Rosaline. Fair fall the face it covers!

Biron. And send you many lovers!

Rosaline. Amen, so you be none.

Biron. Nay, then will I be gone.

King. Madam, your father here doth intimate
The payment of a hundred thousand crowns;

Being but the one half of an entire sum

30

Disbursed by my father in his wars.

But say that he or we, as neither have,

Receiv'd that sum, yet there remains unpaid

A hundred thousand more; in surety of the which,

One part of Aquitaine is bound to us,

Although not valued to the money's worth.

If then the king your father will restore

But that one half which is unsatisfied,

We will give up our right in Aquitaine,

And hold fair friendship with his majesty.

140

But that, it seems, he little purposeth,

For here he doth demand to have repaid

A hundred thousand crowns; and not demands,

On payment of a hundred thousand crowns,

To have his title live in Aquitaine ;
Which we much rather had depart withal,
And have the money by our father lent,
Than Aquitaine so gelded as it is.
Dear princess, were not his requests so far
From reason's yielding, your fair self should make 150
A yielding 'gainst some reason in my breast,
And go well satisfied to France again.

Princess. You do the king my father too much wrong,
And wrong the reputation of your name,
In so unseemingly to confess receipt
Of that which hath so faithfully been paid.

King. I do protest I never heard of it ;
And if you prove it, I'll repay it back
Or yield up Aquitaine.

Princess. We arrest your word.—
Boyet, you can produce acquittances 160
For such a sum from special officers
Of Charles his father.

King. Satisfy me so.

Boyet. So please your grace, the packet is not come
Where that and other specialties are bound ;
To-morrow you shall have a sight of them.

King. It shall suffice me ; at which interview
All liberal reason I will yield unto.
Meantime receive such welcome at my hand
As honour without breach of honour may
Make tender of to thy true worthiness. 170
You may not come, fair princess, in my gates ;
But here without you shall be so receiv'd
As you shall deem yourself lodg'd in my heart,
Though so denied fair harbour in my house.
Your own good thoughts excuse me, and farewell ;
To-morrow shall we visit you again.

Princess. Sweet health and fair desires consort your grace !

King. Thy own wish wish I thee in every place! [*Exit.*

Biron. Lady, I will commend you to mine own heart.

Rosaline. Pray you, do my commendations; I would be glad to see it. 181

Biron. I would you heard it groan.

Rosaline. Is the fool sick?

Biron. Sick at the heart.

Rosaline. Alack, let it blood.

Biron. Would that do it good?

Rosaline. My physic says ay.

Biron. Will you prick 't with your eye?

Rosaline. No point, with my knife.

Biron. Now, God save thy life! 190

Rosaline. And yours from long living!

Biron. I cannot stay thanksgiving. [*Retiring.*

Dumain. Sir, I pray you, a word: what lady is that same?

Boyet. The heir of Alençon, Katherine her name.

Dumain. A gallant lady. Monsieur, fare you well. [*Exit.*

Longaville. I beseech you a word: what is she in the white?

Boyet. A woman sometimes, an you saw her in the light.

Longaville. Perchance light in the light. I desire her name.

Boyet. She hath but one for herself; to desire that were a shame.

Longaville. Pray you, sir, whose daughter? 200

Boyet. Her mother's, I have heard.

Longaville. God's blessing on your beard!

Boyet. Good sir, be not offended.

She is an heir of Falconbridge.

Longaville. Nay, my choler is ended.

She is a most sweet lady.

Boyet. Not unlike, sir, that may be. [*Exit Longaville.*

Biron. What's her name in the cap?

Boyet. Rosaline, by good hap.

Biron. Is she wedded or no? 210

Boyet. To her will, sir, or so.

Biron. You are welcome, sir ; adieu.

Boyet. Farewell to me, sir, and welcome to you.

[*Exit Biron.*]

Maria. That last is Biron, the merry mad-cap lord ;
Not a word with him but a jest.

Boyet. And every jest but a word.

Princess. It was well done of you to take him at his word.

Boyet. I was as willing to grapple as he was to board.

Maria. Two hot sheeps, marry.

Boyet. And wherefore not ships?
No sheep, sweet lamb, unless we feed on your lips.

Maria. You sheep, and I pasture ; shall that finish the
jest? 220

Boyet. So you grant pasture for me. [*Offering to kiss her.*]

Maria. Not so, gentle beast ;
My lips are no common, though several they be.

Boyet. Belonging to whom?

Maria. To my fortunes and me.

Princess. Good wits will be jangling ; but, gentles, agree.
This civil war of wits were much better us'd
On Navarre and his book-men, for here 't is abus'd.

Boyet. If my observation, which very seldom lies,
By the heart's still rhetoric disclosed with eyes,
Deceive me not now, Navarre is infected.

Princess. With what? 230

Boyet. With that which we lovers entitle affected.

Princess. Your reason?

Boyet. Why, all his behaviours did make their retire
To the court of his eye, peeping thorough desire ;
His heart, like an agate, with your print impress'd,
Proud with his form, in his eye pride express'd ;
His tongue, all impatient to speak and not see,
Did stumble with haste in his eyesight to be ;
All senses to that sense did make their repair,
To feel only looking on fairest of fair.

Methought all his senses were lock'd in his eye,
 As jewels in crystal for some prince to buy;
 Who, tendering their own worth from where they were glass'd,
 Did point you to buy them, along as you pass'd.
 His face's own margent did quote such amazes
 That all eyes saw his eyes enchanted with gazes.
 I'll give you Aquitaine and all that is his,
 An you give him for my sake but one loving kiss.

Princess. Come to our pavilion; Boyet is dispos'd.

Boyet. But to speak that in words which his eye hath disclos'd.

250

I only have made a mouth of his eye.

By adding a tongue which I know will not lie.

Rosaline. Thou art an old love-monger and speakest skillfully.

Maria. He is Cupid's grandfather and learns news of him.

Rosaline. Then was Venus like her mother, for her father is but grim.

Boyet. Do you hear, my mad wenches?

Maria.

No.

Boyet.

What then, do you see?

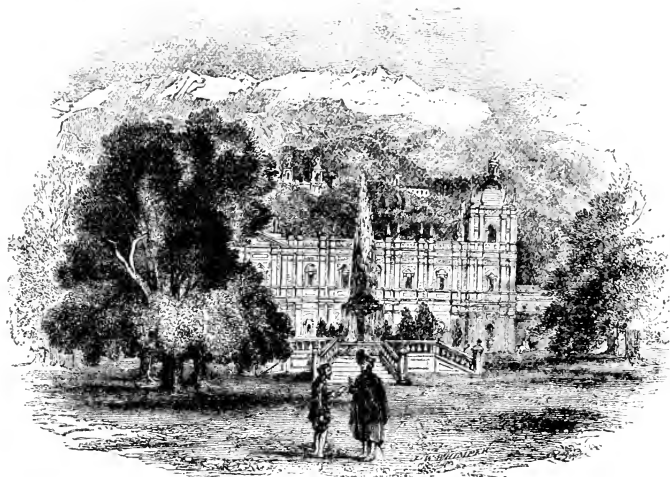
Rosaline. Ay, our way to be gone.

Boyet.

You are too hard for me.

[*Exeunt.*]





BIRON AND COSTARD (iii. 1. 165).

ACT III.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

Enter ARMADO and MOTH.

Armado. Warble, child; make passionate my sense of hearing.

MOTH sings.—Concolinel.

Armado. Sweet air!—Go, tenderness of years; take this key, give enlargement to the swain, bring him festinately hither. I must employ him in a letter to my love.

Moth. Master, will you win your love with a French brawl?

Armado. How meanest thou? brawling in French?

Moth. No, my complete master; but to jig off a tune at the tongue's end, canary to it with your feet, humour it with turning up your eye, sigh a note and sing a note, sometime

through the throat, as if you swallowed love with singing love, sometime through the nose, as if you snuffed up love by smelling love; with your hat penthouse-like o'er the shop of your eyes; with your arms crossed on your thin-belly doublet like a rabbit on a spit, or your hands in your pocket like a man after the old painting; and keep not too long in one tune, but a snip and away. These are complements, these are humours; these betray nice wenches, that would be betrayed without these, and make them men of note—do you note me?—that most are affected to these. 21

Armado. How hast thou purchased this experience?

Moth. By my penny of observation.

Armado. But O,—but O,—

Moth. The hobby-horse is forgot.

Armado. Callest thou my love hobby-horse?

Moth. No, master; the hobby-horse is but a colt, and your love perhaps a hackney. But have you forgot your love?

Armado. Almost I had.

Moth. Negligent student! learn her by heart. 30

Armado. By heart and in heart, boy.

Moth. And out of heart, master; all those three I will prove.

Armado. What wilt thou prove?

Moth. A man, if I live; and this, by, in, and without, upon the instant: by heart you love her, because your heart cannot come by her; in heart you love her, because your heart is in love with her; and out of heart you love her, being out of heart that you cannot enjoy her.

Armado. I am all these three. 40

Moth. And three times as much more, and yet nothing at all.

Armado. Fetch hither the swain; he must carry me a letter.

Moth. A message well sympathized; a horse to be ambassador for an ass.

Armado. Ha, ha! what sayest thou?

Moth. Marry, sir, you must send the ass upon the horse, for he is very slow-gaited. But I go.

Armado. The way is but short; away! 50

Moth. As swift as lead, sir.

Armado. Thy meaning, pretty ingenious?
Is not lead a metal heavy, dull, and slow?

Moth. Minime, honest master; or rather, master, no.

Armado. I say lead is slow.

Moth. You are too swift, sir, to say so;
Is that lead slow which is fir'd from a gun?

Armado. Sweet smoke of rhetoric!
He reputes me a cannon; and the bullet, that's he.—
I shoot thee at the swain.

Moth. Thump then, and I flee. [*Exit.*

Armado. A most acute juvenal; voluble and free of grace!
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in thy face.— 61
Most rude melancholy, valour gives thee place.—
My herald is return'd.

Re-enter MOTH *with* COSTARD.

Moth. A wonder, master! here 's a costard broken in a shin.

Armado. Some enigma, some riddle: come, thy l'envoy;
begin.

Costard. No egma, no riddle, no l'envoy; no salve in them all, sir. O, sir, plantain, a plain plantain! no l'envoy, no l'envoy; no salve, sir, but a plantain!

Armado. By virtue, thou enforcest laughter; thy silly thought my spleen; the heaving of my lungs provokes me to ridiculous smiling.—O, pardon me, my stars! Doth the inconsiderate take salve for l'envoy, and the word l'envoy for a salve? 73

Moth. Do the wise think them other? is not l'envoy a salve?

Armado. No, page ; it is an epilogue or discourse, to make plain
Some obscure precedence that hath tofore been sain.
I will example it :

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

80

There 's the moral. Now the l'envoy.

Moth. I will add the l'envoy. Say the moral again.

Armado. The fox, the ape, the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

Moth. Until the goose came out of door,
And stay'd the odds by adding four.

Now will I begin your moral, and do you follow with my l'envoy.

The fox, the ape, and the humble-bee,
Were still at odds, being but three.

90

Armado. Until the goose came out of door,
Staying the odds by adding four.

Moth. A good l'envoy, ending in the goose ; would you desire more ?

Costard. The boy hath sold him a bargain, a goose, that 's flat.—

Sir, your pennyworth is good, an your goose be fat.—
To sell a bargain well is as cunning as fast and loose.
Let me see—a fat l'envoy ; ay, that 's a fat goose.

Armado. Come hither, come hither. How did this argument begin ?

Moth. By saying that a costard was broken in a shin. 100
Then call'd you for the l'envoy.

Costard. True, and I for a plantain : thus came your argument in ;

Then the boy's fat l'envoy, the goose that you bought,
And he ended the market.

Armado. But tell me ; how was there a costard broken in a shin ?

Moth. I will tell you sensibly.

Costard. Thou hast no feeling of it, Moth; I will speak that l'envoy.

I Costard, running out, that was safely within, 116
Fell over the threshold, and broke my shin.

Armado. We will talk no more of this matter.

Costard. Till there be more matter in the shin.

Armado. Marry, Costard, I will enfranchise thee.

Costard. O, marry me to one Frances? I smell some l'envoy, some goose, in this.

Armado. By my sweet soul, I mean setting thee at liberty, enfreedoming thy person; thou wert immured, restrained, captivated, bound.

Costard. True, true; and now you will be my purgation and let me loose. 121

Armado. I give thee thy liberty, set thee from durance; and, in lieu thereof, impose on thee nothing but this: bear this significant [*giving a letter*] to the country maid Jaquenetta. There is remuneration; for the best ward of mine honour is rewarding my dependents.—Moth, follow. [*Exit.*

Moth. Like the sequel, I.—Signior Costard, adieu.

Costard. My sweet ounce of man's flesh! my incony Jew! [*Exit Moth.*

O' my troth, most sweet jests! most incony vulgar wit!

When it comes so smoothly off, so obscenely, as it were, so fit.

Armado o' th' one side,—O, a most dainty man! 131

To see him walk before a lady and to bear her fan!

To see him kiss his hand! and how most sweetly a' will swear!

And his page o' t' other side, that handful of wit!

Ah, heavens, it is a most pathological nit!—

Now will I look to his remuneration. Remuneration! O, that 's the Latin word for three farthings; three farthings—remuneration.—'What 's the price of this inkle?'—'One penny.'—'No, I'll give you a remuneration;' why, it carries

it. — Remuneration! why, it is a fairer name than French crown. I will never buy and sell out of this word. 141

Enter BIRON.

Biron. O, my good knave Costard! exceedingly well met.

Costard. Pray you, sir, how much carnation ribbon may a man buy for a remuneration?

Biron. What is a remuneration?

Costard. Marry, sir, halfpenny farthing.

Biron. Why, then, three-farthing worth of silk.

Costard. I thank your worship; God be wi' you!

Biron. Stay, slave! I must employ thee;

As thou wilt win my favour, good my knave, 150

Do one thing for me that I shall entreat.

Costard. When would you have it done, sir?

Biron. This afternoon.

Costard. Well, I will do it, sir; fare you well.

Biron. Thou knowest not what it is.

Costard. I shall know, sir, when I have done it.

Biron. Why, villain, thou must know first.

Costard. I will come to your worship to-morrow morning.

Biron. It must be done this afternoon. Hark, slave, it is but this: 160

The princess comes to hunt here in the park,

And in her train there is a gentle lady;

When tongues speak sweetly, then they name her name,

And Rosaline they call her: ask for her,

And to her white hand see thou do commend

This sealed-up counsel. There's thy guerdon; go.

[*Giving him a shilling.*]

Costard. Gardon.—O sweet gardon! better than remuneration, a 'leven-pence farthing better: most sweet gardon!—I will do it, sir, in print.—Gardon! Remuneration! [*Exit.*]

Biron. And I, forsooth, in love! I that have been love's whip; 177

A very beadle to a humorous sigh;
A critic, nay, a night-watch constable;
A domineering pedant o'er the boy,
Than whom no mortal so magnificent!
This wimpled, whining, purblind, wayward boy;
This senior-junior, giant-dwarf, Dan Cupid;
Regent of love-rhymes, lord of folded arms,
The anointed sovereign of sighs and groans,
Liege of all loiterers and malcontents,
Dread prince of plackets, king of codpieces,
Sole imperator and great general
Of trotting paritors,—O my little heart!—
And I to be a corporal of his field,
And wear his colours like a tumbler's hoop!
What, I! I love! I sue! I seek a wife!
A woman, that is like a German clock,
Still a-repairing, ever out of frame,
And never going right, being a watch,
But being watch'd that it may still go right!
Nay, to be perjur'd, which is worst of all;
And, among three, to love the worst of all;
A wightlly wanton with a velvet brow,
With two pitch-balls stuck in her face for eyes;
Ay, and, by heaven, one that will do the deed,
Though Argus were her eunuch and her guard:
And I to sigh for her! to watch for her!
To pray for her! Go to; it is a plague
That Cupid will impose for my neglect
Of his almighty dreadful little might.
Well, I will love, write, sigh, pray, sue, and groan;
Some men must love my lady and some Joan.

180

190

200

{*Exit*

E



ARMADO AND MOTH.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

Enter the PRINCESS, and her train, a Forester, BOYET, ROSALINE, MARIA, and KATHERINE.

Princess. Was that the king, that spurr'd his horse so hard
Against the steep uprising of the hill?

Boyet. I know not; but I think it was not he.

Princess. Whoe'er he was, he show'd a mounting mind.
Well, lords, to-day we shall have our dispatch;
On Saturday we will return to France.—

Then, forester, my friend, where is the bush
That we must stand and play the murderer in?

Forester. Hereby, upon the edge of yonder coppice ;
A stand where you may make the fairest shoot.

10

Princess. I thank my beauty, I am fair that shoot,
And thereupon thou speak'st the fairest shoot.

Forester. Pardon me, madam, for I meant not so.

Princess. What, what? first praise me and again say no?
O short-liv'd pride! Not fair? alack for woe!

Forester. Yes, madam, fair.

Princess. Nay, never paint me now ;
Where fair is not, praise cannot mend the brow.
Here, good my glass, take this for telling true ;
Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

Forester. Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

20

Princess. See, see, my beauty will be sav'd by merit!
O heresy in fair, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise.—

But come, the bow ; now mercy goes to kill,

And shooting well is then accounted ill.

Thus will I save my credit in the shoot:

Not wounding, pity would not let me do 't ;

If wounding, then it was to show my skill,

That more for praise than purpose meant to kill.

And out of question so it is sometimes,

30

Glory grows guilty of detested crimes,

When, for fame's sake, for praise, an outward part,

We bend to that the working of the heart ;

As I for praise alone now seek to spill

The poor deer's blood, that my heart means no ill.

Boyet. Do not curst wives hold that self-sovereignty
Only for praise sake, when they strive to be
Lords o'er their lords?

Princess. Only for praise ; and praise we may afford
To any lady that subdues a lord.

40

Boyet. Here comes a member of the commonwealth.

Enter COSTARD.

Costard. God dig·you·den all! Pray you, which is the head lady?

Princess. Thou shalt know her, fellow, by the rest that have no heads.

Costard. Which is the greatest lady, the highest?

Princess. The thickest and the tallest.

Costard. The thickest and the tallest! it is so; truth is truth. An your waist, mistress, were as slender as my wit, One o' these maids' girdles for your waist should be fit. 50
Are not you the chief woman? you are the thickest here.

Princess. What's your will, sir? what's your will?

Costard. I have a letter from Monsieur Biron to one Lady Rosaline.

Princess. O, thy letter, thy letter! he's a good friend of mine.

Stand aside, good bearer.—*Boyet*, you can carve;
Break up this capon.

Boyet. I am bound to serve.—
This letter is mistook, it importeth none here;
It is writ to Jaquenetta.

Princess. We will read it, I swear.
Break the neck of the wax, and every one give ear. 59

Boyet. [Reads] '*By heaven, that thou art fair, is most infallible; true, that thou art beautiful; truth itself, that thou art lovely. More fairer than fair, beautiful than beautiful, truer than truth itself, have commiseration on thy heroical vassal! The magnanimous and most illustrious king Cophetua set eye upon the pernicious and indubitate beggar Zenelophon; and he it was that might rightly say, Veni, vidi, vici; which to annothanize in the vulgar,—O base and obscure vulgar!—videlicet, He came, saw, and overcame: he came, one; saw, two; overcame, three. Who came? the king: why did he come? to see:*

why did he see? to overcome: to whom came he? to the beggar: what saw he? the beggar: who overcame he? the beggar. The conclusion is victory: on whose side? the king's. The captive is enriched: on whose side? the beggar's. The catastrophe is a nuptial: on whose side? the king's: no, on both in one, or one in both. I am the king; for so stands the comparison: thou the beggar; for so witnesseth thy lowliness. Shall I command thy love? I may: shall I enforce thy love? I could: shall I entreat thy love? I will. What shalt thou exchange for rags? robes; for tittles? titles; for thyself? me. Thus, expecting thy reply, I profane my lips on thy foot, my eyes on thy picture, and my heart on thy every part. Thine, in the dearest design of industry,

DON ADRIANO DE ARMADO.

' Thus dost thou hear the Nemean lion roar 83

'Gainst thee, thou lamb, that standest as his prey.

Submissive fall his princely feet before,

And he from forage will incline to play;

But if thou strive, poor soul, what art thou then?

Food for his rage, repasture for his den.'

Princess. What plume of feathers is he that indited this letter?

What vane? what weathercock? did you ever hear better?

Boyet. I am much deceiv'd but I remember the style. 91

Princess. Else your memory is bad, going o'er it erewhile.

Boyet. This Armado is a Spaniard, that keeps here in court; A phantasime, a Monarcho, and one that makes sport To the prince and his bookmates.

Princess. Thou fellow, a word:

Who gave thee this letter?

Costard. I told you; my lord.

Princess. To whom shouldst thou give it?

Costard. From my lord to my lady.

Princess. From which lord to which lady?

Costard. From my lord Biron, a good master of mine,
To a lady of France that he called Rosaline.

Princess. Thou hast mistaken his letter. — Come, lords, away. —

[*To Rosaline*] Here, sweet, put up this ; 't will be thine another day. [*Exeunt Princess and train.*]

Boyet. Who is the suitor ? who is the suitor ?

Rosaline. Shall I teach you to know ?

Boyet. Ay, my continent of beauty.

Rosaline. Why, she that bears the bow.

Finely put off !

Boyet. My lady goes to kill horns ; but, if thou marry, Hang me by the neck, if horns that year miscarry.

Finely put on !

Rosaline. Well, then, I am the shooter.

Boyet. And who is your deer ?

Rosaline. If we choose by the horns, yourself come not near. 110

Finely put on, indeed !

Maria. You still wrangle with her, Boyet, and she strikes at the brow.

Boyet. But she herself is hit lower. Have I hit her now ?

Rosaline. Shall I come upon thee with an old saying, that was a man when King Pepin of France was a little boy, as touching the hit it ?

Boyet. So I may answer thee with one as old, that was a woman when Queen Guinever of Britain was a little wench, as touching the hit it.

Rosaline. *Thou canst not hit it, hit it, hit it,* 120
Thou canst not hit it, my good man.

Boyet. *An I cannot, cannot, cannot,*
An I cannot, another can.

[*Exit Rosaline and Katherine.*]

Costard. By my troth, most pleasant ! how both did fit it !

Maria. A mark marvellous well shot, for they both did hit it.

Boyet. A mark! O, mark but that mark! A mark, says my lady!

Let the mark have a prick in 't, to mete at, if it may be.

Maria. Wide o' the bow-hand! i' faith, your hand is out.

Costard. Indeed, a' must shoot nearer, or he 'll ne'er hit the clout. 129

Boyet. An if my hand be out, then belike your hand is in.

Costard. Then will she get the upshoot by cleaving the pin.

Maria. Come, come, you talk greasily; your lips grow foul.

Costard. She 's too hard for you at pricks, sir; challenge her to bowl.

Boyet. I fear too much rubbing.—Good night, my good owl. [*Exeunt Boyet and Maria.*]

Costard. By my soul, a swain! a most simple clown!

Lord, Lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!—

Sola, sola! [*Shout within.*]
[*Exit Costard, running.*]

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Nathaniel. Very reverend sport, truly; and done in the testimony of a good conscience.

Holofernes. The deer was, as you know, sanguis, in blood; ripe as the pomewater, who now hangeth like a jewel in the ear of caelo, the sky, the welkin, the heaven; and anon fall-eth like a crab on the face of terra, the soil, the land, the earth.

Nathaniel. Truly, Master Holofernes, the epithets are sweetly varied, like a scholar at the least: but, sir, I assure ye, it was a buck of the first head. 10

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, haud credo.

Dull. 'T was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

Holofernes. Most barbarous intimation! yet a kind of insinuation, as it were, in via, in way, of explication; facere, as

it were, replication, or rather, ostentare, to show, as it were, his inclination,—after his undressed, unpolished, uneducated, unpruned, untrained, or rather, unlettered, or ratherest, unconfirmed fashion,—to insert again my haud credo for a deer.

19

Dull. I said the deer was not a haud credo; 't was a pricket.

Holofernes. Twice-sod simplicity, bis coctus!—

O thou monster Ignorance, how deformed dost thou look!

Nathaniel. Sir, he hath never fed of the dainties that are bred in a book;

he hath not eat paper, as it were; he hath not drunk ink: his intellect is not replenished; he is only an animal, only sensible in the duller parts:

And such barren plants are set before us, that we thankful should be,

Which we of taste and feeling are, for those parts that do fructify in us more than he.

For as it would ill become me to be vain, indiscreet, or a fool, So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school: But omne bene, say I; being of an old father's mind, 31
Many can brook the weather that love not the wind.

Dull. You two are book-men: can you tell me by your wit What was a month old at Cain's birth, that's not five weeks old as yet?

Holofernes. Dictynna, goodman Dull; Dictynna, goodman Dull.

Dull. What is Dictynna?

Nathaniel. A title to Phœbe, to Luna, to the moon.

Holofernes. The moon was a month old when Adam was no more,

And raught not to five weeks when he came to five-score.

The allusion holds in the exchange.

40

Dull. 'T is true indeed; the collusion holds in the exchange.

Holofernes. God comfort thy capacity! I say, the allusion holds in the exchange.

Dull. And I say, the pollution holds in the exchange; for the moon is never but a month old: and I say beside that, 't was a pricket that the princess killed.

Holofernes. Sir Nathaniel, will you hear an extemporal epitaph on the death of the deer? And, to humour the ignorant, call I the deer the princess killed a pricket.

Nathaniel. Perge, good Master Holofernes, perge; so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility. 51

Holofernes. I will something affect the letter, for it argues facility.

The preyful princess pierc'd and prick'd a pretty pleasing pricket;

Some say a sore; but not a sore, till now made sore with shooting.

The dogs did yell: put L to sore, then sorel jumps from thicket;

Or pricket sore, or else sorel; the people fall a-hooting.

If sore be sore, then L to sore makes fifty sores,—o sore L.

Of one sore I an hundred make by adding but one more L.

Nathaniel. A rare talent. 60

Dull. [*Aside*] If a talent be a claw, look how he claws him with a talent.

Holofernes. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple; a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures, shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions, revolutions: these are begot in the ventricle of memory, nourished in the womb of pia mater, and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion. But the gift is good in those in whom it is acute, and I am thankful for it. 69

Nathaniel. Sir, I praise the Lord for you: and so may my parishioners; for their sons are well tutored by you, and their daughters profit very greatly under you: you are a good member of the commonwealth.

Holofernes. Mehercle, if their sons be ingenuous, they shall want no instruction ; if their daughters be capable, I will put it to them : but vir sapit qui pauca loquitur ; a soul feminine saluteth us.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaquenetta. God give you good morrow, master Person.

Holofernes. Master Person, quasi pers-on. An if one should be pierced, which is the one ? 80

Costard. Marry ; master schoolmaster, he that is likest to a hogshead.

Holofernes. Piercing a hogshead ! a good lustre of conceit in a turf of earth ; fire enough for a flint, pearl enough for a swine : 't is pretty ; it is well.

Jaquenetta. Good master Person, be so good as read me this letter : it was given me by Costard, and sent me from Don Armado ; I beseech you, read it.

Holofernes. Fauste, precor gelida quando pecus omne sub umbra Ruminat,—and so forth. Ah, good old Mantuan ! I may speak of thee as the traveller doth of Venice : 91

Venetia, Venetia,

Chi non ti vede non ti pretia.

Old Mantuan, old Mantuan ! who understandeth thee not, loves thee not. Ut, re, sol, la, mi, fa. Under pardon, sir, what are the contents ? or rather, as Horace says in his—What, my soul, verses ?

Nathaniel. Ay, sir, and very learned.

Holofernes. Let me hear a staff, a stanza, a verse ; lege, domine. 100

Nathaniel. [Reads]

'If love make me forsworn, how shall I swear to love ?

Ah, never faith could hold, if not to beauty vow'd !

Though to myself forsworn, to thee I'll faithful prove ;

Those thoughts to me were oaks, to thee like osiers bow'd.

*Study his bias leaves and makes his book thine eyes,
 Where all those pleasures live that art would comprehend;
 If knowledge be the mark, to know thee shall suffice;
 Well learned is that tongue that well can thee commend,
 All ignorant that soul that sees thee without wonder;
 Which is to me some praise that I thy parts admire.* 110
*Thy eye Jove's lightning bears, thy voice his dreadful thunder,
 Which, not to anger bent, is music and sweet fire.
 Celestial as thou art, O, pardon love this wrong,
 That sings heaven's praise with such an earthly tongue.'*

Holofernes. You find not the apostrophas, and so miss the accent; let me supervise the canzonet. Here are only numbers ratified; but, for the elegancy, facility, and golden cadence of poesy, caret. Ovidius Naso was the man; and why, indeed, Naso, but for smelling out the odoriferous flowers of fancy, the jerks of invention? Imitari is nothing; so doth the hound his master, the ape his keeper, the tired horse his rider.—But, damosella virgin, was this directed to you? 122

Faquenetta. Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron, one of the strange queen's lords.

Holofernes. I will overglance the superscript: '*To the snow-white hand of the most beautiful Lady Rosaline.*' I will look again on the intellect of the letter, for the nomination of the party writing to the person written unto: '*Your ladyship's in all desired employment, Biron.*' Sir Nathaniel, this Biron is one of the votaries with the king; and here he hath framed a letter to a sequent of the stranger queen's, which accidentally, or by the way of progression, hath miscarried.—Trip and go, my sweet; deliver this paper into the royal hand of the king: it may concern much. Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty: adieu.

Faquenetta. Good Costard, go with me.—Sir, God save your life!

Costard. Have with thee, my girl.

[*Exeunt Costard and Faquenetta.*]

Nathaniel. Sir, you have done this in the fear of God, very religiously; and, as a certain father saith,—140

Holofernes. Sir, tell not me of the father; I do fear colourable colours. But to return to the verses: did they please you, Sir Nathaniel?

Nathaniel. Marvellous well for the pen.

Holofernes. I do dine to-day at the father's of a certain pupil of mine; where, if, before repast, it shall please you to gratify the table with a grace, I will, on my privilege I have with the parents of the foresaid child or pupil, undertake your ben venuto; where I will prove those verses to be very unlearned, neither savouring of poetry, wit, nor invention. I beseech your society.151

Nathaniel. And thank you too; for society, saith the text, is the happiness of life.

Holofernes. And, certes, the text most infallibly concludes it.—[*To Dull*] Sir, I do invite you too; you shall not say me nay; pauca verba.—Away! the gentles are at their game, and we will to our recreation. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III. *The Same.*

Enter BIRON, with a paper.

Biron. The king he is hunting the deer; I am coursing myself: they have pitched a toil; I am toiling in a pitch,—pitch that defiles. Defile! a foul word. Well, set thee down, sorrow! for so they say the fool said, and so say I, and ay the fool. Well proved, wit! By the Lord, this love is as mad as Ajax: it kills sheep; it kills me, ay, a sheep. Well proved again o' my side! I will not love: if I do, hang me; i' faith, I will not. O, but her eye,—by this light, but for her eye, I would not love her; yes, for her two eyes. Well, I do nothing in the world but lie, and lie in my throat. By heaven, I do love: and it hath taught me to rhyme and to be melancholy; and here is part of my rhyme, and here

my melancholy. Well, she hath one o' my sonnets already · the clown bore it, the fool sent it, and the lady hath it ; sweet clown, sweeter fool, sweetest lady ! By the world, I would not care a pin, if the other three were in.—Here comes one with a paper ; God give him grace to groan ! [*Gets up into a tree.*]

Enter the KING, with a paper.

King. Ay me !

Biron. [*Aside*] Shot, by heaven !—Proceed, sweet Cupid ; thou hast thumped him with thy bird-bolt under the left pap.—In faith, secrets !

21

King. [*Reads*]

*So sweet a kiss the golden sun gives not
To those fresh morning drops upon the rose,
As thy eye-beams, when their fresh rays have smote
The night of dew that on my cheeks down flows :
Nor shines the silver moon one half so bright
Through the transparent bosom of the deep,
As doth thy face through tears of mine give light ;
Thou shin'st in every tear that I do weep :
No drop but as a coach doth carry thee ;
So ridest thou triumphing in my woe.
Do but behold the tears that swell in me,
And they thy glory through my grief will show :
But do not love thyself ; then thou wilt keep
My tears for glasses, and still make me weep.
O queen of queens ! how far dost thou excel,
No thought can think, nor tongue of mortal tell.*

30

How shall she know my griefs ? I 'll drop the paper.
Sweet leaves, shade folly.—Who is he comes here ?

[*Steps aside.*]

What, Longaville ! and reading ! listen, ear.

40

Biron. Now, in thy likeness, one more fool appear !

Enter LONGAVILLE, with a paper.

Longaville. Ay me, I am forsworn!

Biron. Why, he comes in like a perjure, wearing papers.

King. In love, I hope; sweet fellowship in shame!

Biron. One drunkard loves another of the name.

Longaville. Am I the first that have been perjur'd so?

Biron. I could put thee in comfort,—not by two that I know.
Thou mak'st the triumvir, the corner-cap of society,
The shape of Love's Tyburn that hangs up simplicity.

Longaville. I fear these stubborn lines lack power to move.—
O sweet Maria, empress of my love!—
These numbers will I tear, and write in prose. 51

Biron. O, rhymes are guards on wanton Cupid's hose;
Disfigure not his slop.

Longaville. This same shall go.—

[Reads] *Did not the heavenly rhetoric of thine eye,
'Gainst whom the world cannot hold argument,
Persuade my heart to this false perjury?*

Vows for thee broke deserve not punishment.

A woman I forswore; but I will prove,

Thou being a goddess, I forswore not thee: 60

My vow was earthly, thou a heavenly love;

Thy grace being gain'd cures all disgrace in me.

Vows are but breath, and breath a vapour is:

*Then thou, fair sun, which on my earth dost shine,
Exhal'st this vapour-vow; in thee it is.*

If broken then, it is no fault of mine;

If by me broke, what fool is not so wise

To lose an oath to win a paradise?

Biron. This is the liver-vein, which makes flesh a deity,
A green goose a goddess; pure, pure idolatry. 70
God amend us, God amend! we are much out o' the way.

Longaville. By whom shall I send this?—Company! stay.
[Steps aside.]

Biron. All hid, all hid ; an old infant play.
 Like a demigod here sit I in the sky,
 And wretched fools' secrets heedfully o'er-eye.—
 More sacks to the mill ! O heavens, I have my wish !

Enter DUMAIN, with a paper.

Dumain transform'd ! four woodcocks in a dish !

Dumain. O most divine Kate !

Biron. O most profane coxcomb !

Dumain. By heaven, the wonder in a mortal eye ! 80

Biron. By earth, she is not, corporal, there you lie.

Dumain. Her amber hairs for foul hath amber quoted.

Biron. An amber-colour'd raven was well noted.

Dumain. As upright as the cedar.

Biron. Stoop, I say ;

Her shoulder is with child.

Dumain. As fair as day.

Biron. Ay, as some days ; but then no sun must shine.

Dumain. O that I had my wish !

Longaville. And I had mine !

King. And I mine too, good Lord !

Biron. Amen, so I had mine : is not that a good word ?

Dumain. I would forget her ; but a fever she 90
 Reigns in my blood and will remember'd be.

Biron. A fever in your blood ! why, then incision
 Would let her out in saucers ; sweet misprision !

Dumain. Once more I 'll read the ode that I have writ.

Biron. Once more I 'll mark how love can vary wit.

Dumain. [Reads]

On a day—alack the day!—

Love, whose month is ever May,

Spied a blossom passing fair

Playing in the wanton air ;

Through the velvet leaves the wind,

All unseen can passage find ; 100

*That the lover, sick to death,
 Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
 Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
 Air, would I might triumph so !
 But, alack, my hand is sworn
 Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
 Vow, alack, for youth unmeet,
 Youth so apt to pluck a sweet !
 Do not call it sin in me,
 That I am forsworn for thee ;
 Thou for whom Jove would swear
 Juno but an Ethiope were,
 And deny himself for Jove,
 Turning mortal for thy love.*

110

This will I send and something else more plain,
 That shall express my true love's fasting pain.
 O, would the king, Biron, and Longaville,
 Were lovers too ! Ill, to example ill,
 Would from my forehead wipe a perjur'd note ;
 For none offend where all alike do dote.

120

Longaville. [*Advancing*] Dumain, thy love is far from charity,
 That in love's grief desir'st society ;
 You may look pale, but I should blush, I know,
 To be o'erheard and taken napping so.

King. [*Advancing*] Come, sir, you blush ; as his your case
 is such ;

You chide at him, offending twice as much ;
 You do not love Maria ; Longaville
 Did never sonnet for her sake compile,
 Nor never lay his wreathed arms athwart
 His loving bosom to keep down his heart.
 I have been closely shrouded in this bush
 And mark'd you both, and for you both did blush.
 I heard your guilty rhymes, observ'd your fashion,
 Saw sighs reek from you, noted well your passion :

130

Ay me! says one; O Jove! the other cries;
 One, her hairs were gold, crystal the other's eyes.—
 [*To Longaville*] You would for paradise break faith and
 troth;—

[*To Dumain*] And Jove, for your love, would infringe an oath.
 What will Biron say when that he shall hear 140
 Faith so infringed, which such zeal did swear?
 How will he scorn! how will he spend his wit!
 How will he triumph, leap, and laugh at it!
 For all the wealth that ever I did see,
 I would not have him know so much by me.

Biron. Now step I forth to whip hypocrisy.— [*Advancing.*
 Ah, good my liege, I pray thee, pardon me!
 Good heart, what grace hast thou, thus to reprove
 These worms for loving, that art most in love?
 Your eyes do make no coaches; in your tears 150
 There is no certain princess that appears:
 You'll not be perjur'd, 't is a hateful thing;
 Tush, none but minstrels like of sonneting!
 But are you not asham'd? nay, are you not,
 All three of you, to be thus much o'ershot?
 You found his mote; the king your mote did see;
 But I a beam do find in each of three.

O, what a scene of foolery have I seen,
 Of sighs, of groans, of sorrow, and of teen!
 O me, with what strict patience have I sat, 160
 To see a king transformed to a gnat!
 To see great Hercules whipping a gig,
 And profound Solomon to tune a jig,
 And Nestor play at push-pin with the boys,
 And critic Timon laugh at idle toys!
 Where lies thy grief, O, tell me, good Dumain?—
 And, gentle Longaville, where lies thy pain?—
 And where my liege's? all about the breast.—
 A caudle, ho!

King. Too bitter is thy jest.
Are we betray'd thus to thy over-view?

170

Biron. Not you to me, but I betray'd by you :
I, that am honest ; I, that hold it sin
To break the vow I am engaged in ;
I am betray'd, by keeping company
With men like you, men of inconstancy.
When shall you see me write a thing in rhyme?
Or groan for love? or spend a minute's time
In pruning me? When shall you hear that I
Will praise a hand, a foot, a face, an eye,
A gait, a state, a brow, a breast, a waist,
A leg, a limb?—

180

King. Soft! whither away so fast?
A true man or a thief that gallops so?

Biron. I post from love ; good lover, let me go.

Enter JAQUENETTA and COSTARD.

Jaquenetta. God bless the king!

King. What present hast thou there?

Costard. Some certain treason.

King. What makes treason here?

Costard. Nay, it makes nothing, sir.

King. If it mar nothing neither,
The treason and you go in peace away together.

Jaquenetta. I beseech your grace let this letter be read :
Our person misdoubts it ; 't was treason, he said.

King. Biron, read it over.— [*Giving him the paper.*]
Where hadst thou it?

191

Jaquenetta. Of Costard.

King. Where hadst thou it?

Costard. Of Dun Adramadio, Dun Adramadio.

[*Biron tears the letter.*]

King. How now! what is in you? why dost thou tear it?

Biron. A toy, my liege, a toy ; your grace needs not fear it.

Longaville. It did move him to passion, and therefore let 's hear it.

Dumain. It is Biron's writing, and here is his name.

[*Gathering up the pieces.*]

Biron. [*To Costard*] Ah, you whoreson loggerhead! you were born to do me shame.—

Guilty, my lord, guilty! I confess, I confess.

200

King. What?

Biron. That you three fools lack'd me fool to make up the mess.

He, he, and you, and you, my liege, and I,

Are pick-purses in love, and we deserve to die.

O, dismiss this audience, and I shall tell you more.

Dumain. Now the number is even.

Biron. True, true ; we are four.—

Will these turtles be gone?

King. Hence, sirs ; away!

Costard. Walk aside the true folk, and let the traitors stay.

[*Exeunt Costard and Jaquenetta.*]

Biron. Sweet lords, sweet lovers, O, let us embrace!

As true we are as flesh and blood can be :

210

The sea will ebb and flow, heaven show his face ;

Young blood doth not obey an old decree.

We cannot cross the cause why we were born ;

Therefore of all hands must we be forsworn.

King. What, did these rent lines show some love of thine?

Biron. Did they, quoth you? Who sees the heavenly Rosaline,

That, like a rude and savage man of Inde,

At the first opening of the gorgeous east,

Bows not his vassal head, and stricken blind

Kisses the base ground with obedient breast?

220

What peremptory eagle-sighted eye

Dares look upon the heaven of her brow,

That is not blinded by her majesty?

King. What zeal, what fury hath inspir'd thee now?
My love, her mistress, is a gracious moon ;

She an attending star, scarce seen a light.

Biron. My eyes are then no eyes, nor I Biron.

O, but for my love, day would turn to night!
Of all complexions the cull'd sovereignty

Do meet, as at a fair, in her fair cheek,
Where several worthies make one dignity,

Where nothing wants that want itself doth seek.
Lend me the flourish of all gentle tongues,—

Fie, painted rhetoric! O, she needs it not:
To things of sale a seller's praise belongs,

She passes praise ; then praise too short doth blot.
A wither'd hermit, five-score winters worn,

Might shake off fifty, looking in her eye ;
Beauty doth varnish age, as if new-born,

And gives the crutch the cradle's infancy.
O, 't is the sun that maketh all things shine.

King. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.

Biron. Is ebony like her? O wood divine!

A wife of such wood were felicity.
O, who can give an oath? where is a book?

That I may swear beauty doth beauty lack,
If that she learn not of her eye to look ;

No face is fair that is not full so black.

King. O paradox! Black is the badge of hell,
The hue of dungeons, and the shade of night ;

And beauty's crest becomes the heavens well.

Biron. Devils soonest tempt, resembling spirits of light.
O, if in black my lady's brows be deck'd,

It mourns that painting and usurping hair
Should ravish doters with a false aspect ;

And therefore is she born to make black fair.
Her favour turns the fashion of the days ;

For native blood is counted painting now,

230

240

250

And therefore red, that would avoid dispraise,

Paints itself black, to imitate her brow.

260

Dumain. To look like her are chimney-sweepers black.

Longaville. And since her time are colliers counted bright.

King. And Ethiopes of their sweet complexion crack.

Dumain. Dark needs no candles now, for dark is light.

Biron. Your mistresses dare never come in rain,

For fear their colours should be wash'd away.

King. 'T were good, yours did ; for, sir, to tell you plain,

I'll find a fairer face not wash'd to-day.

Biron. I'll prove her fair, or talk till doomsday here.

King. No devil will fright thee then so much as she.

270

Dumain. I never knew man hold vile stuff so dear.

Longaville. Look, here 's thy love ; my foot and her face
see.

Biron. O, if the streets were paved with thine eyes,

Her feet were much too dainty for such tread !

Dumain. O vile ! then, as she goes, what upward lies

The street should see as she walk'd overhead.

King. But what of this ? are we not all in love ?

Biron. Nothing so sure ; and thereby all forsworn.

King. Then leave this chat ; and, good Biron, now prove

Our loving lawful, and our faith not torn.

280

Dumain. Ay, marry, there ; some flattery for this evil.

Longaville. O, some authority how to proceed ;

Some tricks, some quilllets, how to cheat the devil.

Dumain. Some salve for perjury.

Biron. 'T is more than need.

Have at you, then, affection's men at arms.

Consider what you first did swear unto,—

To fast, to study, and to see no woman ;

Flat treason 'gainst the kingly state of youth.

Say, can you fast ? your stomachs are too young,

And abstinence engenders maladies.

290

And where that you have vow'd to study, lords,

In that each of you have forsworn his book,
Can you still dream and pore and thereon look?
[For when would you, my lord,—or you,—or you,—
Have found the ground of study's excellence
Without the beauty of a woman's face?
From women's eyes this doctrine I derive:
They are the ground, the books, the academes.
From whence doth spring the true Promethean fire.]
Why, universal plodding poisons up
The nimble spirits in the arteries,
As motion and long-during action tires
The sinewy vigour of the traveller.
Now, for not looking on a woman's face,
You have in that forsworn the use of eyes,
And study too, the causer of your vow;
[For where is any author in the world
Teaches such beauty as a woman's eye?
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,
And where we are our learning likewise is;
Then when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,
Do we not likewise see our learning there?
O, we have made a vow to study, lords,
And in that vow we have forsworn our books.]
For when would you, my liege,—or you,—or you,—
In leaden contemplation have found out
Such fiery numbers as the prompting eyes
Of beauty's tutors have enrich'd you with?
Other slow arts entirely keep the brain,
And therefore, finding barren practisers,
Scarce show a harvest of their heavy toil;
But love, first learned in a lady's eyes,
Lives not alone immured in the brain,
But, with the motion of all elements,
Courses as swift as thought in every power,
And gives to every power a double power,

300

310

320

Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;
 A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound, 330
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd ;
 Love's feeling is more soft and sensible
 Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;
 For valour, is not Love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as Sphinx ; as sweet and musical
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And when Love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Make heaven drowsy with the harmony. 340
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write
 Until his ink were temper'd with Love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears
 And plant in tyrants mild humility !
 From women's eyes this doctrine I derive :
 They sparkle still the right Promethean fire ;
 They are the books, the arts, the academes,
 That show, contain, and nourish all the world,
 Else none at all in aught proves excellent.
 Then fools you were these women to forswear, 350
 Or keeping what is sworn, you will prove fools.
 For wisdom's sake, a word that all men love,
 Or for love's sake, a word that loves all men,
 Or for men's sake, the authors of these women,
 Or women's sake, by whom we men are men,
 Let us once lose our oaths to find ourselves,
 Or else we lose ourselves to keep our oaths.
 It is religion to be thus forsworn,
 For charity itself fulfils the law,—
 And who can sever love from charity? 360

King. Saint Cupid, then ! and, soldiers, to the field !

Biron. Advance your standards, and upon them, lords!
Pell-mell, down with them! but be first advis'd,
In conflict that you get the sun of them.

Longaville. Now to plain-dealing; lay these glozes by:
Shall we resolve to woo these girls of France?

King. And win them too; therefore let us devise
Some entertainment for them in their tents.

Biron. First, from the park let us conduct them thither;
Then homeward every man attach the hand 370
Of his fair mistress. In the afternoon
We will with some strange pastime solace them,
Such as the shortness of the time can shape;
For revels, dances, masks, and merry hours
Forerun fair Love, strewing her way with flowers.

King. Away, away! no time shall be omitted
That will be time, and may by us be fitted.

Biron. Allons! allons!—Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn;
And justice always whirls in equal measure;
Light wenches may prove plagues to men forsworn; 380
If so, our copper buys no better treasure. [*Exeunt.*



CUPID WHETTING HIS DARTS. FROM AN ANTIQUE GEM.



HOLOFERNES AND MOTH (V. 2. 583.)

ACT V.

SCENE I. *The Park.*

Enter HOLOFERNES, SIR NATHANIEL, and DULL.

Holofernes. Satis quod sufficit.

Nathaniel. I praise God for you, sir: your reasons at dinner have been sharp and sententious; pleasant without scurrility, witty without affection, audacious without impudency,

learned without opinion, and strange without heresy. I did converse this quondam day with a companion of the king's, who is intituled, nominated, or called, Don Adriano de Armado.

Holofernes. Novi hominem tanquam te; his humour is lofty, his discourse peremptory, his tongue filed, his eye ambitious, his gait majestical, and his general behaviour vain, ridiculous, and thrasonical. He is too picked, too spruce, too affected, too odd, as it were, too peregrinate, as I may call it.

Nathaniel. A most singular and choice epithet. 15

[*Draws out his table-book.*]

Holofernes. He draweth out the thread of his verbosity finer than the staple of his argument. I abhor such fanatical phantasies, such insociable and point-device companions; such rackers of orthography, as to speak dout, fine, when he should say doubt; det, when he should pronounce debt,—d, e, b, t, not d, e, t; he clepeth a calf, cauf; half, hauf; neighbour vocatur nebour; neigh abbreviated ne. This is abominable,—which he would call abominable: it insinuateth me of insanire: ne intelligis, domine? to make frantic, lunatic.

Nathaniel. Laus Deo, bone, intelligo.

Holofernes. Bone!—bone for bene! Priscian a little scratched; 't will serve.

Nathaniel. Videsne quis venit?

Holofernes. Video, et gaudeo. 30

Enter ARMADO, MOTH, and COSTARD.

Armado. Chirrah! [To *Moth.*]

Holofernes. Quare chirrah, not sirrah?

Armado. Men of peace, well encountered.

Holofernes. Most military sir, salutation.

Moth. [*Aside to Costard*] They have been at a great feast of languages, and stolen the scraps.

Costard. O, they have lived long on the alms-basket of words. I marvel thy master hath not eaten thee for a word; for thou art not so long by the head as honorificabilitudinitatibus: thou art easier swallowed than a flap-dragon. 40

Moth. Peace! the peal begins.

Armado. [*To Holofernes*] Monsieur, are you not lettered?

Moth. Yes, yes; he teaches boys the horn-book. What is a, b, spelt backward, with the horn on his head?

Holofernes. Ba, pueritia, with a horn added.

Moth. Ba, most silly sheep with a horn! You hear his learning.

Holofernes. Quis, quis, thou consonant?

Moth. The third of the five vowels, if you repeat them; or the fifth, if I. 50

Holofernes. I will repeat them,—a, e, i,—

Moth. The sheep; the other two concludes it,—o, u.

Armado. Now, by the salt wave of the Mediterraneum, a sweet touch, a quick venue of wit! snip, snap, quick and home! it rejoiceth my intellect; true wit!

Moth. Offered by a child to an old man; which is wit-old.

Holofernes. What is the figure? what is the figure?

Moth. Horns.

Holofernes. Thou disputest like an infant; go, whip thy gig. 60

Moth. Lend me your horn to make one, and I will whip about your infamy circum circa,—a gig of a cuckold's horn.

Costard. An I had but one penny in the world, thou shouldst have it to buy gingerbread. Hold, there is the very remuneration I had of thy master, thou halfpenny purse of wit, thou pigeon-egg of discretion. O, an the heavens were so pleased that thou wert but my bastard, what a joyful father wouldst thou make me! Go to; thou hast it ad dunghill, at the finger's ends, as they say. 69

Holofernes. O, I smell false Latin; dunghill for unguem.

Armado. Arts-man, preambulate; we will be singled from

the barbarous. Do you not educate youth at the charge-house on the top of the mountain?

Holofernes. Or mons, the hill.

Armado. At your sweet pleasure, for the mountain.

Holofernes. I do, sans question.

Armado. Sir, it is the king's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon.

80

Holofernes. The posterior of the day, most generous sir, is liable, congruent, and measurable for the afternoon; the word is well culled, choice, sweet, and apt, I do assure you, sir, I do assure.

Armado. Sir, the king is a noble gentleman, and my familiar, I do assure ye, very good friend; for what is inward between us, let it pass. I do beseech thee, remember thy courtesy,—I beseech thee, apparel thy head;—and among other importunate and most serious designs, and of great import indeed, too,—but let that pass:—for I must tell thee, it will please his grace, by the world, sometime to lean upon my poor shoulder, and with his royal finger, thus, dally with my excrement, with my mustachio;—but, sweet heart, let that pass. By the world, I recount no fable: some certain special honours it pleaseth his greatness to impart to Armado, a soldier, a man of travel, that hath seen the world;—but let that pass.—The very all of all is,—but, sweet heart, I do implore secrecy,—that the king would have me present the princess, sweet chuck, with some delightful ostentation, or show, or pageant, or antique, or firework. Now, understanding that the curate and your sweet self are good at such eruptions and sudden breaking out of mirth, as it were, I have acquainted you withal, to the end to crave your assistance.

104

Holofernes. Sir, you shall present before her the Nine Worthies.—Sir Nathaniel, as concerning some entertainment of

time, some show in the posterior of this day, to be rendered by our assistants, at the king's command, and this most gallant, illustrate, and learned gentleman, before the princess,—
I say none so fit as to present the Nine Worthies. 110

Nathaniel. Where will you find men worthy enough to present them?

Holofernes. Joshua, yourself; myself or this gallant gentleman, Judas Maccabæus; this swain, because of his great limb or joint, shall pass Pompey the Great; the page, Hercules,—

Armado. Pardon, sir; error: he is not quantity enough for that Worthy's thumb; he is not so big as the end of his club. 119

Holofernes. Shall I have audience? he shall present Hercules in minority: his enter and exit shall be strangling a snake; and I will have an apology for that purpose.

Moth. An excellent device! so, if any of the audience hiss, you may cry 'Well done, Hercules! now thou crushest the snake!' that is the way to make an offence gracious, though few have the grace to do it.

Armado. For the rest of the Worthies?—

Holofernes. I will play three myself.

Moth. Thrice-worthy gentleman!

Armado. Shall I tell you a thing? 130

Holofernes. We attend.

Armado. We will have, if this fadge not, an antique. I beseech you, follow.

Holofernes. Via!—Goodman Dull, thou hast spoken no word all this while.

Dull. Nor understood none neither, sir.

Holofernes. Allons! we will employ thee.

Dull. I'll make one in a dance, or so; or I will play
On the tabor to the Worthies, and let them dance the hay.

Holofernes. Most dull, honest Dull!—To our sport, away!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The Same.*

Enter the PRINCESS, KATHERINE, ROSALINE, and MARIA.

Princess. Sweet hearts, we shall be rich ere we depart,
If fairings come thus plentifully in.

A lady wall'd about with diamonds!—

Look you what I have from the loving king.

Rosaline. Madame, came nothing else along with that?

Princess. Nothing but this! yes, as much love in rhyme
As would be cramm'd up in a sheet of paper,
Writ on both sides the leaf, margent and all,
That he was fain to seal on Cupid's name.

Rosaline. That was the way to make his godhead wax, 10
For he hath been five thousand years a boy.

Katherine. Ay, and a shrewd, unhappy gallows too.

Rosaline. You 'll ne'er be friends with him; he kill'd your
sister.

Katherine. He made her melancholy, sad, and heavy;
And so she died. Had she been light, like you,
Of such a merry, nimble, stirring spirit,
She might ha' been a grandam ere she died;
And so may you, for a light heart lives long.

Rosaline. What 's your dark meaning, mouse, of this light
word?

Katherine. A light condition in a beauty dark. 20

Rosaline. We need more light to find your meaning out.

Katherine. You 'll mar the light by taking it in snuff;
Therefore I 'll darkly end the argument.

Rosaline. Look, what you do, you do it still i' the dark.

Katherine. So do not you, for you are a light wench.

Rosaline. Indeed I weigh not you, and therefore light.

Katherine. You weigh me not? O, that 's you care not for
me.

Rosaline. Great reason; for past cure is still past care.

Princess. Well bandied both; a set of wit well play'd.—

But, Rosaline, you have a favour, too.

Who sent it? and what is it?

30

Rosaline. I would you knew.

An if my face were but as fair as yours,
My favour were as great; be witness this.

Nay, I have verses too, I thank Biron:

The numbers true; and, were the numbering too,

I were the fairest goddess on the ground.

I am compar'd to twenty thousand fairs.

O, he hath drawn my picture in his letter!

Princess. Any thing like?

Rosaline. Much in the letters, nothing in the praise.

40

Princess. Beauteous as ink; a good conclusion.

Katherine. Fair as a text B in a copy-book.

Rosaline. Ware pencils, ho! let me not die your debtor,
My red dominical, my golden letter!

O that your face were not so full of O's!

Katherine. A pox of that jest! and beshrew all shrows.

Princess. But, Katherine, what was sent to you from fair
Dumain?

Katherine. Madam, this glove.

Princess. Did he not send you twain?

Katherine. Yes, madam, and moreover
Some thousand verses of a faithful lover,—

50

A huge translation of hypocrisy,
Vilely compil'd, profound simplicity.

Maria. This and these pearls to me sent Longaville;
The letter is too long by half a mile.

Princess. I think no less. Dost thou not wish in heart
The chain were longer and the letter short?

Maria. Ay, or I would these hands might never part.

Princess. We are wise girls to mock our lovers so.

Rosaline. They are worse fools to purchase mocking
so.

That same Biron I'll torture ere I go.

60

O that I knew he were but in by the week!
 How I would make him fawn and beg and seek,
 And wait the season, and observe the times,
 And spend his prodigal wits in bootless rhymes,
 And shape his service wholly to my hests,
 And make him proud to make me proud that jests!
 So potent-like would I o'ersway his state
 That he should be my fool and I his fate.

Princess. None are so surely caught, when they are catch'd,
 As wit turn'd fool; folly, in wisdom hatch'd, 76
 Hath wisdom's warrant and the help of school,
 And wit's own grace to grace a learned fool.

Rosaline. The blood of youth burns not with such excess
 As gravity's revolt to wantonness.

Maria. Folly in fools bears not so strong a note
 As foolery in the wise, when wit doth dote;
 Since all the power thereof it doth apply
 To prove, by wit, worth in simplicity.

Princess. Here comes Boyet, and mirth is in his face. 79

Enter BOYET.

Boyet. O, I am stabb'd with laughter! Where's her grace?

Princess. Thy news, Boyet?

Boyet. Prepare, madam, prepare!—
 Arm, wenches, arm! encounters mounted are
 Against your peace. Love doth approach disguis'd,
 Armed in arguments; you'll be surpris'd.
 Muster your wits, stand in your own defence;
 Or hide your heads like cowards, and fly hence.

Princess. Saint Denis to Saint Cupid! What are they
 That charge their breath against us? say, scout, say.

Boyet. Under the cool shade of a sycamore
 I thought to close mine eyes some half an hour, 90
 When, lo! to interrupt my purpos'd rest,
 Toward that shade I might behold address

The king and his companions ; warily
 I stole into a neighbour thicket by,
 And overheard what you shall overhear,—
 That, by and by, disguis'd they will be here.
 Their herald is a pretty knavish page,
 That well by heart hath conn'd his embassy.
 Action and accent did they teach him there,—
 'Thus must thou speak,' and 'thus thy body bear ;'
 And ever and anon they made a doubt
 Presence majestical would put him out :
 'For,' quoth the king, 'an angel shalt thou see ;
 Yet fear not thou, but speak audaciously.'
 The boy replied, 'An angel is not evil ;
 I should have fear'd her had she been a devil.'
 With that, all laugh'd and clapp'd him on the shoulder,
 Making the bold wag by their praises bolder.
 One rubb'd his elbow thus, and fleer'd, and swore
 A better speech was never spoke before ;
 Another, with his finger and his thumb,
 Cried, 'Via ! we will do 't, come what will come ;'
 The third he caper'd, and cried, 'All goes well ;'
 The fourth turn'd on the toe, and down he fell.
 With that, they all did tumble on the ground,
 With such a zealous laughter, so profound,
 That in this spleen ridiculous appears,
 To check their folly, passion's solemn tears.

Princess. But what, but what, come they to visit us ?

Boyet. They do, they do ; and are apparell'd thus,
 Like Muscovites or Russians, as I guess.
 Their purpose is to parle, to court, and dance ;
 And every one his love-feat will advance
 Unto his several mistress, which they 'll know
 By favours several which they did bestow.

Princess. And will they so ? the gallants shall be task'd ;
 For, ladies, we will every one be mask'd,

And not a man of them shall have the grace,
 Despite of suit, to see a lady's face.—
 Hold, Rosaline, this favour thou shalt wear,
 And then the king will court thee for his dear ;
 Hold, take thou this, my sweet, and give me thine,
 So shall Biron take me for Rosaline.—
 And change you favours too ; so shall your loves
 Woo contrary, deceiv'd by these removes.

130

Rosaline. Come on, then ; wear the favours most in sight.

Katherine. But in this changing what is your intent?

Princess. The effect of my intent is to cross theirs ;
 They do it but in mocking merriment,
 And mock for mock is only my intent.
 Their several counsels they unbosom shall
 To loves mistook, and so be mock'd withal
 Upon the next occasion that we meet,
 With visages display'd, to talk and greet.

140

Rosaline. But shall we dance, if they desire us to 't?

Princess. No, to the death, we will not move a foot ;
 Nor to their penn'd speech render we no grace,
 But while 't is spoke each turn away her face.

Boyet. Why, that contempt will kill the speaker's heart,
 And quite divorce his memory from his part.

150

Princess. Therefore I do it ; and I make no doubt
 The rest will ne'er come in, if he be out.
 There 's no such sport as sport by sport o'erthrown,
 To make theirs ours, and ours none but our own ;
 So shall we stay, mocking intended game,
 And they, well mock'd, depart away with shame.

[*Trumpets sound within.*

Boyet. The trumpet sounds: be mask'd; the maskers
 come.

[*The Ladies mask.*

Enter Blackamoors with music; MOTH; the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in Russian habits, and masked.

Moth. All hail, the richest beauties on the earth !

Boyet. Beauties no richer than rich taffeta.

Moth. A holy parcel of the fairest dames 160

[The ladies turn their backs to him.]

That ever turn'd their—backs—to mortal views !

Biron. *[Aside to Moth]* Their eyes, villain, their eyes.

Moth. That ever turn'd their eyes to mortal views !—

Out—

Boyet. True ; out indeed.

Moth. Out of your favours, heavenly spirits, vouchsafe
Not to behold—

Biron. *[Aside to Moth]* Once to behold, rogue.

Moth. Once to behold with your sun-beamed eyes,
—with your sun-beamed eyes— 170

Boyet. They will not answer to that epithet ;
You were best call it daughter-beamed eyes.

Moth. They do not mark me, and that brings me out.

Biron. Is this your perfectness ? be gone, you rogue !
[Exit Moth.]

Rosaline. What would these strangers ? know their minds,
Boyet.

If they do speak our language, 't is our will
That some plain man recount their purposes.
Know what they would.

Boyet. What would you with the princess ?

Biron. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation. 180

Rosaline. What would they, say they ?

Boyet. Nothing but peace and gentle visitation.

Rosaline. Why, that they have ; and bid them so be gone.

Boyet. She says, you have it, and you may be gone.

King. Say to her, we have measur'd many miles
To tread a measure with her on this grass.

Boyet. They say, that they have measur'd many a mile
To tread a measure with you on this grass.

Rosaline. It is not so. Ask them how many inches
Is in one mile ; if they have measur'd many,
The measure then of one is easily told. 190

Boyet. If to come hither you have measur'd miles,
And many miles, the princess bids you tell
How many inches doth fill up one mile.

Biron. Tell her, we measure them by weary steps.

Boyet. She hears herself.

Rosaline. How many weary steps,
Of many weary miles you have o'ergone,
Are number'd in the travel of one mile ?

Biron. We number nothing that we spend for you ;
Our duty is so rich, so infinite,
That we may do it still without accompt.
Vouchsafe to show the sunshine of your face,
That we, like savages, may worship it. 200

Rosaline. My face is but a moon, and clouded too.

King. Blessed are clouds, to do as such clouds do !
Vouchsafe, bright moon,—and these thy stars,—to shine,
Those clouds remov'd, upon our watery eyne.

Rosaline. O vain petitioner ! beg a greater matter ;
Thou now request'st but moonshine in the water.

King. Then, in our measure vouchsafe but one change.
Thou bidst me beg ; this begging is not strange. 211

Rosaline. Play, music, then !—Nay, you must do it soon.

[*Music plays.*]

Not yet,—no dance !—Thus change I like the moon.

King. Will you not dance ? How come you thus estrang'd ?

Rosaline. You took the moon at full, but now she's chang'd.

King. Yet still she is the moon, and I the man.
The music plays ; vouchsafe some motion to it.

Rosaline. Our ears vouchsafe it.

King. But your legs should do it.

Rosaline. Since you are strangers and come here by chance,

We'll not be nice; take hands.—We will not dance. 220

King. Why take we hands, then?

Rosaline. Only to part friends.

Curtsy, sweet hearts; and so the measure ends.

King. More measure of this measure; be not nice.

Rosaline. We can afford no more at such a price.

King. Prize you yourselves; what buys your company?

Rosaline. Your absence only

King. That can never be.

Rosaline. Then cannot we be bought: and so, adieu;
Twice to your visor, and half once to you.

King. If you deny to dance, let's hold more chat. 225

Rosaline. In private, then.

King. I am best pleas'd with that.

[*They converse apart.*]

Biron. White-handed mistress, one sweet word with thee.

Princess. Honey, and milk, and sugar; there is three.

Biron. Nay then, two treys, and if you grow so nice,
Metheglin, wort, and malmsey. Well run, dice!
There's half-a-dozen sweets.

Princess. Seventh sweet, adieu.

Since you can cog, I'll play no more with you.

Biron. One word in secret.

Princess. Let it not be sweet.

Biron. Thou griev'st my gall.

Princess. Gall! bitter.

Biron. Therefore meet.

[*They converse apart.*]

Dumain. Will you vouchsafe with me to change a word?

Maria. Name it.

Dumain. Fair lady,—

Maria. Say you so? Fair lord,—

Take that for your fair lady.

Dumain. Please it you, 241
As much in private, and I'll bid adieu.

[*They converse apart.*]

Katherine. What, was your vizard made without a tongue?

Longaville. I know the reason, lady, why you ask.

Katherine. O, for your reason! quickly, sir; I long.

Longaville. You have a double tongue within your mask,
And would afford my speechless vizard half.

Katherine. Veal, quoth the Dutchman.—Is not veal a calf?

Longaville. A calf, fair lady!

Katherine. No, a fair lord calf.

Longaville. Let's part the word.

Katherine. No, I'll not be your half.
Take all, and wean it; it may prove an ox. 251

Longaville. Look, how you butt yourself in these sharp
mocks!

Will you give horns, chaste lady? do not so.

Katherine. Then die a calf, before your horns do grow.

Longaville. One word in private with you, ere I die.

Katherine. Bleat softly then; the butcher hears you cry.

[*They converse apart.*]

Boyet. The tongues of mocking wenches are as keen

As is the razor's edge invisible,

Cutting a smaller hair than may be seen;

Above the sense of sense, so sensible

Seemeth their conference; their conceits have wings

Fleeter than arrows, bullets, wind, thought, swifter things.

Rosaline. Not one word more, my maids; break off, break
off. 260

Biron. By heaven, all dry-beaten with pure scoff!

King. Farewell, mad wenches; you have simple wits.

Princess. Twenty adieus, my frozen Muscovits.—

[*Exeunt King, Lords, and Blackamoors.*]

Are these the breed of wits so wonder'd at?

Boyet. Tapers they are, with your sweet breaths puff'd out.

Rosaline. Well-liking wits they have ; gross, gross ; fat, fat.

Princess. O poverty in wit, kingly-poor flout ! 270

Will they not, think you, hang themselves to-night ?

Or ever, but in vizards, show their faces ?

This pert Biron was out of countenance quite.

Rosaline. O, they were all in lamentable cases !

The king was weeping-ripe for a good word.

Princess. Biron did swear himself out of all suit.

Maria. Dumain was at my service, and his sword :

No point, quoth I ; my servant straight was mute.

Katherine. Lord Longaville said I came o'er his heart ;

And trow you what he call'd me ?

Princess. Qualm, perhaps. 280

Katherine. Yes, in good faith.

Princess. Go, sickness as thou art !

Rosaline. Well, better wits have worn plain statute-caps.

But will you hear ? the king is my love sworn.

Princess. And quick Biron hath plighted faith to me. .

Katherine. And Longaville was for my service born.

Maria. Dumain is mine, as sure as bark on tree.

Boyet. Madam, and pretty mistresses, give ear.

Immediately they will again be here

In their own shapes ; for it can never be

They will digest this harsh indignity. 290

Princess. Will they return ?

Boyet. They will, they will, God knows,

And leap for joy, though they are lame with blows.

Therefore change favours ; and, when they repair,

Blow like sweet roses in this summer air.

Princess. How blow ? how blow ? speak to be understood.

Boyet. Fair ladies mask'd are roses in their bud ;

Dismask'd, their damask sweet commixture shown,

Are angels vailing clouds, or roses blown.

Princess. Avaunt, perplexity ! What shall we do, 300
If they return in their own shapes to woo ?

Rosaline. Good madam, if by me you'll be advis'd,
 Let's mock them still, as well known as disguis'd.
 Let us complain to them what fools were here,
 Disguis'd like Muscovites, in shapeless gear;
 And wonder what they were, and to what end
 Their shallow shows, and prologue vilely penn'd,
 And their rough carriage so ridiculous,
 Should be presented at our tent to us.

Boyet. Ladies, withdraw; the gallants are at hand. 310

Princess. Whip to our tents, as roes run over land.

[*Exeunt Princess, Rosaline, Katherine, and Maria.*]

Re-enter the KING, BIRON, LONGAVILLE, and DUMAIN, in their proper habits.

King. Fair sir, God save you! Where's the princess?

Boyet. Gone to her tent. Please it your majesty
 Command me any service to her thither?

King. That she vouchsafe me audience for one word.

Boyet. I will; and so will she, I know, my lord. [*Exit.*]

Biron. This fellow pecks up wit as pigeons pease,
 And utters it again when God doth please.

He is wit's pedler, and retails his wares
 At wakes and wassails, meetings, markets, fairs; 320

And we that sell by gross, the Lord doth know,
 Have not the grace to grace it with such show.

This gallant pins the wenches on his sleeve;

Had he been Adam, he had tempted Eve.

He can carve too, and lisp: why, this is he

That kiss'd his hand away in courtesy;

This is the ape of form, monsieur the nice,

That, when he plays at tables, chides the dice

In honourable terms; nay, he can sing

A mean most meanly; and in ushering 330

Mend him who can: the ladies call him sweet;

The stairs, as he treads on them, kiss his feet.

This is the flower that smiles on every one,
 To show his teeth as white as whale's bone ;
 And consciences that will not die in debt
 Pay him the due of honey-tongu'd Boyet.

King. A blister on his sweet tongue, with my heart,
 That put Armado's page out of his part!

Biron. See where it comes!—Behaviour, what wert thou
 Till this man show'd thee? and what art thou now? 340

*Re-enter the PRINCESS, ushered by BOYET; ROSALINE, MARIA,
 and KATHERINE.*

King. All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!

Princess. Fair in all hail is foul, as I conceive.

King. Construe my speeches better, if you may.

Princess. Then wish me better; I will give you leave.

King. We came to visit you, and purpose now
 To lead you to our court; vouchsafe it then.

Princess. This field shall hold me, and so hold your vow;
 Nor God, nor I, delights in perjur'd men.

King. Rebuke me not for that which you provoke;
 The virtue of your eye must break my oath. 350

Princess. You nickname virtue; vice you should have spoke,
 For virtue's office never breaks men's troth.

Now by my maiden honour, yet as pure

As the unsullied lily, I protest,
 A world of torments though I should endure,

I would not yield to be your house's guest;
 So much I hate a breaking cause to be
 Of heavenly oaths, vow'd with integrity.

King. O, you have liv'd in desolation here,
 Unseen, unvisited, much to our shame. 360

Princess. Not so, my lord; it is not so, I swear;
 We have had pastimes here and pleasant game.
 A mess of Russians left us but of late.

King. How, madam! Russians!

Princess. Ay, in truth, my lord;
Trim gallants, full of courtship and of state.

Rosaline. Madam, speak true.—It is not so, my lord;
My lady, to the manner of the days,
In courtesy gives undeserving praise.
We four indeed confronted were with four
In Russian habit: here they stay'd an hour, 370
And talk'd apace; and in that hour, my lord,
They did not bless us with one happy word.
I dare not call them fools; but this I think,
When they are thirsty, fools would fain have drink.

Biron. This jest is dry to me.—Fair gentle sweet,
Your wit makes wise things foolish: when we greet,
With eyes best seeing, heaven's fiery eye,
By light we lose light; your capacity
Is of that nature that to your huge store
Wise things seem foolish and rich things but poor. 380

Rosaline. This proves you wise and rich, for in my eye,—

Biron. I am a fool, and full of poverty.

Rosaline. But that you take what doth to you belong,
It were a fault to snatch words from my tongue.

Biron. O, I am yours, and all that I possess!

Rosaline. All the fool mine?

Biron. I cannot give you less.

Rosaline. Which of the vizards was it that you wore?

Biron. Where? when? what vizard? why demand you this?

Rosaline. There, then, that vizard; that superfluous case
That hid the worse and show'd the better face. 390

King. [*Aside to Dumain*] We are descried; they'll mock
us now downright.

Dumain. [*Aside to King*] Let us confess and turn it to a jest.

Princess. Amaz'd, my lord? why looks your highness sad?

Rosaline. Help, hold his brows! he'll swoon!—Why look
you pale?—

Sea-sick, I think, coming from Muscovy.

Biron. Thus pour the stars down plagues for perjury.

Can any face of brass hold longer out?—

Here stand I, lady: dart thy skill at me;

Bruise me with scorn, confound me with a flout;

Thrust thy sharp wit quite through my ignorance;

400

Cut me to pieces with thy keen conceit;

And I will wish thee never more to dance,

Nor never more in Russian habit wait.

O, never will I trust to speeches penn'd,

Nor to the motion of a schoolboy's tongue,

Nor never come in vizard to my friend,

Nor woo in rhyme, like a blind harper's song!

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,

Three-pil'd hyperboles, spruce affectation,

Figures pedantical—these summer-flies

410

Have blown me full of maggot ostentation.

I do forswear them; and I here protest,

By this white glove,—how white the hand, God knows!—

Henceforth my wooing mind shall be express'd

In russet yeas and honest kersey noes:

And to begin, wench,—so God help me, la!—

My love to thee is sound, sans crack or flaw.

Rosaline. Sans sans, I pray you.

Biron.

Yet I have a trick

Of the old rage: bear with me, I am sick;

I'll leave it by degrees. Soft, let us see:

420

Write, 'Lord have mercy on us' on those three;

They are infected; in their hearts it lies;

They have the plague, and caught it of your eyes;

These lords are visited; you are not free,

For the Lord's tokens on you do I see.

Princess. No, they are free that gave these tokens to us.

Biron. Our states are forfeit; seek not to undo us.

Rosaline. It is not so; for how can this be true,
That you stand forfeit, being those that sue?

Biron. Peace! for I will not have to do with you.

430

Rosaline. Nor shall not, if I do as I intend.

Biron. Speak for yourselves; my wit is at an end.

King. Teach us, sweet madam, for our rude transgression
Some fair excuse.

Princess. The fairest is confession.
Were not you here but even now disguis'd?

King. Madam, I was.

Princess. And were you well advis'd?

King. I was, fair madam.

Princess. When you then were here,
What did you whisper in your lady's ear?

King. That more than all the world I did respect her.

Princess. When she shall challenge this, you will reject her.

King. Upon mine honour, no.

Princess. Peace, peace! forbear;
Your oath once broke, you force not to forswear.

442

King. Despise me when I break this oath of mine.

Princess. I will; and therefore keep it.—*Rosaline,*
What did the Russian whisper in your ear?

Rosaline. Madam, he swore that he did hold me dear
As precious eyesight, and did value me
Above this world; adding thereto moreover
That he would wed me, or else die my lover.

Princess. God give thee joy of him! the noble lord
Most honourably doth uphold his word.

450

King. What mean you, madam? by my life, my troth,
I never swore this lady such an oath.

Rosaline. By heaven, you did; and to confirm it plain,
You gave me this: but take it, sir, again.

King. My faith and this the princess I did give;
I knew her by this jewel on her sleeve.

Princess. Pardon me, sir, this jewel did she wear;
And Lord Biron, I thank him, is my dear.—
What, will you have me, or your pearl again?

460

Biron. Neither of either; I remit both twain.—
 I see the trick on 't; here was a consent,
 Knowing aforehand of our merriment,
 To dash it like a Christmas comedy.
 Some carry-tale, some please-man, some slight zany,
 Some mumble-news, some trencher-knight, some Dick,
 That smiles his cheek in years and knows the trick
 To make my lady laugh when she 's dispos'd,
 Told our intents before; which once disclos'd,
 The ladies did change favours, and then we, 470
 Following the signs, woo'd but the sign of she.
 Now, to our perjury to add more terror,
 We are again forsworn,—in will, and error.
 Much upon this it is.—And might not you [To Boyet.
 Forestall our sport, to make us thus untrue?
 Do not you know my lady's foot by the squire,
 And laugh upon the apple of her eye?
 And stand between her back, sir, and the fire,
 Holding a trencher, jesting merrily?
 You put our page out: go, you are allow'd; 480
 Die when you will, a smock shall be your shroud.
 You leer upon me, do you? there 's an eye
 Wounds like a leaden sword.

Boyet. Full merrily
 Hath this brave manage, this career, been run.

Biron. Lo, he is tilting straight! Peace! I have done.—

Enter COSTARD.

Welcome, pure wit! thou partest a fair fray.

Costard. O Lord, sir, they would know
 Whether the three Worthies shall come in or no.

Biron. What, are there but three?

Costard. No, sir; but it is vara fine,
 For every one pursents three.

Biron. And three times thrice is nine.

Costard. Not so, sir ; under correction, sir ; I hope it is not so. 491

You cannot beg us, sir, I can assure you, sir ; we know what we know :

I hope, sir, three times thrice, sir,—

Biron. Is not nine.

Costard. Under correction, sir, we know whereuntil it doth amount.

Biron. By Jove, I always took three threes for nine.

Costard. O Lord, sir, it were pity you should get your living by reckoning, sir.

Biron. How much is it? 500

Costard. O Lord, sir, the parties themselves, the actors, sir, will show whereuntil it doth amount ; for mine own part, I am, as they say, but to pursent one man,—e'en one poor man—Pompion the Great, sir.

Biron. Art thou one of the Worthies?

Costard. It pleased them to think me worthy of Pompion the Great ; for mine own part, I know not the degree of the Worthy, but I am to stand for him.

Biron. Go, bid them prepare. 509

Costard. We will turn it finely off, sir ; we will take some care. [Exit.

King. Biron, they will shame us ; let them not approach.

Biron. We are shame-proof, my lord ; and 't is some policy To have one show worse than the king's and his company.

King. I say they shall not come.

Princess. Nay, my good lord, let me o'errule you now ; That sport best pleases that doth least know how. Where zeal strives to content, and the contents Dies in the zeal of that which it presents, Their form confounded makes most form in mirth, When great things labouring perish in their birth. 520

Biron. A right description of our sport, my lord.

Enter ARMADO.

Armado. Anointed, I implore so much expense of thy royal sweet breath as will utter a brace of words.

[Converses apart with the King, and delivers him a paper.]

Princess. Doth this man serve God?

Biron. Why ask you?

Princess. He speaks not like a man of God's making.

Armado. That is all one, my fair, sweet, honey monarch; for, I protest, the schoolmaster is exceeding fantastical, too too vain, too too vain: but we will put it, as they say, to fortuna de la guerra. I wish you the peace of mind, most royal couplement! *[Exit.]*

King. Here is like to be a good presence of Worthies. He presents Hector of Troy; the swain, Pompey the Great; the parish curate, Alexander; Armado's page, Hercules; the pedant, Judas Maccabæus:

And if these four Worthies in their first show thrive,
These four will change habits, and present the other five.

Biron. There is five in the first show.

King. You are deceived; 't is not so.

Biron. The pedant, the braggart, the hedge-priest, the fool,
and the boy.—

541

Abate throw at novum, and the whole world again
Cannot pick out five such, take each one in his vein.

King. The ship is under sail, and here she comes amain.

Enter COSTARD, for Pompey.

Costard. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. You lie, you are not he.

Costard. I Pompey am,—

Boyet. With libbard's head on knee.

Biron. Well said, old mocker; I must needs be friends
with thee.

Costard. I Pompey am, Pompey surnam'd the Big,—

Dumain. The Great.

Costard. It is Great, sir:—

Pompey surnam'd the Great; 550

That oft in field, with targe and shield, did make my foe to sweat :

And travelling along this coast, I here am come by chance,

And lay my arms before the legs of this sweet lass of France.—

If your ladyship would say, 'Thanks, Pompey,' I had done.

Princess. Great thanks, great Pompey.

Costard. 'T is not so much worth ; but I hope I was perfect. I made a little fault in 'Great.'

Biron. My hat to a halfpenny, Pompey proves the best Worthy.

Enter SIR NATHANIEL, for Alexander.

Nathaniel. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander; 560

By east, west, north, and south, I spread my conquering might ;

My scutcheon plain declares that I am Alisander,—

Boyet. Your nose says, no, you are not ; for it stands too right.

Biron. Your nose smells no in this, most tender-smelling knight.

Princess. The conqueror is dismay'd.—Proceed, good Alexander.

Nathaniel. When in the world I liv'd, I was the world's commander,—

Boyet. Most true, 't is right ; you were so, Alisander.

Biron. Pompey the Great,—

Costard. Your servant, and Costard. 569

Biron. Take away the conqueror, take away Alisander.

Costard. [*To Sir Nathaniel*] O, sir, you have overthrown Alisander the conqueror ! You will be scraped out of the painted cloth for this : your lion, that holds his poll-axe sitting on a close-stool, will be given to Ajax ; he will be the ninth Worthy. A conqueror, and afeard to speak ! run away for shame, Alisander.—[*Nathaniel retires.*] There, an 't shall please you ; a foolish mild man ; an honest man, look you,

and soon dashed. He is a marvellous good neighbour, faith, and a very good bowler; but, for Alisander,—alas, you see how 't is,—a little o'erparted.—But there are Worthies a-coming will speak their mind in some other sort. 581

Princess. Stand aside, good Pompey.

Enter HOLOFERNES, for Judas; and MOTH, for Hercules.

Holofernes. Great Hercules is presented by this imp,
Whose club kill'd Cerberus, that three-headed canus;
And when he was a babe, a child, a shrimp,
Thus did he strangle serpents in his manus.
Quoniam he seemeth in minority,
Ergo I come with this apology.—

Keep some state in thy exit, and vanish.— [*Moth retires.*]

Judas I am,— 590

Dumain. A Judas!

Holofernes. Not Iscariot, sir.—

Judas I am, ycliped Maccabæus.

Dumain. Judas Maccabæus clipt is plain Judas.

Biron. A kissing traitor.—How art thou prov'd Judas?

Holofernes. Judas I am,—

Dumain. The more shame for you, Judas.

Holofernes. What mean you, sir?

Boyet. To make Judas hang himself.

Holofernes. Begin, sir; you are my elder. 600

Biron. Well follow'd; Judas was hang'd on an elder.

Holofernes. I will not be put out of countenance.

Biron. Because thou hast no face.

Holofernes. What is this?

Boyet. A cittern-head.

Dumain. The head of a bodkin.

Biron. A Death's face in a ring.

Longaville. The face of an old Roman coin, scarce seen.

Boyet. The pommel of Cæsar's falchion.

Dumain. The carved-bone face on a flask. 610

Biron. Saint George's half-cheek in a brooch.

Dumain. Ay, and in a brooch of lead.

Biron. Ay, and worn in the cap of a tooth-drawer.—
And now forward; for we have put thee in countenance.

Holofernes. You have put me out of countenance.

Biron. False; we have given thee faces.

Holofernes. But you have out-faced them all.

Biron. An thou wert a lion, we would do so.

Boyet. Therefore, as he is an ass, let him go.—

And so adieu, sweet Jude! nay, why dost thou stay? 620

Dumain. For the latter end of his name.

Biron. For the ass to the Jude? give it him.—Jud-as,
away!

Holofernes. This is not generous, not gentle, not humble.

Boyet. A light for Monsieur Judas! it grows dark, he may
stumble. [*Holofernes retires.*]

Princess. Alas, poor Maccabæus, how hath he been baited!

Enter ARMADO, for Hector.

Biron. Hide thy head, Achilles; here comes Hector in
arms.

Dumain. Though my mocks come home by me, I will
now be merry.

King. Hector was but a Trojan in respect of this. 630

Boyet. But is this Hector?

King. I think Hector was not so clean-timbered.

Longaville. His leg is too big for Hector's.

Dumain. More calf, certain.

Boyet. No; he is best indued in the small.

Biron. This cannot be Hector.

Dumain. He's a god or a painter; for he makes faces.

Armado. The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,
Gave Hector a gift,—

Dumain. A gilt nutmeg. 640

Biron. A lemon.

Longaville. Stuck with cloves.

Dumain. No, cloven.

Armado. Peace!—

The armipotent Mars, of lances the almighty,

Gave Hector a gift, the heir of Ilion ;

A man so breath'd, that certain he would fight ye

From morn till night, out of his pavilion.

I am that flower,—

Dumain. That mint.

Longaville. That columbine.

Armado. Sweet Lord Longaville, rein thy tongue. 650

Longaville. I must rather give it the rein, for it runs against Hector.

Dumain. Ay, and Hector 's a greyhound.

Armado. The sweet war-man is dead and rotten ; sweet chucks, beat not the bones of the buried : when he breathed, he was a man. But I will forward with my device.—[*To the Princess*] Sweet royalty, bestow on me the sense of hearing.

Princess. Speak, brave Hector ; we are much delighted.

Armado. I do adore thy sweet grace's slipper.

Boyet. [*Aside to Dumain*] Loves her by the foot. 660

Dumain. [*Aside to Boyet*] He may not by the yard.

Armado. This Hector far surmounted Hannibal,—

Costard. The party is gone, fellow Hector, she is gone ; she is two months on her way.

Armado. What meanest thou ?

Costard. Faith, unless you play the honest Trojan, the poor wench is cast away ; she 's quick.

Armado. Dost thou infamonize me among potentates ? thou shalt die. 665

Costard. Then shall Hector be whipped for Jaquenetta that is quick by him, and hanged for Pompey that is dead by him.

Dumain. Most rare Pompey !

Boyet. Renowned Pompey !

Biron. Greater than great,—great, great, great Pompey ! Pompey the Huge !

Dumain. Hector trembles.

Biron. Pompey is moved.—More Ates, more Ates! stir them on! stir them on!

Dumain. Hector will challenge him.

680

Biron. Ay, if he have no more man's blood in 's belly than will sup a flea.

Armado. By the north pole, I do challenge thee.

Costard. I will not fight with a pole, like a northern man: I'll slash; I'll do it by the sword. I pray you, let me borrow my arms again.

Dumain. Room for the incensed Worthies.

Costard. I'll do it in my shirt.

Dumain. Most resolute Pompey!

689

Moth. Master, let me take you a button-hole lower. Do you not see Pompey is uncasing for the combat? What mean you? You will lose your reputation.

Armado. Gentlemen and soldiers, pardon me; I will not combat in my shirt.

Dumain. You may not deny it; Pompey hath made the challenge.

Armado. Sweet bloods, I both may and will.

Biron. What reason have you for 't?

Armado. The naked truth of it is, I have no shirt; I go woolward for penance.

700

Boyet. True, and it was enjoined him in Rome for want of linen; since when, I'll be sworn, he wore none but a dishclout of Jaquenetta's, and that he wears next his heart for a favour.

Enter MERCADE.

Mercade. God save you, madam!

Princess. Welcome, Mercade,
But that thou interrupt'st our merriment.

Mercade. I am sorry, madam, for the news I bring
Is heavy in my tongue. The king your father—

Princess. Dead, for my life!

710

Mercade. Even so; my tale is told.

Biron. Worthies, away! the scene begins to cloud.

Armado. For mine own part, I breathe free breath. I have seen the day of wrong through the little hole of discretion, and I will right myself like a soldier.

[*Exeunt Worthies.*]

King. How fares your majesty?

Princess. Boyet, prepare; I will away to-night.

King. Madam, not so; I do beseech you, stay.

Princess. Prepare, I say.—I thank you, gracious lords,
For all your fair endeavours, and entreat, 720
Out of a new-sad soul, that you vouchsafe
In your rich wisdom to excuse or hide
The liberal opposition of our spirits;
If over-boldly we have borne ourselves
In the converse of breath, your gentleness
Was guilty of it.—Farewell, worthy lord!
A heavy heart bears not a nimble tongue.
Excuse me so, coming too short of thanks
For my great suit so easily obtain'd.

King. The extreme parts of time extremely forms 730
All causes to the purpose of his speed,
And often at his very loose decides
That which long process could not arbitrate:
And though the mourning brow of progeny
Forbid the smiling courtesy of love
The holy suit which fain it would convince,
Yet, since love's argument was first on foot,
Let not the cloud of sorrow justle it
From what it purpos'd; since to wail friends lost
Is not by much so wholesome-profitable 740
As to rejoice at friends but newly found.

Princess. I understand you not; my griefs are dull.

Biron. Honest plain words best pierce the ear of grief:
And by these badges understand the king.

For your fair sakes have we neglected time,
 Play'd foul play with our oaths: your beauty, ladies,
 Hath much deform'd us, fashioning our humours
 Even to the opposed end of our intents;
 And what in us hath seem'd ridiculous,—
 As love is full of unbefitting strains, 750
 All wanton as a child, skipping and vain,
 Form'd by the eye, and therefore, like the eye,
 Full of strange shapes, of habits, and of forms,
 Varying in subjects as the eye doth roll
 To every varied object in his glance:
 Which parti-coated presence of loose love
 Put on by us, if, in your heavenly eyes,
 Have misbecom'd our oaths and gravities,
 Those heavenly eyes, that look into these faults,
 Suggested us to make. Therefore, ladies, 760
 Our love being yours, the error that love makes
 Is likewise yours: we to ourselves prove false,
 By being once false for ever to be true
 To those that make us both,—fair ladies, you;
 And even that falsehood, in itself a sin,
 Thus purifies itself and turns to grace.

Princess. We have receiv'd your letters full of love,
 Your favours, the ambassadors of love,
 And, in our maiden council, rated them
 At courtship, pleasant jest, and courtesy, 770
 As bombast and as lining to the time;
 But more devout than this in our respects
 Have we not been, and therefore met your loves
 In their own fashion, like a merriment.

Dumain. Our letters, madam, show'd much more than jest.

Longaville. So did our looks.

Rosaline. We did not quote them so.

King. Now, at the latest minute of the hour,
 Grant us your loves.

Princess. A time, methinks, too short
 To make a world-without-end bargain in.
 No, no, my lord, your grace is perjur'd much, 780
 Full of dear guiltiness; and therefore this:
 If for my love—as there is no such cause—
 You will do aught, this shall you do for me:
 Your oath I will not trust; but go with speed
 To some forlorn and naked hermitage,
 Remote from all the pleasures of the world;
 There stay until the twelve celestial signs
 Have brought about the annual reckoning.
 If this austere insociable life
 Change not your offer made in heat of blood, 790
 If frosts and fasts, hard lodging and thin weeds
 Nip not the gaudy blossoms of your love,
 But that it bear this trial and last love,
 Then, at the expiration of the year,
 Come challenge me, challenge me by these deserts,
 And, by this virgin palm now kissing thine,
 I will be thine, and till that instant shut
 My woeful self up in a mourning house,
 Raining the tears of lamentation
 For the remembrance of my father's death. 800
 If this thou do deny, let our hands part,
 Neither intitled in the other's heart.
King. If this, or more than this, I would deny,
 To flatter up these powers of mine with rest,
 The sudden hand of death close up mine eye!
 Hence ever then my heart is in thy breast.
 [*Biron.* And what to me, my love? and what to me?
Rosaline. You must be purged too, your sins are rank,
 You are attaint with faults and perjury;
 Therefore if you my favour mean to get, 810
 A twelvemonth shall you spend, and never rest,
 But seek the weary beds of people sick.]

Dumain. But what to me, my love? but what to me?
A wife?

Katherine. A beard, fair health, and honesty;
With three-fold love I wish you all these three.

Dumain. O, shall I say, I thank you, gentle wife?

Katherine. Not so, my lord; a twelvemonth and a day
I 'll mark no words that smooth-fac'd wooers say.
Come when the king doth to my lady come;
Then, if I have much love, I 'll give you some. 826

Dumain. I 'll serve thee true and faithfully till then.

Katherine. Yet swear not, lest ye be forsworn again.

Longaville. What says Maria?

Maria. At the twelvemonth's end
I 'll change my black gown for a faithful friend.

Longaville. I 'll stay with patience; but the time is
long.

Maria. The liker you; few taller are so young.

Biron. Studies my lady? mistress, look on me;
Behold the window of my heart, mine eye,
What humble suit attends thy answer there;
Impose some service on me for thy love. 830

Rosaline. Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute
That lie within the mercy of your wit.
To weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain,
And therewithal to win me, if you please,—
Without the which I am not to be won,—
You shall this twelvemonth term from day to day 840
Visit the speechless sick, and still converse
With groaning wretches; and your task shall be,
With all the fierce endeavour of your wit
To enforce the pained impotent to smile.

Biron. To move wild laughter in the throat of death?
It cannot be; it is impossible:

Mirth cannot move a soul in agony.

Rosaline. Why, that's the way to choke a gibing spirit,
Whose influence is begot of that loose grace
Which shallow laughing hearers give to fools. 850
A jest's prosperity lies in the ear
Of him that hears it, never in the tongue
Of him that makes it: then, if sickly ears,
Deaf'd with the clamours of their own dear groans,
Will hear your idle scorns, continue them,
And I will have you and that fault withal;
But if they will not, throw away that spirit,
And I shall find you empty of that fault,
Right joyful of your reformation.

Biron. A twelvemonth! well; befall what will befall, 860
I'll jest a twelvemonth in an hospital.

Princess. [*To the King*] Ay, sweet my lord; and so I take
my leave.

King. No, madam; we will bring you on your way.

Biron. Our wooing doth not end like an old play;
Jack hath not Jill: these ladies' courtesy
Might well have made our sport a comedy.

King. Come, sir, it wants a twelvemonth and a day,
And then 't will end.

*Biron.** That's too long for a play.

Re-enter ARMADO.

Armado. Sweet majesty, vouchsafe me,—

Princess. Was not that Hector? 870

Dumain. The worthy knight of Troy.

Armado. I will kiss thy royal finger, and take leave. I
am a votary; I have vowed to Jaquenetta to hold the plough
for her sweet love three years. But, most esteemed great-
ness, will you hear the dialogue that the two learned men

have compiled in praise of the owl and the cuckoo? it should have followed in the end of our show.

King. Call them forth quickly; we will do so.

Armado. Holla! approach.

Re-enter HOLOFERNES, NATHANIEL, MOTH, COSTARD, *and others.*

This side is Hiems, Winter, this Ver, the Spring; the one maintained by the owl, the other by the cuckoo.—Ver, begin.

Song.

Spring. *When daisies pied and violets blue,* 882

And lady-smocks all silver-white,

And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue

Do paint the meadows with delight,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men: for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear! 890

When shepherds pipe on oaten straws,

And merry larks are ploughmen's clocks,

When turtles tread, and rooks, and daws,

And maidens bleach their summer smocks,

The cuckoo then, on every tree,

Mocks married men; for thus sings he,

Cuckoo;

Cuckoo, cuckoo,—O word of fear,

Unpleasing to a married ear!

Winter. *When icicles hang by the wall,*

And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,

And Tom bears logs into the hall,

And milk comes frozen home in pail,

When blood is nipp'd and ways be foul, 900

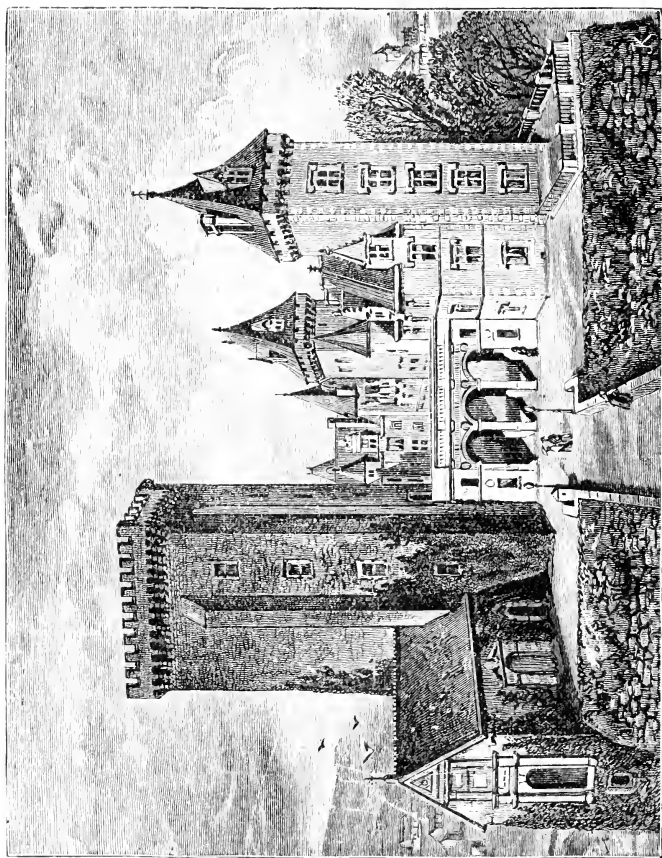
*Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

*When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo;
Tu-whit, tu-whoo, a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.*

910

Armado. The words of Mercury are harsh after the songs
of Apollo. You that way,—we this way. [*Exeunt.*]





CHÂTEAU OF HENRY IV., PAU (THE OLD CAPITAL OF NAVARRE).

NOTES.

ABBREVIATIONS USED IN THE NOTES.

- Abbott (or Gr.), Abbott's *Shakespearian Grammar* (third edition).
 A. S., Anglo-Saxon.
 A. V., Authorized Version of the Bible (1611).
 B. and F., Beaumont and Fletcher.
 B. J., Ben Jonson.
 Camb. ed., "Cambridge edition" of Shakespeare. edited by Clark and Wright.
 Cf. (*confer*), compare.
 Clarke, "Cassell's Illustrated Shakespeare," edited by Charles and Mary Cowden-Clarke (London, n. d.).
 Coll., Collier (second edition).
 Coll. MS., Manuscript Corrections of Second Folio, edited by Collier.
 D., Dyce (second edition).
 H., Hudson ("Harvard" edition).
 Halliwell, J. O. Halliwell (folio ed. of Shakespeare).
 Id. (*idem*), the same.
 K., Knight (second edition).
 Nares, *Glossary*, edited by Halliwell and Wright (London, 1859).
 Prol., Prologue.
 S., Shakespeare.
 Schmidt, A. Schmidt's *Shakespeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874).
 Sr., Singer.
 St., Staunton.
 Theo., Theobald.
 V., Verplanck.
 W., R. Grant White.
 Walker, Wm. Sidney Walker's *Critical Examination of the Text of Shakespeare* (London, 1860).
 Warb., Warburton.
 Wb., Webster's Dictionary (revised quarto edition of 1879).
 Worc., Worcester's Dictionary (quarto edition).

The abbreviations of the names of Shakespeare's Plays will be readily understood; as *T. N.* for *Twelfth Night*, *Cor.* for *Coriolanus*, 3 *Hen. VI.* for *The Third Part of King Henry the Sixth*, etc. *P. P.* refers to *The Passionate Pilgrim*; *V. and A.* to *Venus and Adonis*; *L. C.* to *Lover's Complaint*; and *Sonn.* to the *Sonnets*.

When the abbreviation of the name of a play is followed by a reference to *page*, Rolfe's edition of the play is meant.

The numbers of the lines (except for the present play) are those of the "Globe" ed.

NOTES.



Like Muscovites or Russians (v. 2. 121).

INTRODUCTION.

THE TITLE OF THE PLAY.—Mason says: "I believe the title of this play should be *Love's Labours Lost*," and Mr. Furnivall (see p. 9 above) agrees with him. The title-pages of the quartos give "Loues labors lost" and "Loues Labours lost;" but the running title of the quartos and 1st and 2d folios is "Loues Labour's Lost," which is clearly a contraction of "Love's Labour is Lost." In the early eds. the possessive case is commonly given without the apostrophe (as in the titles "A Mid-

sommer nights Dreame" and "The Winters Tale"); but the contraction of *is* generally has the apostrophe (as in "All's Well that ends Well"). Meres calls the play "Loue labors lost," and Tofte "Loues Labour Lost." We prefer to follow the folio rather than the quarto, which is not consistent with itself.

In the quartos the play is not divided into acts or scenes. In the folio it is divided into acts of very unequal length, "the first being half as long again, the fourth twice as long, the fifth three times as long, as the second and third" (Spedding).

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.—In the quartos and the folio (cf. *Oth.* p. 153) no list of *dramatis personæ* is given. *Biron* is spelt "Berowne," and in iv. 3. 227 it rhymes with "moon." W. spells it "Birone." *Mercade* appears as "Marcade" in the quartos and 1st folio, and *Armado* is sometimes "Armatho." W. thinks that *Moth* should be printed "Mote," as it was clearly so pronounced. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 179 (note on *Goats*) and *Much Ado*, p. 136 (on *Nothing*). In i. 2. 85 of the present play, in "She had a green wit" there is probably an allusion to the "green withes" used in binding Samson. *Boyet* rhymes with *debt* in v. 2. 336; *Longaville* with *ill* in iv. 3. 118, and with *mile* in v. 2. 53; and *Rosaline* with *thine* in iv. 3. 216. Costard, in the old stage-directions, is called "Clown."

COSTUME.—As K. remarks, Cesare Vecellio, in his *Habiti Antichi* (ed. 1598), gives us the general costume of Navarre at this period. We are told that some dressed in imitation of the French, and some in the style of the Spaniards, while others blended the fashions of both these nations. The cut on p. 9 is from Vecellio, and shows the Spanish gentleman and the French lady of 1589. For the costume of the Muscovites in the masque, see on v. 2. 121 below, and cf. cut on p. 127.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—3. *And then*, etc. Pope puts this line in the margin as spurious.

6. *Bate*. Blunt; not to be printed "'bate," as by H. and some other editors. Cf. *bateless* in *R. of L.* 9: "bateless edge;" and *unbated* in *Ham.* iv. 7. 139: "A sword unbated;" and *Id.* v. 2. 328: "Unbated and venom'd."

11. *Edict*. Accented by S. on either syllable, as suits the measure. Cf. the present instance and *M. N. D.* i. 1. 151 with *Rich. III.* i. 4. 203, etc.

13. *Academe*. The spelling of the 2d quarto and 2d folio; the 1st quarto and 1st folio have "Achademe," and the 3d and 4th folios "Academy."

14. *Living art*. "Immortal science" (Schmidt). For *art*=letters, learning in general, cf. iv. 2. 106 below.

23. *Deep oaths*. For the use of *deep*, cf. *Sonn.* 152. 9: "I have sworn deep oaths;" *R. of L.* 1847: "that deep vow;" and *K. John*, iii. 1. 231: "deep-sworn faith."

Steevens changed *oaths* to "oath" on account of the following *it*; but, as the Camb. editors remark, we have here "an instance of the lax grammar of the time, which permitted the use of a singular pronoun referring to a plural substantive, and vice versa." Cf. *Two Noble Kinsmen*, i. 1:

"You cannot read *it* there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold *'em*."

The second folio changes *it* to "them." We may explain *it* as = "that which you have vowed to do" (Clarke).

27. *Bankrupt quite*. The 1st quarto has "bancrout quite," the folios only "bankerout." Pope was the first modern editor to restore *quite*. For the spelling of *bankrupt*, see *R. and J.* p. 187.

29. *These world's delights*. These worldly delights. The Coll. MS. changes *these* to "this."

32. *All these*. That is, his companions, to whom he may be supposed to point. Johnson took *these* to refer to *love, wealth, and pomp*. Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures "all three."

43. *Wink*. Shut the eyes; as often in *S.* Cf. *Sonn.* 43. 1, 56. 6, *Temp.* ii. 1. 216, *C. of E.* iii. 2. 58, etc.

For *of*=during, cf. *T. of S.* ind. 2. 84: "But did I never speak of all that time?" Gr. 176.

50. *An if*. For *an if* or *and if* (=even if), see Gr. 105.

62. *Feast*. The quartos and folios all have "fast;" corrected by Theo. He suggested as an alternative "fore-bid" (= "enjoined beforehand") for *forbid*.

64. *From common sense*. That is, from ordinary sight or perception. Cf. "the sense of sense" (=the sight of the eye) in v. 2. 260 below.

65. *Too hard a keeping oath*. For the transposition of the article, cf. *K. John*, iv. 2. 27: "So new a fashion'd robe;" *C. of E.* iii. 2. 186: "so fair an offer'd chain;" *T. and C.* v. 6. 20: "much more a fresher man," etc. Gr. 422. Most editors follow Hanmer in printing "hard-a-keeping."

67. *Be thus*. Changed by Pope to "be this."

72. *And that*. The reading of the folios; the 1st quarto has "but that."

80. *Study me*. The *me* is the expletive pronoun, or "dativus ethicus," often used, as here, "with a slight dash of humour" (H.). Cf. Gr. 220.

82. *Who dazzling so*, etc. "That when he *dazzles*, that is, has his eye made weak, by fixing his eye upon a fairer eye, that *fairer* eye shall be his *heed*, his *direction* or *lodestar*, and give him light that was blinded by it" (Johnson).

87. *Bare*. Perhaps, as Walker conjectures, a misprint for "bare."

91. *Wot*. Know; used only in the present and the participle *wotting*, for which see *W. T.* p. 175.

92. *Too much to know*, etc. "The consequence, says Biron, of too much knowledge, is not any real solution of doubts, but mere reputation; that is, too much knowledge gives only *fame*, a name which every god-father can give likewise" (Johnson); or, as Clarke puts it: "To know overmuch is not to be wise, but to get the name of being wise: and ev-

ery godfather (like *these earthly godfathers* that name the stars) can give a man a name for wisdom."

95. *Proceeded well*, etc. There is a play upon *proceed*, which, as Johnson notes, is "an academical term, meaning to take a degree, as *he proceeded bachelor in physic*."

100. *Sneaping*. Snipping, or nipping. Cf. *W. T.* i. 2. 13: "Sneaping winds;" and *R. of L.* 333: "the sneaped birds." For the noun *sneap* (=snubbing) see 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 161.

104. *An abortive*. The early eds. have "any" for *an*; corrected by Pope. The error was probably due to the *any* in the line above.

106. *Mirth*. The early eds. have "showes" or "shows." Theo. substituted "earth" for the sake of the rhyme, but we prefer Walker's conjecture of *mirth*. Malone thinks that a line rhyming with 104 may have been lost.

107. *Like of*. Cf. *Much Ado*, v. 4. 59: "I am your husband, if you like of me." See also iv. 3. 153 below. Gr. 177.

108. *So you, to study*, etc. This is the quarto reading, and is generally adopted, though we cannot help thinking that there is some corruption. The folio has:

"So you to studie now it is too late,
That were to clymbe ore the house to vnlocke the gate."

W. reads:

"So you to study now;—it is too late;
That were to climb the house o'er to unlock the gate;"

which he explains thus: "Birone, in justification of his ridicule of these literary pursuits, says that they are untimely, that he likes not roses at Christmas or snow in May, and adds, 'So it is too late for you to study now: that were to climb over a house to unlock a gate; or, in other words, 'you are beginning at the wrong end—doing boys' work at men's years.' But, according to the quarto, he says, 'I like of each thing that in season grows; *so you*, now it is too late to study, climb o'er the house to unlock the little gate:' whereas it was not *so* (that is, like Birone) at all, but exactly *not so*." We take it, however, that *to study now it is too late* is =in studying now that it is too late; the infinitive being used in the "indefinite" way, as Abbott calls it (Gr. 356), so common in S. But, as Lettsom has noted, the *so* is awkward in either case. He conjectures:

"But you'll to study, now it is too late;
That were to climb o'er the house to unlock the gate."

If the folio is to be followed, it is better to take it just as it is, making it a line of five feet with slurred syllables, than to turn it into an alexandrine, as W. does. Alexandrines are extremely rare in the early plays of S. Mr. Fleay (Dr. Ingleby's *S. the Man and the Book*, Part II. p. 71) finds only four in *L. L. L.*, one of which is doubtful. The Coll. MS. has "by study" for *to study*, and "Climb o'er the house-top to unlock the gate."

110. *Sit you out*. The reading of the quartos and the later folios; the 1st folio has "fit" for *sit*. The expression is one used in card-playing for taking no part in the game.

114. *Swore*. The reading of the later folios, and required by the rhyme.

The quartos and 1st folio have "sworne." Elsewhere S. has *sworn* for the participle, but we find *broke* for *broken*, *froze* for *frozen*, *smote* for *smitten*, etc. See Gr. 343. Cf. *forgot* in 139 below, and *chose* in 167.

127. *Gentility*. Refinement, courtesy. Theo. conjectures "garrulity," and St. "scurrility." H. points thus: "A dangerous law,—against gentility." The early eds. make the line a part of Longaville's speech; but Theo. is clearly right in transferring it to Biron.

134. *Complete*. Accented on the first syllable because preceding a noun so accented. See *M. for M.* p. 139, and cf. *Cymb.* p. 174 (on *Supreme*) or *Cor.* p. 255 (on *Divine*).

145. *Of force*. Perforce, of necessity.

146. *Lie*. Lodge, reside. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 185, or *Oth.* p. 193. Reed quotes Wotton's definition: "An ambassador is an honest man sent to lie abroad for the good of his country."

Mere. Absolute. See *Temp.* p. 111, note on *We are merely cheated*, etc. Cf. i. 2. 33 below.

149. *Affects*. Affections, inclinations; as in *Rich. II.* i. 4. 30 and *Oth.* i. 3. 264.

156. *Suggestions*. Temptations; the usual meaning in S. See *Temp.* p. 127. Cf. the verb in v. 2. 760 below.

158. *I am the last that will last keep his oath*. Mr. P. A. Daniel conjectures "one" for the first *last*, on the ground that Biron is made to say the contrary of what he means; but S. sometimes twists the sense of a word a little for the sake of a repetition like this. Walker would read "last will" for *will last*.

159. *Quick*. Lively, animated; as in i. 2. 23, 29, v. 1. 54, and v. 2. 284 below. Cf. its use = living; for which see *Ham.* p. 262.

164. *One whom*. The 1st folio has "One who," which might be retained. Cf. iv. 1. 71 below, and see Gr. 274.

166. *Complements*. Probably = accomplishments, as Johnson and others explain it. Schmidt takes it to be = external show. The early eds. make no distinction between *complement* and *compliment*.

168. *Hight*. Is called; used by S. only as an archaism. Cf. 245 below. See also *M. A. D.* v. 1. 140 and *Per.* iv. prol. 18.

171. *Debate*. Contest, quarrel; the only sense in S. Cf. *M. A. D.* ii. 1. 116, 2 *Hen. IV.* iv. 4. 2, etc.

174. *I will use him for my minstrelsy*. "I will make a *minstrel* of him, whose occupation was to relate fabulous stories" (Douce).

176. *Fire-new*. Brand-new, fresh from the mint. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 256: "Your fire-new stamp of honour is scarce current;" *T. A.* iii. 2. 23: "fire-new from the mint," etc.

179. *Duke's*. Changed by Theo. to "King's;" but cf. i. 2. 35 and 118 below, where Armado uses it in the same blundering way. We find it even in the mouth of the princess in ii. 1. 38 below. Dogberry applies the word to the prince in *Much Ado*, iii. 5. 22. Cf. *M. A. D.* p. 125.

182. *Tharborough*. For *thirdborough*, a kind of constable. See *T. of S.* p. 125.

187. *Contempts*. Contents. Cf. *M. W.* p. 135.

191. *Having*. Possession. The early eds. have "heaven;" corrected

by Theo. The Coll. MS. has "hearing." The Camb. editors, St., and Clarke retain "heaven." St. remarks: "The allusion may be to the representations of *heaven*, and the attendant personifications of Faith, Hope, etc., in the ancient pageants."

193. *Laughing*. The early eds. have "hearing;" corrected by Capell.

196. *Style*. There is an evident play on *stile*; as in iv. 1. 92 below. See also *Much Ado*, v. 2. 6. The Coll. MS. has "chime" for *climb*.

199. *Taken with the manner*. A law term = taken in the fact, or in the act. See *W. T.* p. 205, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 168.

203. *Form*. Bench. For the play upon the word, cf. *R. and J.* ii. 4. 36: "who stand so much on the new form that they cannot sit at ease on the old bench."

220. *But so*. Equivalent to "but so-so," which Hanmer substituted.

232. *Ycleped*. Called; an archaism put only into the mouths of Armado and Holofernes. Cf. v. 2. 593 below.

237. *Curious-knotted*. Elaborately laid out in *knots*, or interlacing beds. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 4. 46: "Her knots disorder'd;" and Milton, *P. L.* iv. 242: "In beds and curious knots." See the cut on p. 35.

243. *Vassal*. The Coll. MS. has "vessel." Possibly there is a play on the word.

247. *Sorted*. Associated; as in 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 162 and *Ham.* ii. 2.

274. Cf. Bacon, *Essay 7*: "Makes them sort with meane Company."

248. *With—with*. The early eds. have "which with;" corrected by Theo.

249. *Passion*. Sorrow, grieve. Cf. *T. G. of V.* iv. 4. 172: "Ariadne passioning For Theseus' perjury;" and *V. and A.* 1059: "Dumbly she passions, frantically she doteth." Cf. the noun in v. 2. 118 below.

258. *The weaker vessel*. Taken from 1 *Peter*, iii. 7 (cf. *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 6, 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 66, and *R. and J.* i. 1. 20), as *vessel of thy law's fury* from *Romans*, ix. 22. In the latter passage Theo. changes *vessel* to "vassal."

274. *Damosel*. The folio has "damosell" here and in the next two lines, the 1st quarto "damsel." Holofernes makes it "damosella" in iv. 2. 122 below.

290. *Lay*. Stake, wager. Cf. *Hen. V.* iv. 1. 242: "lay twenty French crowns to one," etc. Capell conjectured "man's good hat."

296. *Till then, sit thee*, etc. The reading of the 1st quarto. The folio has "vntill then sit thee," etc. The Coll. MS. reads "untill then set thee."

SCENE II.—5. *Imp*. Youngling; used only by Armado, Holofernes, and Pistol. The word originally meant an offshoot or scion of a tree; thence, figuratively, offspring or child; finally becoming limited to a young devil. Johnson remarks that Lord Cromwell, in his last letter to Henry VIII., prays for *the imp his son*. Spenser in the prologue to *F. Q.* addresses Cupid as

"most dreaded impe of highest Iove,

Faire Venus sonne "

Cf. *F. Q.* iii. 5. 53:

"Fayre ympes of beauty, whose bright shining beames
Adorne the world with like to heavenly light," etc.

8. *Juvenal*. Juvenile, youth; used only by Armado, Flute (*M. V. D.* iii. 1. 97), and in jest by Falstaff (2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 22).

11. *Senior*. The 1st quarto has "signeor," and the folio "signeur."

13. *Epitheton*. Epithet; the reading of 2d folio. The 1st folio has "apathaton," and the quarto "apethaton."

33. *Crosses love not him*. The boy plays on *crosses* as applied to coin. We have the same pun in *A. Y. L.* ii. 4. 12 and 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 253 (see our ed. p. 156). *Mere*=absolute, very. See on i. 1. 146 above.

40. *A tapster*. For other allusions to the tapster's *reckoning*, or keeping account with customers, cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 193 and *T. and C.* i. 2. 123.

43. *Complete*. Accomplished. Cf. *Hen. VIII.* i. 2. 118: "This man so complete," etc.

52. *The dancing horse*. A famous horse of the time, often called "Bankes' horse" from his owner, who had trained him to perform many remarkable feats. Raleigh, in his *Hist. of the World*, says: "If Banks had lived in older times, he would have shamed all the inchanters in the world; for whosoever was most famous among them could never master or instruct any beast as he did his horse." Steevens quotes, among other allusions to the animal, B. J., *Every Man Out of His Humour*: "He keeps more ado with this monster than ever Bankes did with his horse;" and the same author's *Epigrams*:

"Old Banks the jugler, our Pythagoras,
Grave tutor to the learned horse."

In France, according to Bishop Morton, Bankes "was brought into suspicion of magicke, because of the strange feates which his horse Morocco plaied at Orleance;" but Bankes having made the beast kneel down to a crucifix and kiss it, "his adversaries rested satisfied, conceiving (as it might seeme) that the divell had no power to come neare the crosse." In Rome he was less fortunate, if we may believe Reed, who says that both horse and owner were there burned by order of the Pope. According to other authorities, however, Bankes came back safe to London, and was still living in King Charles's time, a jolly vintner in Cheapside. For fuller accounts of him and his horse, see Douce's *Illustrations*, Chambers's *Book of Days*, or Halliwell's folio ed.

60. *Courtesy*. Curtsy; used by men as well as women. See *Much Ado*, p. 159.

65. *Sweet my child*. My sweet child. See Gr. 13.

82. *Green indeed is the colour of lovers*. Some say, because of its association with jealousy, "the green-eyed monster;" others, as being the colour of the *willow*, "worn of forlorn paramours" (cf. *Much Ado*, p. 169).

85. *A green wit*. Probably, as the Camb. editors remark, there is an allusion to the *green withes* with which Samson was bound. See p. 128 above (on *DRAMATIS PERSONÆ*).

87. *Maculate*. The reading of the 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "immaculate."

92. *Pathetical*. The Coll. MS. has "poetical."

100. *Native she doth owe*. She possesses by nature. For *owe*=own, cf. ii. 1. 6 below. Gr. 290.

103. *The King and the Beggar*. The ballad of *King Cophetua and the Beggar-maid*, which may be found in Percy's *Reliques*. For other allusions to it, see iv. 1. 64 below, *R. and J.* ii. 1. 14, and *Rich. II.* v. 3. 80.

109. *Digression*. "Going out of the right way, transgression" (Steevens). Cf. *R. of L.* 202 :

"Then my digression is so vile, so base,
That it will live engraven in my face."

Cf. also *digressing* in *Rich. II.* v. 3. 66.

111. *Rational hind*. Perhaps Armado's fantastic way of expressing "human hind," *hind* being a beast (a deer), as well as a boor; but *rational* may be a misprint for "irrational," as Hamner regarded it. Farmer objects to the former interpretation, that it makes Costard a *female* animal; but Steevens quotes in reply *J. C.* i. 3. 106: "He were no lion, were not Romans hinds."

115. *A light wench*. S. is fond of playing upon the different senses of *light*. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 130:

"Let me give light, but let me not be light;
For a light wife doth make a heavy husband."

See also ii. 1. 197 and v. 2. 25 below; and for *light* = wanton, iv. 3. 380.

119. *Let him*. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "suffer him to," and in the next line "a" for *he*.

121. *Day-woman*. Dairy-woman. See Wb.

126. *That's hereby*. "*Hereby* is used by her (as among the vulgar in some countries) to signify as *it may happen*; he takes it in the sense of *just by*" (Steevens). We have it in the latter sense in iv. 1. 9 below. The only other instance of the word in S. is in *Rich. III.* i. 4. 94.

127. *Situate*. For the form, see Gr. 342.

130. *With that face?* Steevens says: "This cant phrase has oddly lasted till the present time; and is used by people who have no more meaning annexed to it than Fielding had, who, putting it into the mouth of Beau Didapper, thinks it necessary to apologize (in a note) for its want of sense, by adding that 'it was taken verbatim from very polite conversation.'"

135. *Come, Jaquenetta, away!* Given by the quartos and the folio to "*Clo.*" (that is, *Clown*, or Costard); corrected by Theo. The next speech is given by the 1st quarto to "*Ar.*," by the 1st folio to "*Clo.*," and by the later folios to "*Con.*"

141. *Fellows*. D. and H. follow Capell in reading "followers."

147. *Fast and loose*. A quibbling reference to the cheating game so called. See *K. John*, p. 156, and cf. iii. 1. 97 below.

157. *Affect*. Love; as in 84 above. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 298: "Dost thou affect her?" etc.

159. *Argument*. Proof; as in *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 243, *T. N.* iii. 2. 12, etc.

161. *Familiar*. "Familiar spirit," or demon; as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 114: "he has a familiar under his tongue," etc. Cf. also the adjective in *Sonn.* 86. 9:

"that affable familiar ghost
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence."

164. *Butt-shaft*. A kind of arrow used for shooting at *butts*, or targets. Cf. *R. and J.* p. 171.

166. *The first and second cause*, etc. Alluding to the classified *causes of quarrel* in the elaborate duelling science of the time. Cf. Touchstone's ridicule of them in *A. Y. L.* v. 4. 52 fol.; and see our ed. p. 198, note on *By the book*. As Saviolo's book, evidently alluded to here, was printed in 1594, this passage is one of the indications of the revision of the play before the publication of the 1st quarto. See p. 10 above.

167. *Passado*. A thrust in fencing. See *R. and J.* p. 171.

170. *Manager*. Changed in the Coll. MS. to "Armiger;" but *manage* is often used of *arms*. Cf. *Rich. II.* iii. 2. 118, 2 *Hen. IV.* iii. 2. 292, 301, *R. and J.* i. 1. 76, etc.

171. *Sonnet*. The reading of all the early eds. changed by Hammer to "sonneteer," by Capell to "sonmeter," by the Coll. MS. to "sonnet-maker," and by D. to "sonnetist." V. and W. read "turn sonnets." *Turn sonnet* is not unlike *Armado*. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 3. 21: "now is he turned orthography;" where some read "orthographer" or "orthographist."

ACT II.

SCENE I.—1. *Dearest*. Best, highest. Cf. *Temp.* p. 124, note on *The dear'st o' the loss*.

2. *Who*. The reading of the quartos and 1st folio. Gr. 274.

6. *Owe*. See on i. 2. 100 above.

16. *Chapmen*. Here =sellers; but usually =buyers, as in *T. and C.* iv. 1. 75. Johnson remarks: "*cheap* or *cheaping* was anciently the *market*; *chapman* therefore is *marketman*." Cf. Wb. *Utter'd* is here used in the commercial sense of "made to pass from one hand to another." See *R. and J.* p. 212. The meaning of the passage is that the estimation of beauty depends not on the tongue of the seller, but on the eye of the buyer. Cf. *Sonn.* 102. 4:

"That love is merchandiz'd whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere."

25. *To's seemeth*. The reading of all the early eds.; changed by Pope to "to us seems." Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 65: "friends to's welcome," etc.

28. *Bold of*. Confident of, trusting in.

32. *Importunes*. Accented on the penult by S. Cf. *Ham.* p. 190.

39. *Lord Longaville*. The early eds. omit *Lord*, which Capell supplied.

42. *Juques*. Always a dissyllable in S. Cf. *A. W.* p. 160. *Solemnized* is here accented on the second syllable. See Gr. 491.

45. *Well fitted in the arts*. The reading of the 2d folio; the 1st folio and the quartos omit *the*. W. conjectures "In arts well fitted." "*Well fitted* is *well qualified*" (Johnson).

57. *Of all*. That is, by all. Gr. 170.

60. *Though he*. The 1st folio misprints "she" for *he*.

62. *And much too little*, etc. "And my report of the good I saw is

much too little *compared* to his great worthiness" (Heath). For *to*, see Gr. 187.

68. *Hour's*. A dissyllable; as often. Gr. 480.

72. *Conceit's expositor*. The exponent of his thought. For the use of *conceit* in S., see *Rich. II.* p. 181.

82. *Competitors*. Associates, partners. See *T. V.* p. 158, or *A. and C.* p. 175.

83. *Address'd*. Prepared, ready. See *J. C.* p. 156, or *A. Y. L.* p. 200.

88. *Unpeopled*. The reading of the folios. The 1st quarto has "unpeeled," which the Camb. editors adopt.

102. *Where*. Whereas; as often. See *Lear*, p. 179, or *1 Hen. IV.* p. 187. Gr. 134.

105. *And sin to break it*. Hammer changes *And* to "Not;" but, as Johnson remarks, "the princess shows an inconvenience very frequently attending rash oaths, which, whether kept or broken, produce guilt."

109. *Resolve*. Answer. Cf. *T. of S.* iv. 2. 7: "What, master, read you? First resolve me that," etc.

118. *Long of*. Owing to, because of; as in *M. V. D.* iii. 2. 339: "all this coil is long of you," etc. It is generally printed "long of" in the modern eds., but not in the early ones. *Along of* in this sense does not occur in S.

123. *Fair befall*, etc. Cf. *Rich. III.* i. 3. 282: "Now fair befall thee and thy noble house!" etc. *Fair fall* in the next line is used in the same sense; as in *K. John*, i. 1. 78, etc.

130. *Being but the one half*, etc. Cf. the reference to Monstrelet's *Chronicle*, p. 12 above.

146. *Depart*. Part. Cf. *K. John*, ii. 1. 563: "Hath willingly departed with a part;" and see the note in our ed. p. 150.

148. *Gelded*. Maimed; a favourite figure with S., as Steevens notes. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 4. 623, *Rich. II.* ii. 1. 237, *1 Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 110, etc.

167. *I will*. The reading of 1st quarto; "would I" in the other early eds.

173. *As you*. That you. Gr. 109.

174. *Fair harbour*. As in 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "farther" for *fair*. The Coll. MS. reads "free."

176. *Shall we*. The folios have "we shall."

179. *Lady, I will*, etc. The folios give this and the next five speeches of Biron to "Boy."

183. *Fool*. The reading of 1st quarto; the folios have "scule" or "soul."

189. *No point*. A play on the French negative *point*; as in v. 2. 278 below. *No point* was sometimes used as an emphatic negative. Steevens quotes *The Shoemaker's Holiday*, 1600: "No point. Shall I betray my brother?"

193. *What lady*, etc. Steevens remarks: "It is odd that S. should make Dumain inquire after Rosaline, who was the mistress of Biron, and neglect Katherine, who was his own. Biron behaves in the same manner. Perhaps all the ladies wore masks but the princess." That they did is evident from 123 above. D. believes that the masks have nothing

to do with the matter, and that "Katherine" should be substituted for *Rosaline* in 194, and "Rosaline" for *Katherine* in 209 below.

198. *Light in the light.* See on i. 2. 115 above.

202. *God's blessing on your beard!* "That is, mayst thou have sense and seriousness more proportionate to thy beard, the length of which suits ill with such idle catches of wit!" (Johnson).

209. *Rosaline.* The early eds. have "Katherine;" corrected by Sr.

217. *Grapple.* Like *board*, a figure taken from naval warfare. The play on *ships* and *sheeps* indicates that the words were pronounced nearly alike. We find the same quibble in *C. of E.* iv. 1. 93 (see our ed. p. 134) and *T. G. of V.* i. 1. 73.

222. *Though several they be.* A play on *several*, which meant an enclosed field in distinction from a *common*. Steevens quotes, among other examples of the word, Holinshed, *Hist. of England*: "not to take and pale in the commons, to enlarge their severalls." *Though* seems used somewhat peculiarly, and has been explained as = *since*. Cf. *T. A.* p. 145, note on *Though it be*. We prefer Staunton's explanation: "If we take both as places devoted to pasture—the one for general, the other for particular use—the meaning is easy enough. Boyet asks permission to graze on her lips. 'Not so,' she answers; 'my lips, though intended for the purpose, are not for general use.'"

233. *Retire.* For the noun, cf. *K. John*, pp. 145, 146, 178.

234. *Thorough.* Used by S. interchangeably with *through*. See *M. of V.* p. 144, note on *Throughfares*.

235. *Like an agate.* For the figures cut in agates, see *Much Ado*, p. 141, or *2 Hen. IV.* p. 153.

237. *All impatient to speak and not see*, etc. "If we take *not see* to imply 'not see, because it is not the tongue's faculty to see,' the sentence means that his tongue hurried to his eyes that it might express what they beheld" (Clarke). A writer in the *Edin. Mag.* (Nov. 1786) explains it: "his tongue envied the quickness of his eyes, and strove to be as rapid in his utterance as they in their perception." Perhaps Johnson is right in making it = "being impatiently desirous to see as well as speak." D., after remarking that the passage has been "utterly misunderstood" by Johnson, paraphrases it thus: "His tongue, not able to endure the having merely the power of speaking without that of seeing."

240. *To feel only looking.* Apparently = to have no perception but that of looking, to have their own sense transformed to that of sight.

244. *Point you.* Direct you, suggest to you; the reading of 1st quarto. The folios have "point out."

245. *Margent.* Alluding to the practice of putting notes, etc., in the margin of books. See *M. A. D.* p. 142, or *Ham.* p. 272 (note on *Edified by the margent*).

249. *Dispos'd.* "Inclined to merriment" (Schmidt); "inclined to rather loose mirth, somewhat wantonly merry" (D.). Schmidt gives the word the same sense in v. 2. 468 below, and in *T. A.* ii. 3. 88. D. cites examples of it from Peele and B. and F. Boyet parries the reproof by taking the word in its ordinary meaning.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—2. *Concolinel*. Evidently a scrap of a song, but whether the beginning or the burden of it, the title or the tune, it is impossible to determine. The songs in the old plays were often omitted in the manuscripts and printed copies, being indicated, as here, by some abbreviation, or merely by a stage-direction, as "*Here they sing*" or the Latin "*Cantant*."

4. *Festinely*. Hastily, quickly. Cf. *festinate* in *Lear*, iii. 7. 10.

6. *Master*. Not in the folios.

7. *Brawl*. A kind of dance (Fr. *branle*). "It was performed by several persons uniting hands in a circle and giving each other continual shakes, the steps changing with the time" (Douce). Steevens quotes B. J., *Time Vindicated*:

"The Graces did them footing teach;
And, at the old Italian brawls,
They danc'd your mother down."

10. *Canary to it*. The *canary* was a lively dance. Cf. *A. W.* ii. 1. 77:

"make you dance canary
With spritely fire and motion."

and see our ed. p. 147.

11. *Turning up your eye*. The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "eyelids" for *eye*.

Sometime. Used by S. interchangeably with *sometimes*.

14. *Penthouse-like*. Like a *penthouse*, a porch with a sloping roof, common in the domestic architecture of the time of S. There was one on the house in which tradition says he was born. The accompanying cut is copied from an old print. For *penthouse*, cf. *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 110, and *M. of V.* ii. 6. 1.



15. *Thin-belly doublet.* Many of the modern eds. have "thin belly-doublet;" but the 1st quarto reads "thin bellies" and the folios "thin-bellie," "thinebellie," or "thin-belly." Cf. the description of the thick-bellied doublets in Stubbes's *Anatomie of Abuses*, 1583: "Their dublettes are noe lesse monstrous than the reste; For now the fashion is to haue them hang downe to the middest of their theighes . . . beeing so harde-quilted, and stuffed, bombasted and sewed, as they can verie hardly eyther stoupe downe, or decline them selues to the grounde, soe styffe and sturdy they stand about them . . . Now, what handsomnes can be in these dublettes whiche stand on their bellies like, . . . (so as their bellies are thicker than all their bodyes besyde) let wise men iudge; For for my parte, handsomnes in them I see none, and muche lesse profyete. . . . Certaine I am there was neuer any kinde of apparell euer inuented that could more disproportion the body of man than these Doublets with great bellies, . . . stuffed with foure, fūe or six pound of Bombast at the least." For *bombast*, as here used, see on v. 2. 771 below.

17. *After the old painting.* "It was a common trick among some of the most indolent of the ancient masters, to place the hands in the bosom or the pockets, or conceal them in some other part of the drapery, to avoid the labour of representing them, or to disguise their own want of skill to employ them with grace and propriety" (Steevens).

18. *Complements.* Changed by Hammer to "compliments;" but that was a common meaning of the word. See on i. 1. 166 above.

20. *Do you note me?* Hammer's reading. The folio has "and make them men of note: do you note men that most are affected to these?"

23. *By my penny of observation.* Alluding to the famous old piece called *A Penniworth of Wit* (Farmer). The Coll. MS. changes *penny* ("penne" in the 1st quarto and 1st folio) to "paine."

25. *The hobby-horse is forgot.* Moth follows up the "But O, but O—" with the remainder of a line in an old song bewailing the omission of the hobby-horse from the May games. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 2. 142: "or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse, whose epitaph is 'For, O, for, O, the hobby-horse is forgot!'" See also B. J., *Entertainment at Althorpe*: "But see, the hobby-horse is forgot;" B. and F., *Women Pleased*, iv. 1: "Shall the hobby-horse be forgot then?" etc. This omission is said to have been due to the opposition made by the Puritans to the morris-dances of the May festivities. For a full account of these games, see Douce's *Illustrations* or Brand's *Popular Antiquities*. The *hobby-horse*, says Tollet, "is a spirited horse of pasteboard, in which the master dances and displays tricks of legerdemain." A ladle was hung from the horse's mouth for receiving money given by the lookers-on.

45. *Message.* Changed in the Coll. MS. to "messenger;" but the meaning seems to be that the foolish message is *well sympathized* (or has its appropriate counterpart) in the foolish messenger.

60. *Voluble.* The folio reading; the 1st quarto has "volable," which the Camb. ed. retains. For *free* the Coll. MS. has "fair."

61. *By thy favour*, etc. "*Welkin* is the sky, to which Armado, with the false dignity of a Spaniard, makes an apology for sighing in its face" (Johnson).

62. *Most rude.* The Coll. MS. has "moist-eyed."

64. *A costard broken*, etc. He plays on the word *costard*, which was used jocosely for head. See *Lear*, p. 248, or *Rich. III.* p. 195.

66. *No salve in them all.* The early eds. have "in thee male" or "in the male." Capell reads "in the matter," and Johnson conjectured "in the mail" (that is, in the *bag*) or "in the vale." The reading in the text was suggested by Tyrwhitt. It may be noted that *mail* is not used by S, except in *T. and C.* iii. 3. 52, where it is = armour. As Clarke says. Costard seems to take *enigma*, *riddle*, and *l'envoy* to be various kinds of salve. On the virtue of the *plantain* for a *broken shin*, cf. *R. and J.* i. 2. 52 :

"*Romeo.* Your plantain-leaf is excellent for that.

Benvolio. For what, I pray thee?

Romeo.

For your broken shin."

Broken, by the way, means bruised so as to be bloody. See *R. and J.* p. 51, note on the passage just quoted.

74. *Is not l'envoy a salve?* Some see here a pun on *salve* and the Latin *salve*, which was used sometimes as a *parting* salutation.

77. *Tofore.* Cf. *T. A.* iii. 1. 294: "as thou tofore hast been." *Sain* is Armado's rhyming "license" for *said*. The folio has "faine."

86. *Adding.* Here and in 92 below the Coll. MS. reads "making."

95. *The boy hath sold him a bargain.* "This comedy is running over with allusions to country sports—one of the many proofs that, in its original shape, it may be assigned to the author's greenest years. The sport which so delights Costard, about the fox, the ape, and the humble-bee, has been explained by Capell, whose lumbering and obscure comments upon Shakespeare have been pillaged and sneered at by the other commentators. In this instance, they take no notice of him. It seems, according to Capell, that 'selling a bargain' consisted in drawing a person in, by some stratagem, to proclaim himself fool, by his own lips; and thus, when Moth makes his master repeat the *l'envoy*, ending in the goose, he proclaims himself a goose, according to the rustic wit, which Costard calls *selling a bargain well*" (K).

97. *Fast and loose.* A cheating game. See on i. 2. 147 above.

104. *And he ended the market.* Alluding to the proverb "Three women and a goose make a market" (Steevens).

108. *No feeling of it.* Costard plays on *sensibly*, which sometimes meant *feelingly* in the literal sense. Cf. *Cor.* p. 207.

114. *Marry, Costard*, etc. The folio has "Sirra, Costard," etc. *Marry* is the conjecture of K. and is favoured by the reply. The Coll. MS. has "Sirrah Costard, marry," etc.

118. *Immured.* As in 2d folio, the earlier eds. having "emured."

121, 122. *Let me loose . . . set thee from durance.* H. adopts Brae's transposition of *let* and *set*. The Coll. MS. has "let me be loose" and "set thee free from durance." The style of Costard and Armado hardly calls for such tinkering.

125. *Ward.* Guard, preservation. For its use as a term in fencing (= posture of defence), see *Temp.* p. 122.

127. *Like the sequel.* That is, like the sequel of a story. Some have fancied an allusion to the French *sequelle*, a gang of followers.

128. *Incony.* Apparently = fine, delicate. Nares cites examples of the word from B. J., Marlowe, and others.

129-135. *O my troth . . . nit!* In the early eds. these lines are printed in iv. 1, after line 136: "Lord, lord, how the ladies and I have put him down!" There they are evidently out of place, and St. conjectured that they belong here. H. was the first to make the transposition. There is no line rhyming to 133, and some suppose one to have been lost; but it is quite as probable, as H. suggests, that 133 is either an interpolation, or a line struck out by the poet in revising the play, but accidentally retained by the transcriber or printer. See on iv. 3. 294 below.

131. *Armado o' th' one side.* The 1st quarto has "Armatho ath toothen side," and the folio "*Armathor* ath to the side." The text is due to Rowe. W. reads "Armado o' th' to side"—"the to side" being an old expression for "the hither side."

133. *To see him,* etc. The Coll. MS. fills out the couplet with "Looking babies in her eyes his passion to declare."

135. *Pathetical.* The word has already been used by Armado in i. 2. 92 above. Just what either he or Costard means by it must be matter of conjecture. S. has it nowhere else, except in *A. Y. L.* iv. 1. 196, where it appears to be also an affectation. See our ed. p. 187. For the personal use of *nit*, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 3. 110, the only other instance of the word in S.

138. *Inkle.* Tape. Cf. *W. T.* p. 196.

150. *Good my knave.* My good boy. See on i. 2. 65 above. For *knave*=boy, servant, cf. *A. and C.* p. 207, or *M. of V.* p. 137.

169. *In print.* To the letter. Cf. *T. G. of V.* p. 131.

Schmidt explains it as "sad." Hammer reads "amorous."

173. *Critic.* Carper; the only sense in S. Cf. *Sonn.* 112. 10 and *T. and C.* v. 2. 131. See also on iv. 3. 165 below.

174. *Pedant.* Pedagogue; the only meaning in S. Cf. *T. A.* iii. 2. So: "A pedant that keeps a school i' the church," etc.

175. *Magnificent.* Pompous, boastful; used by S. only here and in i. 1. 188 above.

176. *Wimpled.* Hoodwinked, blindfolded. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 1. 4:

"Yet she much whiter; but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low:"

that is, drawn close about her face, like a *wimple*, a kind of veil. Cf. *F. Q.* i. 12. 22:

"For she had layd her mournfull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple thrown away."

181. *Plackets.* Explained by some as = stomachers; by others as = petticoats, or the slit or opening in those garments. *Placket-hole* (cf. Wb.) is still used for the slit in a petticoat.

The *codpiece* was a part of the breeches in front, made very conspicuous in the olden time.

183. *Paritors.* The same as *apparitors*, officers of ecclesiastical courts whose duty it was to serve citations. Johnson says that they are put

under Cupid's government because the citations were most frequently issued for offences against chastity.

184. *A corporal of his field.* Farmer says: "Giles Clayton, in his *Martial Discipline*, 1591, has a chapter on the office and duty of a *corporal of the field*." According to Tyrwhitt, his duties were similar to those of an aide-de-camp now.

185. *Like a tumbler's hoop.* Alluding to its being adorned with coloured ribbons.

187. *A German clock.* Clocks were then chiefly imported from Germany, and the dramatists of the time were fond of comparing the feminine "make-up" to their intricate machinery. Steevens cites, among other passages, *Westward Hoe*, 1607: "no German clock, no mathematical engine whatsoever, requires so much reparation;" and *A Mad World, my Masters*, 1608:

"She consists of a hundred pieces,
Much like your German clock, and near allied:
Both are so nice they cannot go for pride."

188. *Out of frame.* Out of order; as in *Ham.* i. 2. 20: "disjoint and out of frame."

189. *Going right.* The early eds. have "aright;" corrected by Capell.

193. *Wightly.* The early eds. have "whitly" or "whitely," which some explain as =whitish, pale (D. makes it =sallow); but Rosaline was dark. It seems probable that the word was a misspelling of *wightly*, which the Camb. editors substitute, and which means nimble, sprightly. Spenser has both *wightly* and *wight* in this sense, and the latter is found in Chaucer; as in *C. T.* 14273 (Tyrwhitt's ed.): "With any yong man, were he never so wight," etc. The Coll. MS. has "witty."

195. *Do the deed.* Cf. *M. of V.* i. 3. 86: "And in the doing of the deed of kind," etc.

196. *Argus.* For other allusions to the hundred-eyed guardian of Io, see *M. of V.* v. 1. 230 and *T. and C.* 1. 2. 31.

201. *Sue, and groan.* The 1st quarto and 1st folio omit *and*.

202. *Joan.* Often = a peasant, or a woman in humble life. Cf. v. 2. 908 below. See also *K. John*, i. 1. 184: "now can I make any Joan a lady."

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—I. *Was that the king*, etc. "This is just one of those touches that S. throws in, to mark the way in which a woman unconsciously betrays her growing preference for a man who loves her. The princess recognizes the horseman, though he is at such a distance that her attendant lord is unable to distinguish whether it be the king or not; and then she immediately covers her self-betrayal by the pretendedly indifferent words, *Who'er he was*, etc. S. in no one of his wondrous and numerous instances of insight into the human heart more marvellously manifests his magic power of perception than in his discernment of the workings of female nature; its delicacies, its subtleties, its reticences, its

revelations, its innocent reserves, and its artless confessions. He, of all masculine writers, was most truly feminine in his knowledge of what passes within a woman's heart, and the multiform ways in which it expresses itself through a woman's acts, words, manner—nay even her very silence. He knew the eloquence of a look, the significance of a gesture, the interpretation of a tacit admission; and, moreover, he knew how to convey them in his might of expression by ingenious inference" (Clarke).

10. *Stand*. Used in the technical sense of the hunter's station or hiding-place when waiting for game. See *Cymb.* p. 182. K. remarks: "Royal and noble ladies, in the days of Elizabeth, delighted in the somewhat unrefined sport of shooting deer with a cross-bow. In the 'alleys-green' of Windsor or of Greenwich parks, the queen would take her stand, on an elevated platform, and, as the pricket or the buck was driven past her, would aim the death-shaft, amid the acclamations of her admiring courtiers. The ladies, it appears, were skilful enough at this sylvan butchering. Sir Francis Leake writes to the Earl of Shrewsbury—'Your lordship has sent me a very great and fat stag, the welcomer being stricken by your right honourable lady's hand.' The practice was as old as the romances of the Middle Ages. But, in those days, the ladies were sometimes not so expert as the Countess of Shrewsbury; for, in the history of Prince Arthur, a fair huntress wounds Sir Launcelot of the Lake, instead of the stag at which she aims."

17. *Fair*. For its use as a noun, cf. *M. A. D.* p. 130, note on *Your fair*.

18. *Good my glass*. My good glass; referring sportively to the forester. Johnson supposed the *glass* to be "a small mirror set in gold hanging at her girdle," according to the fashion of French ladies at that time—and of English ladies also, as Stubbes tells us in his *Anatomic of Abuses*: "they must haue their looking glasses caryed with them whersoever they go. And good reason, for els how cold they see the deuill in them?"

35. *That my heart means no ill*. That is, means no ill to. *That* is treated like the dative *him* in "never meant him any ill" (2 *Hen. VI.* ii. 3. 91), etc.

36. *Curst*. Shrewish. See *M. A. D.* p. 167.

Self-sovereignty. "Not a sovereignty *over*, but *in* themselves. So *self-sufficiency*, *self-consequence*, etc." (Mason). Schmidt takes it to be "that self sovereignty," or that same sovereignty. Cf. *Gr.* 20.

37. *Praise sake*. See *Cor.* p. 231 (on *Conscience sake*), or *Gr.* 217, 471.

41. *The commonwealth*. That is, of the "new-modelled society" of the king and his associates (Mason). Johnson makes it "the common people." The Var. of 1821 gives this line to the princess; not noted in the Camb. ed.

42. *God dig-you-den*. God give you good even. See *R. and J.* p. 148 (note on *Good-den*), or *Hen. V.* p. 164 (note on *God-den*).

56. *Break up this capon*. That is, open this letter. Here *break up* is = the preceding *carve*. It is applied to opening a despatch (the "sealed-up oracle") in *W. T.* iii. 2. 132: "Break up the seals and read." See also *M. of V.* ii. 4. 10: "to break up this" (a letter), and the note in our ed. p. 141.

Capon is used like *poulet* in French for a love-letter. Farmer quotes Henry IV. as saying: "My niece of Guise would please me best, notwithstanding the malicious reports that she loves *poulets* in paper better than in a fricasee."

57. *Importeth*. Concerneth.

64. *Illustrate*. Illustrious; used again by Holofernes in v. 1. 109 below. It is often used by Chapman; as in *Iliad*, xi.: "Illustrate Hector." For *King Cophetua*, see on i. 2. 103 above.

65. *Zenelophon*. Coll. reads "Penelophon," which is the name in the ballad.

66. *Annothanize*. The quartos and 1st folio have "annothanize," the later folios "anatomize," which many eds. follow. Either word would suit Armado well enough.

83-88. *Thus dost thou hear*, etc. These lines are appended to the letter as a quotation, and Warb. thought that they were really from some ridiculous poem of the time.

The *Nemean lion* is mentioned again in *Ham.* i. 4. 83, where *Nemean* is accented as here.

88. *Repasture*. Repast, food.

92. *Going o'er it*. For the play upon *style*, see on i. 1. 196 above. *Erewhile*=just now.

94. *Phantasime*. Fantastic; as in v. 1. 18 below. The later folios have "phantasme," and most of the modern eds. "phantasm."

Monarcho was the name of an Italian, a fantastic character of the time, referred to by Meres, Nash, Churchyard, and other writers.

103. *Suitor*. This seems to have been pronounced *shooter*, and that is the spelling of the early eds. here. Steevens and Malone quote sundry passages from contemporary writers illustrating the old pronunciation. In *A. and C.* v. 2. 105, Pope and Malone took the "suites" or "suits" of the folio to be an error for "shoots."

104. *My continent of beauty*. Cf. *Ham.* v. 2. 115: "you shall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would see."

109. *Your deer*. The play on *deer* and *dear* was a favourite one. Cf. *V. and A.* 231, *P. P.* 300, *M. W.* v. 5. 18, 123, *T. of S.* v. 2. 56, 1 *Hen. IV.* v. 4. 107, *Macb.* iv. 3. 206, etc.

110. *By the horns*. The much-worn joke on the horns of the cuckold.

118. *Queen Guinever*. The unfaithful queen of Arthur.

127. *Prick*. The point in the centre of the *mark*, or target.

Mete at. To measure with the eye in aiming, hence to aim at.

128. *Wide o' the bow-hand*. "A good deal to the left of the mark; a term still retained in modern archery" (Douce). The *bow-hand* was the hand holding the bow, or the left hand.

129. *Clout*. "The white mark at which archers took their aim. The *pin* was the wooden pin that upheld it" (Steevens). See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 176 (note on *Clapped i' the clout*) and *R. and J.* p. 170 (*The very pin*, etc.)

132. *Greasily*. Grossly.

134. *Rubbing*. A term in bowling. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 197, note on *Rubs*

136. *Lord, Lord*, etc. Here the early eds. (and the modern ones except H.) insert the seven lines, iii. 1. 129-135 above.

137. *Sola, sola!* Costard hears the noise of the hunters, and runs to join them, with a shout to attract their attention. Cf. *M. of V.* v. 1. 39, where Launcelot enters with the same cry.

SCENE II.—3. *Sanguis, in blood.* Changed by Capell to “in sanguis, blood.” *In blood* was a term of the chase = in full vigour. Cf. *1 Hen. VI.* iv. 2. 48: “If we be English deer, be then in blood,” etc.

4. *Pomewater.* A kind of apple. Steevens quotes an old ballad: “Whose cheeks did resemble two roasting pomewaters.” In *The Puritan*, “the pomewater of his eye” is = the apple of his eye.

10. *A buck of the first head.* According to *The Return from Parnassus*, 1606 (quoted by Steevens), “a buck is the first year, a fawn; the second year, a pricket; the third year, a sorrell; the fourth year, a soare; the fifth, a buck of the first head; the sixth year, a compleat buck.”

17. *Unconfirmed.* Inexperienced, ignorant; as in *Much Ado*, iii. 3. 124: “That shows thou art unconfirmed.”

21. *Twice-sod.* *Sod*, like *sodden*, is the participle of *scethe*. Cf. *R. of L.* 1592: “sod in tears,” etc. *Twice-sod simplicity* = concentrated stupidity, as if boiled down.

28. *Which we*, etc. In the folio this reads: “which we taste and feeling, are for those parts,” etc. Various emendations have been proposed, of which Tyrwhitt’s in the text seems the best, and is adopted by the majority of recent editors.

30. *Patch.* A play on the word in its sense of fool, for which see *M. of V.* p. 142, or *M. N. D.* p. 160. Johnson says: “The meaning is, to be in a school would as ill become a *patch* as folly would become me.” The Coll. MS. has “set” for *see*.

35. *Dictynna.* One of the names of Diana. The early eds. have “Dictisima” or “Dictissima” here, and “Dictima” or “Dictinna” in the next line. Steevens suggests that S. may have found the word in Golding’s *Ovid*: “Dictynna garded with her traine, and proud of killing deere.”

39. *Rought.* An old past tense and participle of *reach*. For its use as the former, cf. *Hen. IV.* iv. 6. 21; and as the latter, *A. and C.* iv. 9. 30. The folios have “wrought” here, the 1st quarto “rought.”

40. *The allusion holds in the exchange.* “The riddle is as good when I use the name of Adam as when I use the name of Cain” (Warb.). Mr. Brae takes *allusion* to be used in the strict Latin sense of “play, joke, or jest,” and makes *exchange* = “the changing of the moon.”

52. *Affect the letter.* “Practise alliteration” (Mason). For another satire on this affectation of the time, cf. *M. N. D.* v. 1. 145 fol.; and see our ed. p. 184.

54. *Preyful.* The 2d folio has “praysfull.”

55. *Some say a sore.* For *sore*, or *soare*, as applied to a deer “of the fourth year,” see on 10 above; also for *sorel* in the next line.

58. *O sore L.* The 1st quarto has “o sorell,” and the folios “O sorell.” The reading in the text is Capell’s, and is generally adopted. The Camb. ed. has “makes fifty sores one sorell,” which is plausible and perhaps favoured by the next line.

61. *If a talent be a claw.* The play on *talent* and *talon* is obvious. The latter word was sometimes written *talent*. Malone cites, among other instances, Marlowe's *Tumburlaine*, 1590:

"and now doth ghastly death
With greedy tallents gripe my bleeding heart."

Claw was sometimes = humour, flatter. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 3. 18: "claw no man in his humour;" and see our ed. p. 126.

67. *Pia mater.* The membrane covering the brain, used for the brain itself; as in *T. N.* i. 5. 123 and *T. and C.* ii. 1. 77. Here the early eds. have "primater;" corrected by Rowe.

Upon the mellowing of occasion. At "the very riping of the time" (*M. of V.* ii. 8. 40), or when the fit occasion comes.

78. *Person.* "Parson" (the reading of the 2d folio). Steevens quotes Holinshed: "Jerom was vicar of Stepnie, and Garrard was person of Honielane," etc. St. adds from Selden, *Table Talk*: "Though we write *Parson* differently, yet 't is but *Person*; that is, the individual Person set apart for the service of the Church, and 't is in Latin *Persona*, and *Personatus* is a *Personage*." For the play on *pierce* (which was perhaps pronounced *perse*), cf. *1 Hen. IV.* p. 201, note on *I'll pierce him*.

90. *Mantuan.* Giovanni Battista Spagnuoli (or Spagnoli), named *Mantuanus* from his birthplace, who died in 1516, was the author of certain *Eclogues* which the pedants of that day preferred to Virgil's, and which were read in schools. The 1st *Eclogue* begins with the passage quoted by Holofernes. Malone quotes references to Mantuanus from Nash and Drayton. A translation of his Latin poems by George Turbervile was printed in 1567.

92. *Venetia*, etc. In the folio this reads: "*venchie, vencha, que non te vnde, que non te ferreche*," which exactly follows the 1st quarto. The text is taken by the Camb. editors from Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591, whence the poet probably got it. There it has the second line, "Ma chi te vede, ben gli costa." In Howell's *Letters*, it appears with a translation, thus:

"Venetia, Venetia, chi non te vede, non te pregia,
Ma chi t' ha troppo veduto te dispregia.
Venice, Venice, none thee unseen can prize;
Who thee hath seen too much, will thee despise."

It is usually printed in the form in which Theo. gives it:

"Vinegia, Vinegia,
Chi non te vede, ei non te pregia."

101. *If love*, etc. This sonnet appears, with a few verbal variations, in *P. P.* v. See p. 11 above.

105. *Bias.* Originally a term in bowling. See *Ham.* p. 200 (on *Assays of bias*), or *T. of S.* p. 167 (on *Against the bias*).

111. *Thy voice*, etc. Malone compares *A. and C.* v. 2. 83:

"his voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres, and that to friends;
But when he meant to quail and shake the orb,
He was as rattling thunder."

115. *You find not the apostrophas.* K. understands this to refer to the

apostrophes in *vow'd* and *bow'd* (102 and 104 above), and therefore prints these "vowed" and "bowed."

116-122. *Here are only*, etc. The early eds. give this to Nathaniel; corrected by Theo.

120. *Imitari*. To imitate. The early eds. have "imitarie," with no point before it, and the Coll. MS. reads "imitating."

121. *The tired horse*. The early eds. have "tyred" for *tired*. Theo. reads "try'd," and Capell "'tired." Heath conjectures "trained." It is probably another allusion to Bankes's horse (see on i. 2. 52 above), as Farmer explains it; *tired* being = "adorned with ribbons."

123. *Ay, sir, from one Monsieur Biron*. "S. forgot himself in this passage. Jaquenetta knew nothing of Biron, and had said just before that the letter had been sent to her from Don Armado and given to her by Costard" (Mason).

133. *Royal*. The word is only in the 1st quarto.

134. *Stay not thy compliment; I forgive thy duty*. That is, do not tarry to make any formal obeisance; I excuse you from that. Cf. *M. V. D.* iv. 1. 21: "Pray you, leave your courtesy, good mounsieur." Cf. p. 155, note on 87.

141. *Colourable colours*. "That is, specious or fair-seeming appearances" (Johnson); or "false pretexts" (Schmidt).

146. *Before repast*. As in 1st quarto: "being repast" in folios. has "*bien vonuto*," and the Camb. editors conjecture "*bien venu* too."

154. *Certes*. Certainly. Cf. *Temp.* iii. 3. 30, *C. of E.* iv. 4. 78, etc. Schmidt considers it monosyllabic in *Hen. VIII.* i. 1. 48 and *Oth.* i. 1. 16.

156. *Pauca verba*. Few words (Latin).

SCENE III.—2. *Pitched a toil*. Set a net. *Toiling in a pitch* alludes to Rosaline's complexion (Johnson).

3. *Set thee down, sorrow!* A proverbial expression. Cf. i. 1. 296 above.

5. *And ay the fool*. The folio has "I" for *ay*, as regularly, and the editors generally take it for the personal pronoun. The *ay* is the correction of W., and *ay the fool* = "confirm the fool in what he said," or say *ay* to him. In the next line the common reading is "I a sheep;" also corrected by W.

6. *It kills sheep*. Alluding to the story that Ajax, when the arms of Hector were adjudged to Ulysses instead of himself, slew a whole flock of sheep, which, in his insane fury, he mistook for the sons of Atreus.

10. *Lie in my throat*. A common expression. See 2 *Hen. IV.* p. 154, note on *I had lied in my throat*.

16. *If the other three were in*. That is, in the same predicament with himself.

17. *Gets up into a tree*. The old stage-direction is "*He stands aside*;" which was all that the humble scenic arrangements of that day could afford; but it is evident from 74 below that Biron is meant to be above the others.

20. *Bird-bolt*. A blunt-headed arrow, used to kill birds without piercing them. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 42 and *T. A.* i. 5. 100.

25. *The night of dew.* The dewy night, the tears of sorrow. The lady's *eye-beams* are the morning sunshine on these dew-drops of his grief. Cf. *V. and A.* 481 fol.

28. *As doth thy face*, etc. Malone compares *V. and A.* 491 :

"But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
Shone like the moon in water seen by night."

31. *Triumphing.* Accented on the second syllable; as in *R. of L.* 1388, *1 Hen. IV.* v. 3. 15, v. 4. 14, *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 91, iv. 4. 59, etc.

36. *Dost thou.* The Coll. MS. has "thou dost."

43. *Perjure.* Perjurer. "The punishment of perjury is to wear on the breast a paper expressing the crime" (Johnson). Steevens quotes several references to the penalty.

48. *Triumvir.* The early eds. have "triumphery" or "triumphry." Rowe (1st ed.) reads "triumvirate."

49. *Love's Tyburn.* "The gallows at Tyburn was of triangular form" (Clarke).

53. *Guards.* Facings, trimmings. Cf. *Much Ado*, i. 1. 289: "the guards are but slightly basted on;" and see our ed. p. 124. For *hose*=breeches, see *A. Y. L.* p. 158.

54. *Slop.* The old eds. have "shop;" corrected by Theo. *Slops* were large loose trowsers. See *Much Ado*, p. 143.

55. *Did not the heavenly rhetoric*, etc. This sonnet also appears in *P. P.* iii. A comparison of the two versions will show some slight verbal differences.

68. *To lose an oath.* By losing an oath. For the "indefinite use" of the infinitive, see Gr. 356.

69. *The liver-vein.* For the liver as the seat of love, see *A. Y. L.* p. 179.

73. *All hid, all hid.* "The children's cry at *hide and seek*" (Musgrave).

76. *More sacks to the mill!* The name of a boyish sport.

77. *Woodcocks.* The bird was supposed to have no brains, and hence was a common metaphor for a fool. See *Ham.* pp. 191, 275.

81. *She is not, corporal.* Theo. reads "is but corporal," and the Coll. MS. "is most corporal;" but there is no absolute necessity for any change. As Clarke remarks, Biron styles Dumain *corporal* as he has before called himself "a *corporal* of his (Love's) field," with perhaps an allusion to the word *mortal* just used by Dumain. K., V., St., the Camb. editors, W. and others retain the old text.

82. *Quoted.* Noted, marked. Cf. *A. John*, iv. 2. 222 :

"A fellow by the hand of nature mark'd,
Quoted and sign'd to do a deed of shame," etc.

See also v. 2. 776 below. In the early eds. the word is spelt "coted," as it was pronounced.

The meaning is that "amber itself is regarded as foul when compared with her hair" (Mason).

91. *Reigns in my blood.* For the figure, cf. *Ham.* iv. 3. 68: "For like the hectic in my blood he rages."

92. *Incision*. Blood-letting; the only sense in S. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. i. 6, *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 75, *Rich. II.* i. 1. 155, *Hen. V.* iv. 2. 9, etc.

93. *Misprision*. Mistake, misapprehension. See *M. A. D.* p. 162.

96. *On a day*, etc. This poem is in *P. P.* xvii., and also in *England's Helicon*, 1614.

101. *Can passage find*. In the *P. P.* we find "gan" for *can*. The latter is an old spelling of *gan*. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* i. 4. 46: "With gentle words he can her fayrely greet," etc. See also Wh.

102. *That*. So that; as in v. 2. 9 below. Gr. 283.

103. *Wish'd*. The reading in *P. P.* and the 2d folio; the quartos and 1st folio have "wish."

106. *Is sworn*. "Hath sworn" in *P. P.* and *England's Helicon*.

107. *Thorn*. "Throne" in the early eds. and *P. P.*; corrected by Rowe from *England's Helicon*.

112. *Thou for whom*, etc. The reading of all the early versions. Rowe reads "even Jove," and the Coll. MS. "great Jove."

117. *Fasting*. Hungry, longing; changed by Capell to "lasting." Theo. conjectured "festering."

126. *You blush*. Changed by the Coll. MS. to "blush you." H. adopts Walker's conjecture of "your blush."

130. *Wreathed*. Folded. Cf. *T. G. of V.* ii. 1. 19: "to wreath your arms," etc.

137. *One, her*. The 2d folio drops *One*, and Walker conjectures "One's."

140. *When that*. For *that* as a "conjunctive affix," see Gr. 287.

141. *Faith so infringed*, etc. The *so* (the reading of the Globe ed.) is not in the folio. The 2d folio has "A faith." D. and H. adopt Walker's conjecture "Of faith." "Such faith" has also been proposed. In the 1st quarto the line is at the top of the page, and the catch-word at the bottom of the preceding page is "Fayth," showing, as the Camb. editors remark, that the omitted word, whatever it may be, was not the first in the line.

145. *Know so much by me*. That is, about me. Cf. *A. W.* v. 3. 237: "By him and by this woman here what know you?" See also *1 Cor.* iv. 4: "I know nothing by myself" (that is, against myself). Gr. 145.

146. *Advancing*. W. has "*Descends*," and remarks: "The original has no stage-direction here. It is noteworthy that Biron does not say 'Now I descend,' but 'Now step I forth,' which betrays the poet's consciousness that, although he imagined the character to be in a tree, the actor who played it would be on the same plane with the others." We are inclined, however, to think that "*Advancing*" is the proper stage-direction, and that *step I forth* refers to his coming forward *after* descending from the tree. What the stage usage is we are unable to say.

150. *Coaches; in*, etc. The early eds. have "couches in," etc.; corrected by Hamner. Cf. 30 above.

153. *Like of*. See on i. 1. 107 above.

156. *Mote . . . mote*. The early eds. have "moth . . . moth." Cf. p. 128 above.

159. *Teen*. Grief, pain. Cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 64: "To think o' the teen that I have turn'd you to;" and see our ed. p. 113.

161. *Gnat*. Schmidt compares *Per.* ii. 3. 62: "And princes not doing so are like to gnats." Theo. reads "knot," and Johnson conjectures "sot." Mason says: "Biron is abusing the king for his sonneting like a minstrel, and compares him to a *gnat*, which always sings as it flies." From the context it is quite as likely that *gnat* is simply a hit at the king for "coming down" to such petty business as love-making.

162. *Gig*. A kind of top. Cf. v. 1. 60, 62 below. S. uses the word nowhere else.

163. *Profound*. Accented on the first syllable because coming before a noun accented on the first syllable. Cf. *Ham.* iv. 1. 1: "There's matter in these sighs, these profound heaves." See, on the other hand, v. 2. 52 below, or *Sonn.* 112. 9. See also on i. 1. 134 above.

164. *Push-pin*. A child's game.

165. *Critic Timon*. Cynical Timon. See on iii. 1. 173 above. S. uses the adjective only here, but we have *critical* = censorious, in *M. N. D.* v. 1. 54 and *Oth.* ii. 1. 120 (the only instances of the word).

169. *A caudle, ho!* A *caudle* was a warm, cordial drink, often used for the sick. The folios misprint "candle" (the 1st quarto has *caudle*), as in 2 *Hen. VI.* iv. 7. 95, the only other instance of the noun in S.

171. *To me . . . by you*. The early eds. have "by me . . . to you;" corrected by Capell.

175. *Men like you*, etc. The quartos and 1st folio have "men like men of inconstancy;" corrected by D. (Walker's conjecture). Various other emendations not worthy of note have been suggested.

177. *Love*. The reading of 1st quarto (Duke of Devonshire's copy); other copies having "Ione." The other early eds. have "Ioane" or "Joan;" and some modern eds. read "Joan." See on iii. 1. 202 above.

178. *Pruning me*. Adorning myself. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 142.

180. *State*. Mode of *standing*, as opposed to *gait*; attitude. Cf. *station* in *Ham.* iii. 4. 58 and *A. and C.* iii. 3. 22.

182. *True man*. Often opposed to *thief*. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 168, or *Cymb.* p. 182.

184. *Present*. Document to be *presented*. Some see an allusion to the legal formula "Be it known to all men by these presents;" but this seems unnecessary. Sr. reads "presentment," and the Coll. MS. has "peasant."

185. *Makes*. Does. Cf. *A. Y. L.* i. 1. 31: "what make you here?" This use of the word was very common, and is played upon, as here, in *Rich. III.* i. 3. 164 fol.

189. *Person*. Parson; the reading of the early eds. See on iv. 2. 78 above.

196. *Toy*. Trifle; as in 165 above. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* iv. 1. 145: "a toy, a thing of no regard," etc.

202. *Mess*. Sometimes = a party of *four*, as "at great dinners the company was usually arranged into fours" (Nares). Cf. v. 2. 363 below, and see also 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 73: "your mess of sons."

207. *Turtles*. Turtle-doves; the only sense in S. Cf. v. 2. 893 below, See also *W. T.* p. 194.

211. *Show*. The folios have "will shew."

214. *Of all hands*. "At any rate, in any case" (Schmidt). Clarke makes it = "on all sides, on every account."

218. *Gorgeous east*. Milton has adopted this in *P. L.* ii. 3: "Or where the gorgeous east with richest hand," etc.

219. *Strucken*. The early eds. have "strooken." Cf. Gr. 344.

235. *To things of sale*, etc. Malone quotes *Sonn.* 21. 14: "I will not praise that purpose not to sell."

243. *Wood*. The early eds. have "word;" corrected by Rowe (1st ed.).

248. *No face*, etc. Cf. *Sonn.* 132. 13:

"Then will I swear beauty herself is black,
And all they foul that thy complexion lack."

See also *Sonn.* 127.

250. *Shade*. The early eds. have "schoole" or "school." Warb. conjectures "scowl," Theo. "stole," Thirlby "soul," D. "soil," Halliwell "scroll," "shroud," or "seal," and the Camb. editors "suit." *Shade* is from the Coll. MS. and is adopted by W. and H.

251. *And beauty's crest*, etc. "*Crest* is here properly opposed to *badge*. *Black*, says the king, is the *badge of hell*, but that which graces the heaven is the *crest of beauty*. *Black* darkens hell, and is therefore hateful; *white* adorns heaven, and is therefore lovely" (Johnson). Tollet says: "In heraldry, a *crest* is a device placed above a coat of arms. S. therefore uses it in a sense equivalent to *top* or *utmost height*." Cf. *K. John*, iv. 3. 46. For *crest*, Hanmer reads "dress," and the Coll. MS. "best."

254. *Usurping hair*. On Shakespeare's repugnance to false hair, see *M. of V.* p. 149, note on *The dowry*, etc. For his allusions to *painting*, cf. *M. for M.* iii. 2. 83, iv. 2. 40, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 147, *Ham.* v. 1. 213, *W. T.* iv. 4. 101, etc. Hanmer has "usurped." The 1st folio omits *and*, and the 2d and 3d folios have "an."

263. *Crack*. Boast. Cf. *Cymb.* v. 5. 177:

"our brags
Were crack'd of kitchen-trulls."

The 1st quarto and 1st and 2d folios have "craque."

283. *Quillets*. Casuistries, subtleties, nice distinctions of logic or law. Cf. 1 *Hen. VI.* ii. 4. 17: "these nice sharp quillets of the law;" *Ham.* v. 1. 108: "his quiddits now, his quillets," etc.

292. *Book*. Some editors put a colon or semicolon after this word.

294-299. *For when . . . fire*. These lines are evidently a part of the first sketch of the play accidentally retained in the revision. They are repeated in new form below. The same is true of 307-314 below. D. and H. strike out both passages.

300. *Poisons up*. For the intensive use of *up*, cf. "kill them up" in *A. Y. L.* ii. 1. 62, and see our ed. p. 155. See also *flatter up* in v. 2. 804 below. Most editors (except St.) follow Theo. in reading "prisons up;" but the simile which follows seems to favour the old text. There is a closer analogy between *poisoning* and *tiring* than between *prisoning* and *tiring*. The early eds. all have "poysons." The Camb. editors, after adopting "prisons," return to *poisons* in the Globe ed.

308. *Teaches such beauty*, etc. "That is, a lady's eyes give a fuller no-

tion of *beauty* than any author" (Johnson). Warb. reads "duty," and the Coll. MS. "learning."

311. *Then when*, etc. After this line, the quartos and 1st folio insert the imperfect line "With our selues."

314. *Our books*. "That is, our *true* books, from which we derive most information—the *eyes* of women" (Malone).

317. *Numbers*. "Poetical measures" (Johnson); changed by Hanmer to "notions."

331. *When the suspicious head of theft is stopp'd*. "That is, a lover in pursuit of his mistress has his sense of hearing quicker than a *thief* (who suspects every sound he hears) in pursuit of his prey" (Warb.).

332. *Sensible*. Sensitive; as in *Temp.* ii. 1. 174: "sensible and nimble lungs," etc.

336. *Valour*. Theo. reads "savour," and "flavour" has been conjectured. The reference is of course to the daring of Hercules in attempting to get the golden apples. *Hesperides* is used for the Gardens of the Hesperides. Cf. *Per.* i. 1. 27:

"Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death-like dragons here affright thee hard."

Malone quotes Greene's *Friar Bacon*, etc., 1598: "That watch'd the garden call'd Hesperides."

339. *Voice*. H. prints "voice'." Possibly the word is a plural, like *sense* in *Sonn.* 112. 10, etc. See Gr. 471. The plural verb may, however, be explained as an instance of "confusion of proximity" Gr. 412). Abbott is doubtful under which head to put the passage. Hanmer reads "Makes" for *Make*.

The meaning of the passage may be, "When love speaks, the accordant voice of all the gods makes heaven drowsy with the harmony" (Clarke); or, as we are inclined to think, when love speaks, it is *like* the voices of all the gods blended in soul-soothing harmony.

353. *A word that loves all men*. Malone thinks this means "that is pleasing to all men," and compares the *impersonal* use of "it likes me" = it pleases me. Of course there is no analogy whatever between the two. The expression was used for the sake of the antithesis, and probably with a somewhat loose reference to the idea that love affects all men, or, possibly, is a blessing to all men. Hanmer reads "that moves all men," and Warb. "all women love." Heath conjectures "joys" for *loves*, and Mason "leads."

364. *Get the sun of them*. As Malone notes, it was an advantage in the days of archery to have the sun at the back of the bowmen and in the face of the enemy; as Henry V. found at the battle of Agincourt.

365. *Glozes*. Sophistries, special pleadings; the only instance of the noun in S. For the verb, see *Hen. V.* p. 146.

375. *Love*. Venus. Cf. *C. of E.* p. 128.

377. *Be time*. That is, be sufficient time (Clarke). The reading of the early eds. changed by Rowe to "betime," which Schmidt regards as a verb = "betide, chance."

378. *Allons! allons!* The early eds. have "Alone, alone;" corrected by Theo. (the conjecture of Warb.). See on v. i. 137 below.

Sow'd cockle reap'd no corn. "This proverbial expression intimates that, beginning with perjury, they can expect to reap nothing but falsehood" (Warb.).

ACT V.

SCENE I.—1. *Satis quod sufficit.* "Enough 's as good as a feast" (Steevens).

2. *Reasons.* Arguments; or, perhaps, as Johnson and others explain it, "discourse, conversation."

4. *Affection.* "Affectation" (2d folio). In *Ham.* ii. 2. 464, the quartos have "affection," the folios "affectation." See also on v. 2. 409 below. *Affected* (=affected) occurs in *T. N.* ii. 3. 160.

5. *Opinion.* Dogmatism; or, perhaps, self-conceit. Cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 175.

9. *Novi hominem tanquam te.* I know the man as well as I do you.

10. *His tongue filed.* His speech is polished or refined. Cf. *Sonn.* 85. 4: "And precious phrase by all the Muses fil'd," etc.

12. *Thrasonical.* Boastful; like Thraso in Terence's *Eunuchus*. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 193.

Picked. Over-refined, fastidious. Cf. *Ham.* v. i. 151: "the age is grown so picked;" and *A. John*, i. i. 193: "My picked man of countries." Travellers were much given to this affectation; which explains *peregrinate* here.

18. *Phantasimes.* Fantastics. See on iv. i. 94 above.

Point-device=finical, "up to the best mark devisable;" as in *A. Y. L.* iii. 2. 401: "you are rather point-device in your accoutrements." For *companions* used contemptuously (=fellows), see *Temp.* p. 131, note on *Your fellow*.

19. *Rackers of orthography*, etc. W. remarks: "This passage has especial interest on account of its testimony to the condition of our language when it was written: In his pedagoguish wrath, the Pedant lets us know that consonants now silent were then heard on the lips of purists, that compound words preserved the forms and sounds of their elements, and that vowels were pronounced more purely and openly than they now are. The change from the ancient to what may be called the modern pronunciation appears to have begun, among the more cultivated classes, just before S. commenced his career, and to have been completed in the course of about fifty years—that is, from about 1575 to about 1625 . . . With regard to the completion of this change, the following passages from Charles Butler's *English Grammar*, Oxford, 1633, are decisive: 'Another use of the letters is to show the derivation of a word: namely, when we keep a letter in the derivative, &c. . . also when a letter not sounded in the English is yet written, because it is in the language from which the word came: as *b* in *debt, doubt*; *e* in *George*; *g* in *deseign, flegme, reign, signe*; *h* in *Thomas, authoriti*; *l* in *salve*, &c.

... *L* after *a* and before *f*, *v*, *k*, or *m* is vulgarly sounded like *u* (or, with the *a*, like the diphthong *au*); before *f* as in *calf*, *half*; before *v* as in *salv*, *calvs*, *halvs*, etc."

23. *Abhominable*. The old spelling, and evidently also the pronunciation, of the word.

Insinuateth me. Intimates or suggests to me. Hanmer reads "to me," and the Coll. MS. "one" for *me*.

24. For *insanire* the early eds. have "infamie," for which Theo. reads "insanie," Warb. "insanity," and the Coll. MS. "insania." *Insanire*, which is favoured by the use of the infinitive in defining it, was suggested by Walker.

Ne intelligis? Do you understand? Johnson conjectures "nonne" for *ne*.

26. *Laus Deo*, etc. The folio reads here:

"*Cura. Laus Deo, bene intelligo.*

Peda. Bone boon for boon priscian, a little scratcht, 'twil serue."

The reading in the text is due to Theo., who says: "The curate, addressing with complaisance his brother pedant, says *bone* to him, as we frequently in Terence find *bone vir*; but the pedant, thinking he had mistaken the adverb, thus descants on it: '*Bone—bone for bene*: Priscian a little scratched: 't will serve.' Alluding to the common phrase, *Diminuis Prisciani caput*, applied to such as speak false Latin." This is ingenious, but we have our doubts whether it is anything more than a plausible mending of a hopelessly corrupt passage. It is, however, much to be preferred to the modification of it in the modern editions that have adopted it. These, without exception (at least, so far as we are aware), read "bone intelligo," making Nathaniel actually wrong in the use of the adverb. It is hardly conceivable that he should be guilty of a blunder for which a schoolboy ought to be whipped; and besides he has used the correct form in "omne bene," in iv. 2. 31 above—a fact which all the editors appear to have overlooked. It is certainly more reasonable to suppose, as Theo. does, that Nathaniel's *bone* is the vocative of the adjective, and that Holofernes takes it to be a slip for the adverb; which is natural enough, as *bene intelligo* is a common phrase. Being a pedagogue, and used to hearing such blunders from his pupils, it does not occur to him that Nathaniel would not be likely to make them.

The Camb. editors (followed by H.) retain the *bene intelligo*, and make Holofernes reply: "Bon, bon, fort bon, Priscian! a little scratched; 't will serve." They say: "Holofernes patronizingly calls Sir Nathaniel *Priscian*, but, pedagogue-like, will not admit his perfect accuracy." It seems improbable, however, that he would play the critic in a case like this, where the construction is so simple that no possible question could be raised about it. Besides, the pedant does not elsewhere quote French, and Latin might naturally be expected from him here.

29. *Videsne quis venit?* Do you see who is coming?

30. *Video, et gaudeo*. I see, and rejoice.

37. *Alms-basket of words*. The refuse of words. As Malone notes, the refuse meat of families was put into a basket and given to the poor. He cites Florio's *Second Frutes*, 1591: "Take away the table, fould up

the cloth, and put all these pieces of broken meat into a basket for the poor."

39. *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*. "This word, whencesoever it comes, is often mentioned as the longest word known" (Johnson).

40. *Flap-dragon*. "Some small combustible body, fired at one end, and put afloat in a glass of liquor" (Johnson). Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 267: "drinks off candle-ends for flap-dragons." Almonds, plums, or raisins were commonly used for the purpose.

43. *Horn-book*. The child's primer, the pages of which were covered with thin horn, to keep them from being soiled or torn. S. uses the word only here.

45. *Pueritia*. Literally, boyhood; used affectedly for *puer*, boy.

48. *Quis*. Who.

50. *The fifth, if I*. K. says: "The pedant asks who is the silly sheep—quis, quis? 'The third of the five vowels if you repeat them,' says Moth; and the pedant does repeat them—a, e, I; the other two clinches it, says Moth, o, u (O you). This may appear a poor conundrum, and a low conceit, as Theobald has it, but the satire is in opposing the pedantry of the boy to the pedantry of the man, and making the pedant have the worst of it in what he calls 'a quick venew of wit.'"

53. *Longaville*. Here rhyming with *mile*, as above (iv. 3. 128) with *compile*. Cf. p. 128 above.

54. *Venue*. Touch, hit; a fencing term. It is the same as *veney* in *M. W.* i. 1. 296. See our ed. p. 135.

55. *Home*. That is, a home thrust. Cf. v. 2. 628 below.

56. *Wit-old*. A play upon *wittol* (=cuckold), for which see *M. W.* p. 148.

62. *Circum circa*. That is, round and round.

71. *Preambulate*. The early eds. have "preambulat," for which Theo. reads "præambula." *Preambulate* is from the Camb. ed.

72. *Charge-house*. A word not found elsewhere, and possibly a corruption. Steevens thought it might be = "a free school" (apparently on the *lucus a non lucendo* principle), but it is more likely one at which a fee was charged. Theo. conjectures "church-house," and the Coll. MS. has "large house." Capell takes it to be a corruption of *Charter-house*, as that word is of *Chartreuse*. This is not improbable. H. reads "Char-treuse;" but, even if that is the meaning, the corruption may have been put intentionally into the mouth of Armado.

83. *Choice*. The quartos and 1st folio have "chose," the 2d folio "choise," and the other folios "choice."

86. *Inward*. Confidential, private. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 4. 8: "Who is most inward with the royal duke?" See also the noun in *M. for M.* iii. 2. 138.

87. *Remember thy courtesy*. This was a phrase of the time, bidding a person who had taken off his hat as an act of courtesy, to put it on again. See p. 147. Dr. Ingleby (*Shakes. Hermeneutics*, p. 74) is probably right in his explanation of the origin of the phrase: "It arose, we think, as follows: the *courtesy* was the temporary removal of the hat from the head, and that was finished as soon as the hat was replaced. If any one

from ill-breeding or over-politeness stood uncovered for a longer time than was necessary to perform the simple act of courtesy, the person so saluted reminded him of the fact that the removal of the hat was a courtesy: and this was expressed by the euphemism 'Remember thy courtesy,' which thus implied 'Complete your courtesy, and replace your hat.'"

89. *Impfortunate*. The folio reading. The 1st quarto has "important," and the Camb. ed. "important."

93. *Excrement*. The word is applied to the hair or beard in five out of six passages in which S. uses it. See *Ham.* p. 238.

99. *Chuck*. A term of endearment. See *Mach.* p. 212.

100. *Antique*. The early eds. use *antique* and *antick* indiscriminately, but with the accent always on the first syllable. Cf. *A. Y. L.* p. 152, or *Mach.* p. 234. See also 132 below.

105. *The Nine Worthies*. Famous personages, often alluded to, and classed somewhat arbitrarily, like the Seven Wonders of the World. They were commonly said to be three Gentiles—Hector, Alexander, Julius Cæsar; three Jews—Joshua, David, Judas Maccabæus; and three Christians—Arthur, Charlemagne, Godfrey of Bouillon. In the present play we find Pompey and Hercules among the number. Cf. *2 Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 238: "ten times better than the Nine Worthies."

106. *Sir Nathaniel*. The early eds. have "Sir Holofernes;" corrected by Capell.

113. *Myself or*. The early eds. have "myself and;" corrected by Capell. The passage is probably otherwise corrupt.

115. *Pass*. Pass as, represent.

120. *Present*. Represent; as in *Temp.* iv. 1. 167: "When I presented Ceres," etc. See also many instances of the word below.

125. *Make an offence gracious*. "Convert an offence against yourselves into a dramatic propriety" (Steevens).

132. *Fadge*. Suit, or turn out well; as in *T. N.* ii. 2. 34: "How will this fadge?"

134. *Via*. Away (Italian); used as "an adverb of encouragement" (Florio).

137. *Allous*. The early eds. have "Alone," as in iv. 3. 378 above.

139. *The hay*. Some say that to *dance the hay* was to dance in a ring; others that *hay* was the name of a country-dance.

SCENE II.—2. *Fairings*. Presents (originally, those bought at a fair); used by S. only here.

3. *A lady*, etc. Walker conjectures that this line and the next should be transposed; but it is not an unnatural exclamation as it stands.

10. *Wax*. Grow; with an obvious play on the noun.

12. *Shrewd*. Mischievous, evil; the original sense of the word. See *Hen. VIII.* p. 202. *Unhappy* seems to be =roguish; as in *A. IV.* iv. 5. 66: "A shrewd knave and an unhappy." See our ed. p. 174. *Gallows* = one who deserves the gallows.

19. *Mouse*. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 4. 183: "call you his mouse." See also *T. N.* i. 5. 69.

22. *Taking it in snuff*. A play on the sense of taking it ill, or being

vexed at it. Cf. Hotspur's quibble in 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 3. 41. See also *M. N. D.* v. 1. 254.

28. *Past cure is still past care.* The early eds. transpose *cure* and *care*; corrected by Theo. For the proverb, cf. *Sonn.* 147. 9: "Past cure I am, now reason is past care." See also *R. and J.* p. 200, note on *Cure*.

29. *Banded.* Like *set* (=game), an allusion to tennis. Cf. *K. John*, v. 2. 107 and *Hen. V.* i. 2. 262. See also *R. and J.* ii. 5. 114.

33. *Favour.* Playing upon its sense of *face*. Cf. iv. 3. 257 above.

43. *Ware pencils.* Beware of pencils. *Ware* is not a contraction of *beware*, as generally printed. Cf. *Wb.*

"Rosaline says that Biron had drawn her picture in his letter; and afterwards playing on the word *letter*, Katherine compares her to a text B. Rosaline in reply advises her to beware of pencils, that is, of drawing likenesses, lest she should retaliate; which she afterwards does by comparing her to a red dominical letter, and calling her marks of the small-pox *O's*" (Mason). In the old calendars (as in some modern ones) the dominical letter denoting Sunday was printed in red.

45. *Not so.* Found in the 1st quarto, but not in the other early eds.

46. *A pox of that jest!* Theo. considered this rather coarse in the mouth of a princess; but, as Farmer reminds him, only the small-pox is meant. Davison has a canzonet on his lady's "sickness of the poxe;" and Dr. Donne writes to his sister: "I found Pegge had the poxe—I humbly thank God, it hath not much disfigured her."

Beshrew was a mild form of imprecation; and *shrew* was another spelling of *shrew* (cf. *shew* and *show*, etc.), representing the pronunciation of the word. For the rhyme, cf. *T. of S.* iv. 1. 213, v. 2. 28, 188. D. omits *I* (Lettsom's conjecture), as "in 29 out of 31 examples in *S. beshrew* is a mere exclamatory imprecation." The other instance of the verb with a pronoun expressed is in *R. and J.* v. 2. 26: "She will beshrew me much."

47. *But, Katherine,* etc. It has been conjectured that either *Katherine* should be omitted, or we should read "sent you from Dumain."

61. *In by the week.* A cant phrase of the time, sometimes = in love, as in the old *Roister Doister* (St.).

65. *Hests.* The quartos and 1st folio have "device," and the later folios "all to my behests." *Hests* (cf. *Temp.* i. 2. 274, iii. 1. 37, iv. 1. 65, and see our ed. p. 118) was suggested by Walker.

66. *And make him proud,* etc. "Make him proud to flatter me who make a mock of his flattery" (*Edin. Rev.* Nov. 1786).

67. *Potent-like.* The early eds. have "pertaunt-like" or "pertaunt-like." Theo. reads "pedant-like." Hammer and H. "portent-like," Capell "pageant-like," the Coll. MS. "potently," and W. "persaunt-like" (=piercingly). *Potent-like* is due to Sr.

69. *Catch'd.* For the form, cf. *A. W.* i. 3. 176 and *R. and J.* iv. 5. 48. We find it as the past tense in *Cor.* i. 3. 68.

74. *Wantonness.* The quartos and 1st folio have "wantons be;" corrected in 2d folio.

78. *Simplicity.* Silliness; as in 52 above.

79. *Mirth is.* The folios omit *is*, which is found in the 1st quarto. In the next line the quarto misprints "stable" for *stabb'd*.

80. In *stabbd with laughter* some see an allusion to the "stitch in the side" often caused by laughter.

82. *Encounters*. The abstract for the concrete. The Coll. MS. has "encounterers," which occurs in *T. and C.* iv. 5. 58.

87. *Saint Denis*. The patron saint of France. Cf. *Hen. V.* v. 2. 193, 220, etc. For *Saint Cupid*, cf. iv. 3. 361 above.

88. *Charge their breath against us*. Make this wordy attack upon us. The Coll. MS. spoils it by reading "charge the breach."

92. *Address*. Directed; as in *T. N.* i. 4. 15: "address thy gait unto her," etc. H. explains it as "*made ready or prepared*."

101. *Made a doubt*. Expressed the fear. Cf. *Rich. II.* p. 198, note on '*T is doubt*.'

104. *Audaciously*. Boldly, with confidence.

117. *Spleen ridiculous*. "Ridiculous fit of laughter" (Johnson). For *spleen*=a sudden impulse, or fit, see *M. N. D.* p. 129.

118. *Passion's solemn tears*. That is, tears which are usually the expression of deep sorrow. For *passion*, cf. *Ham.* p. 212. See also the verb in i. 1. 249 above. The 1st quarto prints "folle pashions solembre," and the folio "folly passions solempne." Pope reads "folly, passions, solemn tears," and the Coll. MS. has "sudden" for *solemn*. St. conjectures "folly's passion, solemn tears."

121. *Like Muscovites or Russians*. K. remarks: "For the Russian or Muscovite habits assumed by the king and nobles of Navarre, we are indebted to Vecellio. At page 303 of the edition of 1598, we find a noble Muscovite whose attire sufficiently corresponds with that described by Hall in his account of a Russian masque at Westminster, in the reign of Henry VIII., quoted by Ritson in illustration of this play.

"'In the first year of King Henry VIII.,' says the chronicler, 'at a banquet made for the foreign ambassadors in the Parliament-chamber at Westminster, came the Lord Henry Earl of Wiltshire, and the Lord Fitzwalter, in two long gowns of yellow satin traversed with white satin, and in every bend of white was a bend of crimson satin, after the fashion of Russia or Russland, with furred hats of grey on their heads, either of them having an hatchet in their hands, and boots with pikes turned up.' The boots in Vecellio's print have no 'pikes turned up,' but we perceive the 'long gown' of figured satin or damask, and the 'furred hat.' At page 283 of the same work we are presented also with the habit of the Grand Duke of Muscovy, a rich and imposing costume which might be worn by his majesty of Navarre himself." See the cut (copied from K.) on p. 127 above.

122. *Parle*. Parley. Cf. *R. of L.* 100: "parling looks." For the noun, see *Hen. V.* p. 164.

123. *Love-feat*. Plausibly altered by D. and others (Walker's conjecture) to "love-suit;" but *love-feat* may include "the various feats of parleying, courting, and dancing" (Clarke).

125. *Severel*. Separate; as often. See *Temp.* p. 131. Cf. the quibble in ii. 1. 222 above.

146. *To the death*. Though death were the consequence of refusal. Cf. *Rich. III.* iii. 2. 55: "I will not do it, to the death."

149. *Speaker's*. From the 1st quarto; "keepers" in the folios.
152. *N'er*. The quartos and 1st folio have "ere;" corrected in 2d folio.
159. *Taffeta*. "The taffeta masks they wore to conceal themselves" (Theo.). The early eds. give this line to Biron; corrected by Theo.
160. *Parcel*. For the personal use, cf. *M. of I.* i. 2. 119: "this parcel of wooers;" and *A. W.* ii. 3. 58: "this youthful parcel Of noble bachelors."
166. *Spirits*. Monosyllabic (=sprites); as often. Gr. 463.
173. *Brings me out*. Puts me out.
186. *Measure*. A grave and stately dance. Cf. *Much Ado*, ii. 1. 80: "a measure, full of state and ancientry," etc. For *her on this*, the quarto reading, the folios have "you on the."
201. *Accompt*. For the noun, the folio has *accompt* 13 times and *account* 17 times; the verb is always *account* (Schmidt).
207. *Eyne*. An old plural of *eye*: found without the rhyme in *R. of L.* 1229.
209. *Request'st*. The early eds. have "requests." See Gr. 340.
216. *The man*. That is, the man in the moon.
222. *Curtsey*. See on i. 2. 60 above.
233. *Treys*. Threes; as in dice and card playing.
234. *Metheglin*. A sweet beverage. Cf. *M. W.* v. 5. 167 (Evans's speech): "Sack and wine and metheglins." *Wort* is unfemented beer.
236. *Cog*. Deceive; specifically used of falsifying dice.
239. *Change*. Often =exchange, on which sense Maria plays just below.
248. *Veal*. Perhaps punning on the foreign pronunciation of *well* (Malone). Boswell quotes *The Wisdome of Dr. Dodypoll*:
- "*Doctor*. Hans, my very speciall friend; fait and trot me be right glad for see you veale.
- Hans*. What, do you make a calfe of me, M. Doctor?"
- The Camb. editors say: "The word alluded to is *Viel*, a word which would be likely to be known from the frequent use which the sailors from Hamburg or Bremen would have cause to make of the phrase *zu viel* in their bargains with the London shopkeepers."
260. *The sense of sense*. See on i. 1. 64 above.
264. *Dry-beaten*. Cudgelled, thrashed. See *R. and J.* p. 181, and cf. *C. of E.* p. 119 (note on *Dry busting*).
269. *Well-liking*. Well-conditioned. Cf. what Falstaff says in 1 *Hen. IV.* iii. 3. 6: "I'll repent, while I am in some liking" (while I have some flesh). See also *M. W.* ii. 1. 57. Steevens quotes *Job*, xxix. 4.
270. *Kingly-poor*. Poor for a king; not hyphenated in the early eds. and perhaps corrupt. The Coll. MS. has "kill'd by pure," and Sr. reads "wit, stung by poor." St. conjectures "wit, poor-liking."
275. *Weeping-ripe*. Ripe for weeping, ready to weep; used again in 3 *Hen. VI.* i. 4. 172: "What, weeping-ripe, my lord Northumberland?" Cf. *reeling-ripe* in *Temp.* v. 1. 279 and *sinking-ripe* in *C. of E.* i. 1. 78.
278. *No point*. See on ii. 1. 189 above.

280. *Qualm*. Probably a play on *calm*, which seems to have been pronounced like it. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV.* ii. 4. 40: "sick of a calm;" and see our ed. p. 167.

282. *Statute-caps*. Woollen caps, which, by act of Parliament in 1571, the citizens were required to wear on Sundays and holidays. The nobility were exempt from the requirement, which, as Strype informs us, was "in behalf of the trade of cappers"—one of sundry such "protection" measures in the time of Elizabeth. The meaning evidently is, that "better wits may be found among citizens" (Steevens), or common folk.

284. *Quick*. Sprightly. See on i. i. 159 above.

299. *Angels veiling clouds*. That is, letting fall the clouds that have masked or hidden them. For *vail*=lower, let fall, see *M. of V.* p. 128, or *Ham.* p. 179. Theo. reads:

"Or angel-veiling clouds; are roses blown,
Dismaskt, their damask sweet commixture shewn;"

and Warb. the same, except "angels veil'd in" for "angel-veiling."

305. *Shapeless*. Unshapely, ugly; as in *R. of L.* 973 and *C. of E.* iv. 2. 20.

314. *Thither*. From 1st quarto; omitted in folios.

317. *As pigeons pease*. Steevens quotes from Ray's *Proverbs*:

"Children pick up words as pigeons peas,
And utter them again as God shall please."

318. *God*. The reading of 1st quarto, changed in the folio to "Jove;" doubtless on account of the statute against the use of the name of God on the stage.

320. *Wassails*. Drinking-bouts, carousals. See *Mach.* p. 180.

325. *Carve*. Carving was considered a courtly accomplishment; but the word here probably has the same sense as in *M. IV.* i. 3. 49: "She discourses, she carves, she gives the leer of invitation" (see our ed. p. 137), where it refers to making certain signs with the fingers, or a kind of amorous telegraphy.

On *lisp*, cf. *M. IV.* iii. 3. 77: "these lispng hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel," etc.

328. *Tables*. The old name for backgammon.

330. *A mean*. A tenor. Cf. *T. G. of V.* i. 2. 95: "The mean is drown'd by your unruly base;" and *W. T.* iv. 3. 46: "means and bases." Steevens quotes Bacon: "The treble cutteth the air so sharp, as it returneth too swift to make the sound equal; and therefore a mean or tenor is the sweetest."

334. *Whale's*. A dissyllable. Cf. Spenser, *F. Q.* iii. i. 15: "And eke, through feare, as white as whales bone." The simile was a common one in the old poets, as Steevens shows by many quotations. The reference is to the tooth of the walrus, or "horse-whale," then much used as a substitute for ivory.

336. *Boyet*. The rhyme with *debt* is to be noted. Cf. p. 128 above.

340. *This man*. The early eds. have "this madman;" corrected by Theo. The Camb. ed. retains "madman."

342. *In all hail.* With a play on *hail*=hail-stones (Clarke).

350. *Must break.* Hammer reads "makes break."

367. *To the manner.* According to the manner, or fashion.

368. *Undeserving praise.* Undeserved praise, or praise to the undeserving. Cf. Gr. 372.

376. *When we greet,* etc. That is, when we look upon the sun it dazzles or blinds our eyes.

391. *We are descried,* etc. This speech and next are spoken aside, as is evident from what the princess says immediately after; but no former editor, so far as we are aware, has marked them so.

394. *Swoon.* The quartos and 1st folio have "sound," which was one of the ways of spelling the word. It is found in the folio in *M. A. D.* ii. 2. 154, *A. Y. L.* v. 2. 29, *Rich. III.* iv. 1. 35, *R. and J.* iii. 2. 56, etc. The later folios have "swoound," which often occurs in the early eds. In *R. of L.* 1486, we find *swoounds* rhyming with *wounds*. *Swoown* and *swoound* (present) are other old forms.

406. *Friend.* Sometimes =mistress; as in *M. for M.* i. 4. 29: "He hath got his friend with child." For the corresponding masculine use, see *Cymb.* p. 171.

409. *Three-pil'd.* Superfine; or like three-piled velvet, the richest kind. Cf. *M. for M.* i. 2. 33: "thou art good velvet; thou'rt a three-piled piece;" and *W. T.* iv. 3. 14: "and in my time wore three-pile."

For *affection* (Rowe's reading) the early eds. have "affection." See on v. 1. 4 above. *W.* retains "affection," which he would make a quadrisyllable, rhyming with *ostentati-on*. *Hyperboles*, he says, is a trisyllable, *hy-pér-boles*, as in *T. and C.* i. 3. 161: "Would seem hyperboles. At this fusty stuff." But *ostentati-on* would make the line an Alexandrine, which (see on i. 1. 108 above) *S.* rarely used in his early plays; and it does not seem at all necessary to make *hyperbole* a trisyllable in *T. and C.* *Affection* is found in the folio in *M. W.* i. 1. 152 and *Ham.* ii. 2. 464; *affection* (in the same sense) only here and in v. 1. 4 above.

415. *Russet.* Homespun; *russet* being a common color for such fabrics. *Kersey* was a coarse woollen stuff.

417. *Sans.* Without; a French word that had become quite Anglicized in the time of *S.* See *A. Y. L.* p. 163. In her reply Rosaline bids him speak without *sans*, that is, "without French words" (Tyrwhitt).

421. *Lord have mercy on us.* "The inscription put upon the doors of the houses infected with the plague. The *tokens* of the plague are the first spots or discolorations by which the infection is known to be received" (Johnson). Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 10. 9: "like the token'd pestilence;" and see our ed. p. 197.

427. *States.* Estates. See *M. of V.* p. 151, note on *Estate*.

429. *Being those that sue.* A play upon *sue*=prosecute by law (Johnson).

436. *Well-advis'd.* Probably =in your right mind. Cf. *C. of E.* ii. 2. 215: "mad or well advis'd?" See also *Rich. III.* p. 192. The ordinary sense of "acting with due deliberation," which most editors give here, seems rather tame.

442. *Force not.* "Make no difficulty" (Johnson), or "care not for"

(Schmidt). Cf. *R. of L.* 1021: "I force not argument a straw." Coll. quotes the interlude of *Jacob and Esau*, 1568:

"O Lorde! some good body, for Gods sake, gyve me meate,
I force not what it were, so that I had to eate."

461. *Neither of either.* A common expression of the time, found in *The London Prodigal* and other comedies (Malone).

462. *Consent.* Compact, conspiracy.

465. *Please-man.* Pickthank, parasite.

A *zany* was a subordinate buffoon. Cf. *T. N.* i. 5. 96: "the fools' zanies;" and see our ed. p. 129.

466. *Trencher-knight.* Servingman. Cf. 479 below.

467. *In years.* Probably = into wrinkles, like those of age. Cf. *M. of V.* i. 1. 80: "With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come." Theo. reads "in jeers."

473. *In will, and error.* "First wilfully, afterwards by mistake" (Clarke).

476. *Squire.* Square, or foot-rule. Cf. *W. T.* p. 199, or 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 159. There is a vulgar proverb, "He has the length of her foot" = he knows her humour exactly (Heath).

477. *Upon the apple of her eye.* In obedience to her glance.

480. *You are allow'd.* "An allowed fool" (*T. N.* i. 5. 101), a privileged jester.

484. *Manage . . . career.* Terms of the stable and the tilt-yard. On *manage*, see *A. Y. L.* p. 136. A *career* was an encounter of knights at full gallop. Cf. *Rich. II.* i. 2. 49, etc. For *manage* the folios have "manager," and the 1st quarto "nuage;" corrected by Theo.

492. *You cannot beg us.* "That is, we are not fools; our next relations cannot beg the wardship of our persons and fortunes. One of the legal tests of a *natural* is to try whether he can number" (Johnson). Cf. *C. of E.* p. 116, note on *Fool-begged*. K. remarks: "One of the most abominable corruptions of the feudal system of government was for the sovereign, who was the legal guardian of idiots, to grant the wardship of such an unhappy person to some favourite, granting with the idiot the right of using his property. Ritson, and Douce more correctly, give a curious anecdote illustrative of this custom, and of its abuse:

"The Lord North begg'd old Bladwell for a foole (though he could never prove him so), and having him in his custodie as a lunaticke, he carried him to a gentleman's house, one day, that was his neighbour. The L. North and the gentleman retir'd awhile to private discourse, and left Bladwell in the dining-roome, which was hung with a faire hanging; Bladwell walking up and downe, and viewing the imagerie, spied a foole at last in the hanging, and without delay drawes his knife, flyes at the foole, cutts him cleane out, and layes him on the floore; my Lord and the gentleman coming in againe, and finding the tapestrie thus defac'd, he ask'd Bladwell what he meant by such a rude uncivill act; he answered, Sir, be content, I have rather done you a courtesie than a wrong, for, if ever my L. N. had seene the foole there he would have begg'd him, and so you might have lost your whole suite' (*Harl. MS.* 6395)."

502. *Whereuntil.* Whereunto, to what.

503. *Pursent*. The early eds. have "parfect" or "perfect" (corrected by W.), and "in" for *d'en* (corrected by Malone).

504. *Pompon*. The early eds. have here "Pompey;" corrected by Rowe.

517, 518. *Where zeal*, etc. We leave this passage as in the folio (with W. and the Camb. editors), in preference to adopting any one of the many emendations that have been proposed. The plural *contents* is used for the sake of the rhyme; and the meaning seems to be: where zeal strives to please, but the very effort is fatal to the pleasure. The context is the best commentary upon it. For the singular *Dies*, see Gr. 333.

Hanmer reads "content Dies in the zeal of that it doth present;" Steevens, "contents Die in the zeal of them which it presents;" Sr. and H., "contents Lie in the fail of that which it presents;" and Clarke (Mason's conjecture), "content Lies in the zeal of those which it present." For other conjectures, see the Camb. ed.

527. *Honey*. For the personal use, cf. 1 *Hen. IV.* i. 2. 179, *T. and C.* v. 2. 18, *R. and J.* ii. 5. 18, etc.

529. *Fortuna de la guerra*. Fortune of war (Spanish). Hanmer has "della guerra," forgetting that Armado is a Spaniard and not an Italian. The early eds. have "delaguar;" and Schmidt conjectures "del agua" (of the water, alluding to the old saying that swimming must be tried in the water) or "de la guarda" (of guard, "that is, guarding Fortune").

531. *Complement*. Used here for *couple*. In *Sonn.* 21. 5 it is = combination.

542. *Novum*. Hanmer reads "novem." *Novum* (or *nozem*) was a game at dice. Steevens quotes Greene, *Art of Legerdemain*, 1612: "The principal use of them [dice] is at novum," etc. *Abate* = leave out, except; and the meaning is: "except in a throw at novum, the whole world could not furnish five such."

543. *Pick*. The reading of 1st quarto; the other early eds. have "prick."

546. *Libbard's*. Leopard's; the knee-caps in old dresses and plate-armour often being in the form of a leopard's head (D.).

563. *Stands too right*. According to Plutarch, Alexander's head had a twist towards the left. The next line alludes to the statement of the same author that Alexander's skin had "a marvellous good savour."

572. *The painted cloth*. For the historical and other paintings on the cloth hangings of rooms, see *A. Y. L.* p. 176.

573. *That holds his poll-axe*, etc. The arms of Alexander, as given in the old history of the Nine Worthies, were a lion sitting in a chair holding a battle-axe (Tollet).

574. *Ajax*. There is a play on a *jakes*: a coarse joke that occurs in B. J., Camden, Sir John Harington, and other writers of the time.

575. *Afeard*. The quarto has *afeard*, and the folios *afraid*. The forms are used interchangeably in the early eds.

580. *A little o'erparted*. With a *part*, or *rôle*, a little too much for him.

582. *Stand aside*, etc. The Coll. MS. here has the stage direction "Exit Costard;" not noted in the Camb. ed. W. (apparently misled

by Coll.) ascribes this stage-direction to the folio. See on 657 and 662 below.

583. *Imp.* Youngster. See on i. 2. 5 above.

584. *Canus.* Dog (Latin *canis*); reading of the early eds., which may be retained for the sake of the rhyme. Rowe reads "*canis*."

593. *Ycliped.* Yclept; mispronounced for the sake of the joke that follows.

605. *A cittern-head.* A *cittern* (cithern, gittern, or guitar) often had a grotesque face carved upon its *head*.

610. *Flask.* That is, a powder-flask; as in *R. and J.* iii. 3. 132.

611. *Half-cheek in a brooch.* Profile on a clasp, or buckle. Cf. *half-face* in *K. John*, i. 1. 92.

625. *Baited.* Worried; like a *baited* bear or bull.

628. *Come home by me.* That is, come home to me.

630. *Trojan.* The early eds. have "*Trojan*," as often elsewhere. The word was much used as a term of contempt. See 1 *Hen. IV.* p. 158.

635. *The small.* That is, of the leg.

638. *Lances.* Lancers; as in *Lear*, v. 3. 50: "*our impress'd lances*," etc.

640. *A gilt nutmeg.* Mentioned by B. J. in his *Christmas Masque* as a present (Steevens). The 1st quarto has "*gift*" for *gilt*. An orange or lemon, *stuck with cloves*, was a common new-year's gift.

647. *Breath'd.* Endowed with breath, or "*wind*." Cf. *A. and C.* iii. 13. 178: "*treble-sinew'd, hearted, breath'd.*"

For *fight ye* (Rowe's reading) the early eds. have "*fight; yea*."

655, 656. *When he breathed . . . man.* From the 1st quarto; not in the folios.

657. After this line Capell gives the stage-direction, "*Biron steps to Costard and whispers him*;" that is, putting him up to the trick on Armado.

662. *This Hector*, etc. After this speech Coll. gives, from his MS., the stage-direction "*Re-enter Costard, in haste, unarmed*;" not noted in the Camb. ed. Coll. remarks: "Unless he had gone out, it is not easy to see how he had obtained the information he brings." D., who adopts Capell's stage-direction at 657 just above, has here "*Costard [suddenly coming from behind]*. The party is gone," etc. W., who makes Costard leave at 582 above, has at 657 "*Birone goes out*," and here "*Enter COSTARD hastily and unarmed, and BIRONE after him*." It is doubtful just how the trick was meant to be managed, and any one of the ways suggested by the editors would do well enough on the stage. It could safely be left to the actors without any stage-direction, as in the Camb. ed.

663. *The party is gone.* Printed in italics as a stage-direction in the early eds.

671. *Quick by him.* There is a play on *quick*=alive. See *Hen. V.* p. 156, and cf. *Acts*, x. 42, etc.

678. *More Ates.* "That is, more instigation. *Ate* was the mischievous goddess that incited bloodshed" (Johnson). Cf. *Much Ado*, p. 132.

684. *Fight with a pole*, etc. That is, with the quarter-staff, a long pole, in the use of which the men of the North of England were skilful.

685. *I pray you.* The 1st quarto has "bepray."

686. *My arms.* "The weapons and armour which he wore in his character of Pompey" (Johnson).

690. *Let me take you, etc.* "Perhaps = let me speak without ceremony" (Schmidt).

700. *Woolward.* That is, with woollen next to the skin, or without linen. Grey quotes Stowe's *Annals*: "he went woolward and barefooted to many churches, in every of them to pray to God for help in his blindness." Farmer adds from Lodge's *Incarnate Devils*, 1596: "His common course is to go always untrust [untrussed]; except when his shirt is a washing, and then he goes woolward."

713. *I have seen, etc.* "Armado means to say in his affected style, that he had discovered that he was wronged, and was determined to right himself as a soldier" (Mason). "One may see day at a little hole" is found in Ray's *Proverbs*. *Through the little hole of discretion* may be = "though discreetly forbearing from righting myself until I can do it with dignity," as Steevens and Clarke explain it.

723. *Liberal.* Too free, over-bold. It is used in a yet stronger sense in *Much Ado*, iv. 1. 93: "a liberal villain," etc. See our ed. p. 154, or *Ham.* p. 258.

725. *Converse of breath.* That is, in conversation. For the accent of *converse*, cf. *Oth.* iii. 1. 40. Steevens compares *M. of V.* v. 1. 141: "this breathing courtesy" (that is, these courteous words).

727. *Nimble.* The early eds. have "humble;" corrected by Theo. The Coll. MS. changes *not* to "but."

730. *The extreme parts of time, etc.* We retain the folio reading, which Dr. B. Nicholson (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* for 1874, p. 513) explains thus: "The *extreme parts* are the end parts, *extremities*—as, of our body, the fingers; of chains, the final links; of given portions of time, the last of those units into which we choose to divide them. Afterwards (in 777) the King, representing the stay of the Princess as for an hour, calls the *extreme part* 'the latest minute,' and the thought in both passages is so far the same. It is not however said that our decision is necessitated by the extremity of the moment, though this is perhaps suggested to us by the sound of the words used; but that concurring circumstances, and therefore *Time*, as the producer of those circumstances, so influence our decision that he, and not we, may be called the decider. Hence *Time*, as personified, and as the intelligential agent of whom the extreme parts are but the instrumental members, is considered as the true nominative to the verb *forms*, and is represented as fashioning or moulding all causes or questions to the purposes of his speed, that is, to his own intents, or to those of the fate or Providence of which he is the sub-agent. This thought has been forced upon the King by finding that his high resolves of study were at once broken by the coming of the Princess, while her sudden departure shows him that he cannot do without her love; and he urges it as an excuse for the intrusion of his love on her time of grief, and as an excuse for her favourable reply.

"In the next lines, though still personifying *Time*, the King changes his illustration. Often the archer may weigh variously all the circumstances

—the bow, the arrow, the intended strength of shot and elevation, the wind and the like—and so vary from moment to moment; but *at the very loose*, or loosing of the shaft (an act the proper doing of which was much dwelt on by archers) he comes to a quick and determined decision. ‘So during your stay, princess,’ says the King, ‘I and my lords acted doubtfully between our former resolves and our new loves, and you have dallied with us: now at your departure, at the last moment, I decide and ask your love; do you answer with the same determinateness.’ In retort, the Princess most consistently decides in accord with the events which Time has purposed in her regard, for the declaration of the King is only one of these, another and the first being the news of her father’s death.

“The thought of the first two lines is allied and similar to Hamlet’s

‘There’s a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will;’

just as the rest expresses the similar idea specially illustrated in the catastrophe of that play. But here the subject being of a gentler nature, the King speaks more conversationally and less reflectively than Hamlet does, and of *Time* and not of a Providence or *divinity*.”

D. reads “part” for *parts*, Sr. and W. “haste,” and St. and H. “dart.” It is plausibly urged in support of the last that it is in keeping with the figure in *loose*; but it is common enough for a figure to be introduced in the course of a passage, and here it is naturally suggested by the reference to the *speed* with which time flies. *Forms* has been changed to “form,” but quite unnecessarily. Cf. Gr. 333.

Extreme is accented on the first syllable because preceding the noun. See on *profound*, in iv. 3. 163 above.

736. *Convince*. Overcome, conquer. See *Mich.* pp. 180, 242.

742. *Dull*. The early eds. have “double.” *Dull* is from the Coll. MS. and is adopted by W. and H. Capell reads “deaf,” and St. conjectures “hear dully.”

750. *Strains*. Impulses, vagaries. Cf. *M. W.* ii. 1. 91, *T. of A.* iv. 3. 213. etc.

751. *Skipping*. Flighty, frivolous. Cf. *M. of V.* ii. 2. 196:

“Pray thee, take pain
To allay with some cold drops of modesty
Thy skipping spirit, lest through thy wild behaviour
I be misconstrued,” etc.

753. *Strange*. The early eds. have “straying;” corrected by Capell. Coleridge conjectured “stray.”

758. *Have misbecom’d*. Capell changed *Have* to “’T hath;” but the “confusion of construction” is like many other instances in S. Cf. Gr. 411–416 (in 418 Abbott compares this passage with a Latin idiom, but the coincidence is doubtless accidental).

For the form *misbecom’d*, cf. *becomed* in *R. and J.* iv. 2. 26, *A. and C.* iii. 7. 26, and *Cymb.* v. 5. 406.

760. *Suggested*. Tempted; as in *Oth.* ii. 3. 358:

"When devils will the blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heavenly shows."

See also *Rich. II.* pp. 153, 198. Cf. *suggestions* in i. 1. 156 above.

771. *Bombast*. Originally, *cotton* used to stuff out garments. Cf. the quotation from Stubbes in note on iii. 1. 15 above. Gerarde, in his *Herbal*, calls the cotton plant "the bombast tree;" and Lupton, in *A Thousand Notable Things*, speaks of a candle "with a wick of bombast."

772. *This in our*. The 1st quarto has "this our," and the folios "these are our;" corrected by Hammer. *Respects* = considerations, thoughts.

776. *Quote*. Construe, interpret. Cf. *misquote* = misconstrue, in *1 Hen. IV.* v. 2. 13, the only instance of the word in S. See also ii. 1. 245 above.

779. *World-without-end*. Cf. *Sonn.* 57. 5:

"Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you."

781. *Dear*. Used in an intensive sense; as in 854 below. See also on ii. 1. 1 above.

791. *Weeds*. Garments. See *M. A. D.* p. 149.

793. *Last love*. "Continue to be love" (Steevens).

795. *Challenge me, challenge me*. Hammer omits the first *me*: not noted in the Camb. ed.

804. *Flatter up*. Hammer reads "fetter up." For the *up*, see on iv. 3. 300 above. The meaning is: "in order that I might soothe or pamper these faculties of mine by leading a life of repose" (Clarke).

807-812. *And what . . . sick*. Enclosed in brackets by Theo. and omitted by Hammer. It is evidently a part of the first sketch which was rewritten in revising the play. See on iv. 3. 294 above.

808. *Rank*. The early eds. have "rack'd:" corrected by Rowe. Cf. *Ham.* iii. 3. 36: "O, my offence is rank," etc.

809. *Attaint*. Attainted. For the form, see Gr. 342.

814. *A wife?* The early eds. give this to Katherine, reading: "A wife? a beard, faire health," etc. Hammer has "No wife: a beard," etc. D. was the first to transfer *A wife?* to Dumain, in whose mouth it seems more natural.

835. *All estates*. All kinds or conditions of people; as in *Rich. III.* iii. 7. 213: "And equally, indeed, to all estates." Latimer, in his *Sermons*, says it is the duty of a king "to see to all estates, to provide for the poor," etc. For *execute* the Coll. MS. has "exercise."

843. *Fierce*. Ardent, strenuous; as in *Lear*, ii. 1. 36, etc.

854. *Dear*. Changed by the Coll. MS. to "dire." See on 781 above.

855. *Continue them*. The early eds. have "then;" corrected in the Coll. MS.

859. *Reformation*. Metrically five syllables. Gr. 479.

863. *Bring you*. Accompany you. Cf. *W. T.* iv. 3. 122: "Shall I bring thee on the way?" See also *Gen.* xviii. 16, *Acts*, xxi. 5, 2 *Cor.* i. 16, etc.

865. *Jack hath not Jill*. Cf. *M. A. D.* iii. 2. 461: "Jack shall have Jill;" and see our ed. p. 171.

882. *Pied*. Variegated. Cf. *M. of I.* i. 3. 80: "streak'd and pied," etc.

883, 884. *And lady-smocks*, etc. These two lines are transposed in all the early eds.; corrected by Theo.

Lady-smocks. Ellacombe (*Plant-Lore of S.*) says: "*Lady-smocks* are the flowers of *Cardamine pratensis*, the pretty early meadow flower of which children are so fond, and of which the popularity is shown by its many names, *Lady-smocks*, *Cuckoo-flower*, *Meadow Cress*, *Pinks*, *Spinks*, *Bog-spinks*, and *May-flower*, and 'in Northfolke, Canterbury Bells.' The origin of the name is not very clear. It is generally explained from the resemblance of the flowers to smocks hung out to dry, but the resemblance seems to me rather far-fetched. According to another explanation, 'the *Lady-smock*, a corruption of *Our Lady's-smock*, is so called from its first flowering about *Lady-tide*. It is a pretty purplish-white, tetradynamous plant, which blows from *Lady-tide* till the end of May, and which during the latter end of April covers the moist meadows with its silvery-white, which looks at a distance like a white sheet spread over the fields' (*Circle of the Seasons*). Those who adopt this view called the plant *Our Lady's-smock*, but I cannot find that name in any old writers. Drayton, coeval with Shakespeare, says:

'Some to grace the show,
Of *Lady-smocks* most white do rob each neighbouring mead,
Wherewith their loose locks most curiously they braid.'

And Isaac Walton, in the next century, drew that pleasant picture of himself sitting quietly by the waterside—"looking down the meadows I could see here a boy gathering Lilies and *Lady-smocks*, and there a girl cropping *Culverkeys* and *Cowslips*."

884. *Cuckoo-buds*. "There is a difficulty in deciding what flower Shakespeare meant by *Cuckoo-buds*. We now always give the name to the *Meadow Cress* (*Cardamine pratensis*), but it cannot be that in either of these passages, because that flower is mentioned under its other name of *Lady-smocks* in the previous line, nor is it 'of yellow hue;' nor does it grow among Corn, as described in *Lea*, iv. 4. 4. Many plants have been suggested, but I think the *Buttercup*, as suggested by Dr. Prior, will best meet the requirements" (Ellacombe). Farmer conjectures "*cowslip-buds*," and Whalley "*crocus-buds*."

887. *Mocks married men*. The note of the *cuckoo* was thought to prognosticate cuckoldom. Cf. *M. N. D.* iii. i. 134 and *A. W.* i. 3. 67. See also *M. W.* p. 143.

893. *Turtles*. *Turtle-doves*. See on iv. 3. 207 above.

900. *Hang by the wall*. That is, from the eaves. Malone compares *Hen. V.* iii. 5. 23 and *Temp.* v. i. 17.

901. *Blows his nail*. To warm his fingers. Cf. 3 *Hen. VI.* ii. 5. 3: "the shepherd, blowing of his nails." See also *T. of S.* i. i. 109.

906, 907. *Tu-whoo*, etc. The early eds. have only "*Tu-whit to-who*," both here and in the next stanza. Capell was the first to make the measure correspond with that of the preceding stanzas.

908. *Keel*. Cool; that is, by stirring it. Clarke says the word came also to mean skimming off the scum that rose to the top, which may be the sense here. Coll. quotes *Piers Plowman*:

"And lerede men a ladel bygge, with a long stele
That caste for to kele a crockke, and save the fatte above;"

that is, they skimmed the crock, or pot, with a ladle, in order to save the fat. Schmidt also defines *keel* as "to scum (German *kiesen*)."

910. *Saw*. Moral saying, maxim. Cf. *A. F. L.* ii. 7. 156: "Full of wise saws;" 2 *Hen. VI.* i. 3. 61: "holy saws of sacred writ," etc.

913. *Crabs*. Crab-apples; often roasted and put into the wassail-bowl. Cf. *M. N. D.* ii. 1. 48 (Puck's speech):

"And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;

and see our ed. p. 140.

ADDENDA.

THE "TIME-ANALYSIS" OF THE PLAY.—This is given by Mr. P. A. Daniel, in his paper "On the Times or Durations of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays" (*Trans. of New Shaks. Soc.* 1877-79, p. 145) as follows:

"*Day 1.*—The first day of the action includes Acts I. and II. In it the Princess of France has her first interview with the King of Navarre. Toward the end of Act II. certain documents required for the establishment of the French claims are stated to have not yet come; but, says Boyet, '*to-morrow* you shall have a sight of them' (l. 165), and the King tells the Princess—'*To-morrow* shall we visit you again' (l. 176).

"*Day 2.*—Act III. Armado intrusts Costard with a letter to Jaquenetta; immediately afterwards Biron also intrusts him with a letter for Rosaline, which he is to deliver *this afternoon* (l. 153).

"Act IV. sc. i. The Princess remarks that '*to-day* we shall have our dispatch.' This fixes the scene as the *morrow* referred to in the first day. Costard now enters to deliver, as he supposes, the letter intrusted to him by Biron. He mistakes, however, and gives up Armado's letter to Jaquenetta.

"Act IV. sc. ii. Costard and Jaquenetta come to Holofernes and Nathaniel to get them to read the letter, as they suppose, of Armado to Jaquenetta. It turns out to be the letter of Biron to Rosaline, and Costard and Jaquenetta are sent off to give it up at once to the King. It is clear that these scenes from the beginning of Act III. are all on one day; but at the end of this scene Holofernes invites Nathaniel and Dull to *dine* with him '*to day* at the father's of a pupil of mine.' This does not agree very well with '*this afternoon*' mentioned in Act III., and one or the other—the *afternoon*, I think—must be set down as an oversight.

"Act IV. sc. iii. Still the same day. The King, Longaville, and Dumain mutually detect each other of love, and Biron triumphs over all three till his own backslidings are exposed by the entry of Costard and Jaquenetta with his letter to Rosaline. Finally, all four resolve to woo their mistresses openly, and determine that—

'——— in the *afternoon*

[They] will with some strange pastime solace them' (l. 371, 372).

"In pursuance of this idea in the next scene, Act V. sc. i., we find Armado consulting Holofernes and Nathaniel — who have now returned from their dinner—as to some masque with which 'it is the King's most sweet pleasure and affection to congratulate the Princess at her pavilion in the posteriors of this day, which the rude multitude call the afternoon' (l. 77-80). A masque of the Nine Worthies is determined on.

"In the next scene the masque is presented accordingly, and with this scene the Play ends.

"The time of the action, then, is two days :

"1. Acts I. and II.

"2. Acts III. to V."

LIST OF CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY, WITH THE SCENES IN WHICH THEY APPEAR.—The numbers in parentheses indicate the lines the characters have in each scene.

King : i. 1(117) ; ii. 1(47) ; iv. 3(76) ; v. 2(82). Whole no. 322.

Biron : i. 1(128) ; ii. 1(18) ; iii. 1(51) ; iv. 3(237) ; v. 2(193). Whole no. 627.

Longaville : i. 1(14) ; ii. 1(6) ; iv. 3(33) ; v. 2(17). Whole no. 70.

Dumain : i. 1(8) ; ii. 1(2) ; iv. 3(44) ; v. 2(37). Whole no. 91.

Boyet : ii. 1(67) ; iv. 1(64) ; v. 2(103). Whole no. 234.

Mercade : v. 2(4). Whole no. 4.

Armado : i. 2(96) ; iii. 1(58) ; v. 1(48), 2(53). Whole no. 255.

Nathaniel : iv. 2(45) ; v. 1(13), 2(22). Whole no. 80.

Holofernes : iv. 2(104) ; v. 1(60), 2(36). Whole no. 200.

Dull : i. 1(9), 2(7) ; iv. 2(13) ; v. 1(3). Whole no. 32.

Costard : i. 1(44), 2(13) ; iii. 1(40) ; iv. 1(26), 2(3), 3(4) ; v. 1(14), 2(58). Whole no. 202.

Moth : i. 2(70) ; iii. 1(60) ; v. 1(24), 2(14). Whole no. 168.

Forester : iv. 1(5). Whole no. 5.

1st Lord : ii. 1(2). Whole no. 2.

Princess : ii. 1(67) ; iv. 1(50) ; v. 2(172). Whole no. 289.

Rosaline : ii. 1(30) ; iv. 1(11) ; v. 2(137). Whole no. 178.

Maria : ii. 1(22) ; iv. 1(4) ; v. 2(16). Whole no. 42.

Katherine : ii. 1(8) ; v. 2(38). Whole no. 46.

Jaquenetta : i. 2(6) ; iv. 2(8), 3(4). Whole no. 18.

In the above enumeration parts of lines are counted as whole lines, making the total of the play greater than it is. The actual number of lines in each scene (Globe edition numbering) is as follows: i. 1(318), 2(192) ; ii. 1(258) ; iii. 1(207) ; iv. 1(151), 2(173), 3(386) ; v. 1(162), 2(942). Whole number in the play, 2789.

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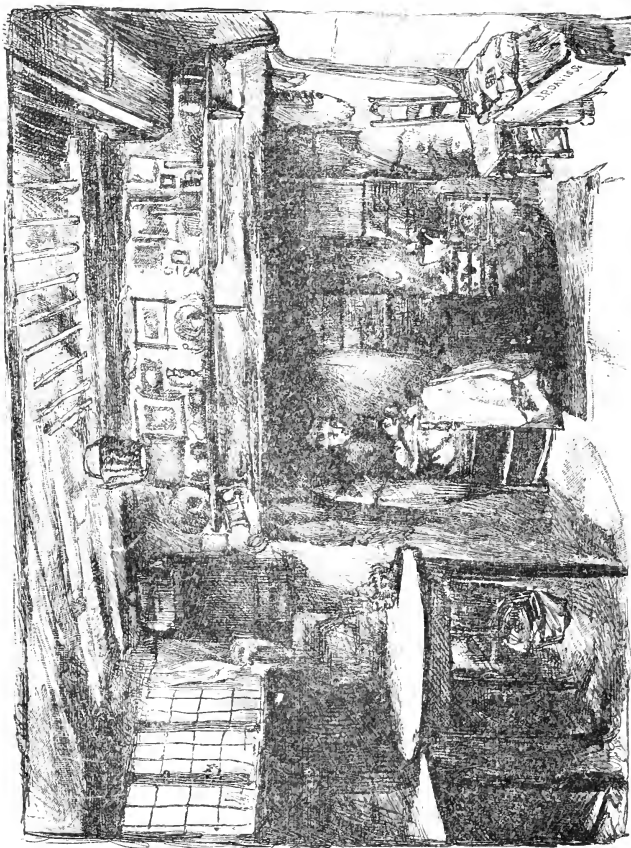
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